



BABIES COPPOLD.

"After-effects of Measles removed by VIROL."

791, Champagnier Avenue,
21st March, 1919. Outremont, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—As it may be a matter of interest to you, I am enclosing a photograph of my two little sons, aged respectively four years and one year and a half, which photo was taken in Montreal in July, 1918.

The photo may be interesting to you in view of the fact that the two boys have taken VIROL continuously from infancy on the advice of our doctor, and they certainly love their "candy in the tin," being the name by which they know the VIROL, and I really feel that their robust health and splendid development is due entirely to the regular use of your preparation.

When the elder boy was three years old he had an attack of measles, the after-effects of which trouble were speedily rectified by the use of VIROL.

I never lose an opportunity of recommending it to my friends.

Yours truly,
Mrs. A. COPPOLD.

VIROL is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also bone and tissue-building food of immense value. VIROL babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXII.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 8

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Dr. Jaeger Sanitary Woollen Co. Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British founded 1883

Pa Finds It Out

Continued from page 45

womanhood, and so, if you'll not consider it immodest for a grandmother several times over to make a maiden speech—

"Don't you believe her," piped up a teasing neighbor who grinned at her from a nearby table, "she'd only twenty-five to-day."

The soft rejuvenating flush that suffused ma's face made her look as if the accusation might be true, and suddenly the strain and fright passed. "They're liking me," thought she, as she gazed into friendly faces turned with encouraging sympathy towards her, "I can talk to them now," and when next she spoke her voice was natural, clear and sweet, with a magnetic timbre that thrilled and held the listeners."

"Now I'm not feeling militant tonight—"

"How could she in that dress," whispered a lady beside Pa. "She's just too sweet this evening, Mr. Gessup."

"I feel like a soldier must who returns to the battlefield long after the roar of the cannon and the crash of the guns has ceased, and there he meditates, and he counts his losses, and he tells his gains. Surely we have gained," said ma, smiling at her audience, "gained greatly since the days when the cave men sat in a circle about the camp fire, and, having gnawed off all the tender meat, threw the bones to the hungry females who crouched behind."

With quick, humorous touches ma sketched the place in the family menage of the aboriginal woman, and effectively contrasted it with the attitude of the modern male towards his better half. That ma was idealizing the perfect relation of husband and wife she never hinted, never let them suspect that she knew of homes where the status of the women folk was still that of menials and inferiors.

"But it's not by talk of equality and comradeship, and partnership that we can keep alive the flower of chivalry and the grace of courtesy in our men folk, we must keep them still to think the womanhood holds in it something super-fine and fragile, perishable and rare, and—I know it's treason so talk in times like these—it's woman's right still to make them pay tribute to feminine weakness, physical weakness, and to feminine beauty—it's woman's right to keep alive the spirit of beauty in herself, to clothe herself in garments lovely and refined that are an outward expression of a spiritual and inward grace—for a woman's dress," said ma, choosing her words with the greatest care, "does much to create atmosphere, and—and to establish that reverent, kindly, unselfish attitude in the masculine mind that becomes its possessor better than a crown."

"Let's hold fast to these rights, these things which in our day and generation seem ours almost by divine right, and," she concluded impressively, "all other good things shall be added unto us."

"What a sensible and gracious woman," remarked the Hon. Cuthbert Simmonds to the mayor. "I should like to be introduced," but ma, overcome once more by self consciousness, was making blindly for the door. After her, hurrying along with a most protective and possessive air, came Pa, looking almost as unassuming as a newly-created father.

"Nanny," he whispered the foolish love name she had not heard for 20 years, "Nanny, you knocked 'em cold! You certainly made 'em sit up and take notice."

Now ma was only a woman; she just had to rub it in.

"Then people did pay a little attention to me?"

"I should say so," said Pa, his eyes alight with admiration. "The finest looking, and the best dressed woman—"

"Then it does matter what I wear?"

Pa halted in the empty corridor, for suddenly the memory of his thoughtless words overwhelmed him, and his face crimsoned with contrition.

"Did I say that, Nanny?" Then slowly, for these words, these magic words more potent for healing wounded hearts than all the nostrums known to science, came not easily from the man "I'm sorry, dear. I was wrong entirely. I find it out," said Pa, stepping aside so that she might precede him into the elevator, "I find it out that it matters a very great deal, and, after this, I'll see that my wife is turned out second to none—second to none," repeated Pa, and kissed her boldly, quite heedless of the rigidly disapproving back of the elevator boy.

"Beyond The Code"

By Charles G. Booth

(Continued from Page 49, July issue).

up his face. His eyes were wild and staring, his nostrils and mouth worked horribly.

"Jim, there's more yet! That night I broke my leg and the dogs got away, I told you I had got up to quiet them—that I had tripped over the lines in the dark—it was another lie. I was getting away, leaving you—alone! You will go now, won't you? You must! You shall!" He tried to push the rifle toward the other. Then he began to sob, "Why don't you finish me and go?"

Jim listened to the sickening revelation unmoved. Beyond deepening his companion's guilt it did not matter very much.

"Why did you do it?" he asked presently, very calmly.

"I was mad—I must have been—ever since that night when she said it was—you. I got you out here to keep you away from her after making you believe that she cared for neither of us. I don't know what I thought might happen out here. And then I knew if you got back you would find out and get her, and so—I—I meant to leave you. But the dogs got away with the toboggan and I fell, and you've been kind—kind—all the time. But you will go now," he cried with a queer half-frightened, half-confident whimper.

"The dogs got away," muttered Jim to himself, and the snow came, and the trail was covered. Oh, God!" he groaned, and became silent.

"Jim!" Silence.

"Jim!" piteously.

The other turned his head.

"Yes," he said dully.

"You're going, aren't you, Jim?"

"No. You might as well have kept silent. It would have made the end easier for us both. We would have been more congenial to each other," he said bitterly.

"Silent! God!—I—I couldn't—any longer! Your goodness—the solitude—the snow—the awful nights with those dancing northern lights—the wolves—I couldn't! Is there nothing that will make you go?"

"No. You had better drink this," and he again held the cup to Don's lips. For a moment Don hesitated, then he drank the hot liquid and lay still.

"You make it hard for a man to repent, Jim," he said presently.

The other looked at him curiously.

"Ought I to make it easy?" he asked.

"N—no."

"You whine out your confusion, and then you ask me to ease your conscience by putting a bullet into your brain. Well, I won't, and I can't leave you to the wolves either, though they'll get us in the end. It's not in the code you know. I don't think you would care for the wolves, anyhow. Listen. Do you hear 'em?"

The bloodcurdling howl of a distant pack rose into the thin air, hung for a moment and was gone.

Jim looked at his pile of branches.

"There's not enough for the night," he said. "I must get some more before those fellows come around. You have your revolver. Fire if you want me." He threw more wood on the fire, picked up the rifle and became lost in the darkness.

The wolves howled again. This time the sound was nearer.

* * *

Jim had to go some distance into the spruce bluff before he found any removable fallen timber. He had been working for some time when the wolf pack again gave tongue. They were nearer this time, and on the other side of Don and the fire. He had hardly enough wood yet, but it would have to do. Not that it mattered, he reflected. Gathering up his cumbersome load he started back.

Suddenly a shot rang out. Jim stopped dead. The sound of the shot came from the fire.

"They must be nearer than I thought," he muttered.

The shot was an appeal from the man who had wronged him. An ugly thought insinuated itself into his brain. If the wolves got Don, there might be a chance for him. Then he pictured the wolves with their wicked red, eyes gleaming their hot tongues lolling out, their sharp biting yellow fangs—and Don buried beneath their filthy odorous bodies. He put the thought from him with a shudder and went on faster. Don was a man and he was a man, and wolves—were wolves.

The fire twinkled in the distance. He drew nearer, breathing heavily. Throwing down his load he stepped within the circle of firelight, and dropped to his knees by the man in the sleeping bag.

"Don! Don!" he cried.

There was no reply.

He shook the inert form. Then he put his hand inside the bag and drew it out again. His fingers were red and sticky and smelt of powder and blood.

The wolves howled again, but they were passing away toward the north.

Jim's hand caressed the dead man's head.

Don had found a way for both to escape.

JOTTINGS FROM MY COMMONPLACE BOOK

By Winifred F. Perry

Do valiantly, hope confidently, wait patiently.—Jeremy Taylor.

If I had two little wings
And were a feathery bird,
To you I'd fly my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly
I'm always with you in my sleep
The world is all one's own
Then I awake and where am I?
All, all alone.
[Coleridge "Something Childish But Very Natural."]

Old friends like lamps burn dim, noise-some air.
Love them for what they are, nor love them less,
Because they to thee are not what they were.

Short lived possession but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
[Cowper "To My Mother's Picture."]

A young Apollo, golden haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared,
For the long littleness of life.
—S. P. B. Mais.

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price;
Your hearts burn upward, as a flame
Of splendor and of sacrifice.
[Lawrence Biryon "To Women."]

Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without
Finished and finite clouds
Untroubled by a spark.

—Browning.

But the wind cared not as with fond caress
It lulled the flower to sweet repose
Then kissed each shiny silken tress
And sped—well, no one knows
Not the sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor stream,
But they found where they kissed a hidden gleam—
A tear in the heart of the rose.
But there are wanderers in the middle mist
Who cry for shadows, clutch and cannot tell
Whether they love at all....
They doubt and sigh,
And do not love at all.
Of these am I.

—R. Brooke.

So true a fool is love, that on your will
Though you do anything he thinks no ill.
—Shakespeare.

Me, howling winds drive devious, tempest
toss'd,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide and
compass lost,
And day by day some currents thwarting
force
Lets me more distant from a prosperous
course.
[Cowper, "To My Mother's Picture."]

Can gold gain friendship? Impudence
of hope,
As well were man an angel might beget
Love, and love only is the loan for love.
Delusive pride repress,
Nor hope to find a friend; but who hath
found
A friend in thee.
Go on to tell how with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship and befooled in
love,
With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes
blasted,
He still, still strove.
J. C. Morgan.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns each smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand,
but go!
Be our joy three parts pain,
Strive and hold cheap the strain,
Learn nor account the pang,
Dare never grudge the throe.
—Browning.

Like all strongest hopes, by its own
energy, fulfilled itself.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is re-
membering happier things.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language
and escaped
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me;
This I was worth to God whose wheel
the pitcher shaped.
—Browning.

These yearnings, why are they? These
Thoughts in the darkness, why are they?
Why these men and women that, while
they are with me the sunlight ex-
pands my blood.

Why, when they leave me, do my
pennants of joy sink flat and lank...
.....Towards the fluid and attaching
character exudes the sweet of the
love of young and old,
From it falls distilled the charm that
mocks beauty and attainments,
Towards it heaves the shuddering,
longing ache of contact.
—Walt. Whitman.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul
forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears
and laughter;
Like love they touch me, through the
years that sever
With simple faith; like friendship, drew
me after
The dreamy patience that is theirs for-
ever.

—"Old Homes."



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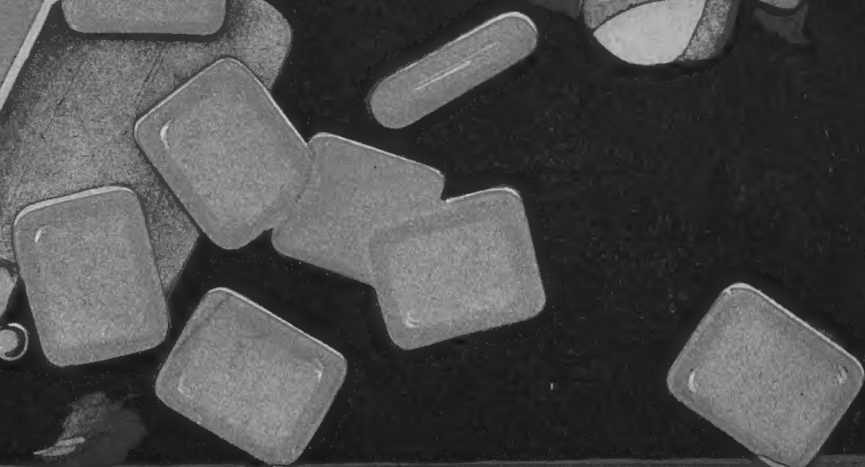
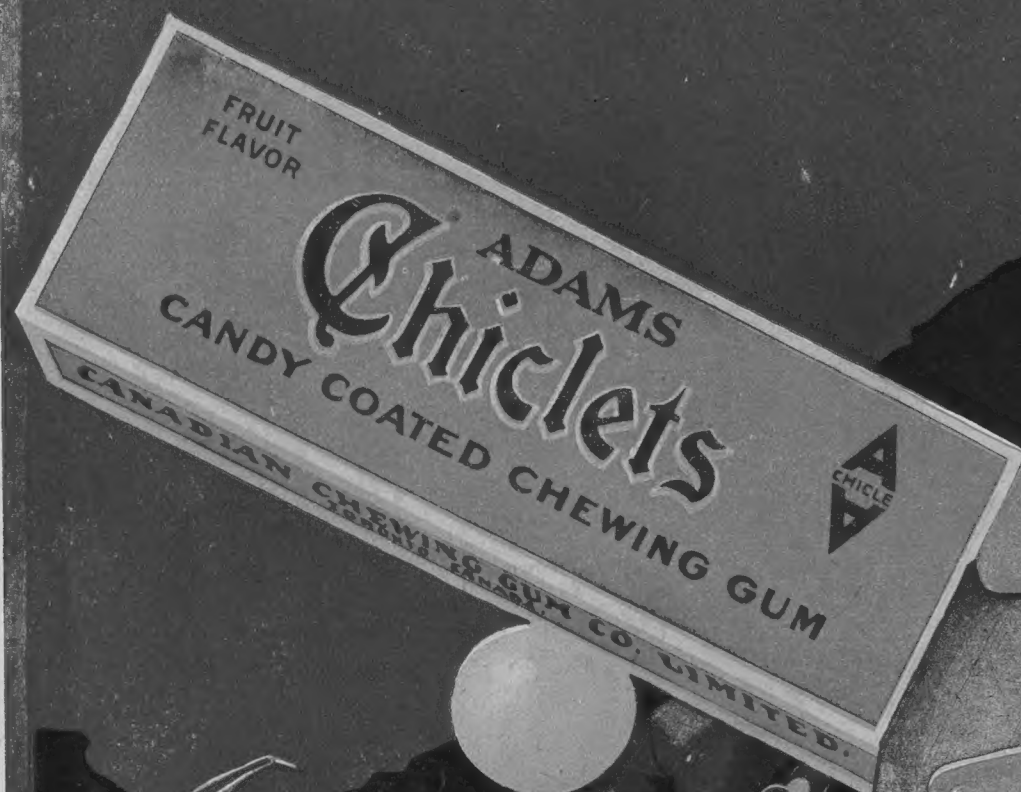


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WINNIPEG, MAN., AUGUST, 1920

Western Canada's
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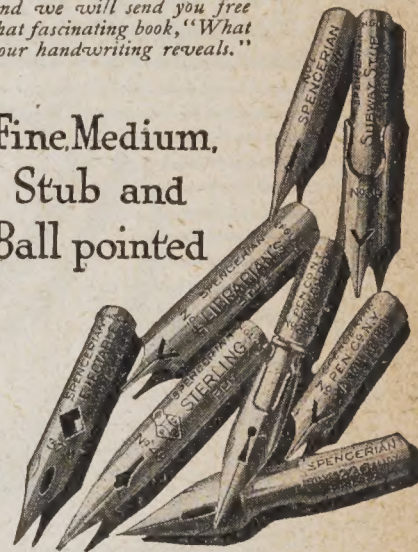
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CO-OPERATION

Once again it is necessary to point out that the aim of Bolshevism, the I.W.W. and the O.B.U. is to divide the people of the world along industrial rather than national lines. At present the world is divided into nations, each comparatively free to determine its own destiny, and the whole tendency is towards peace as guaranteed by a Free League. The aim of the turbulent classes is the complete overthrow of national aims and ambitions and the division of mankind into warring groups, in which the ill-defined group called labor is in one class and all the rest of the human race in the other. Anyone who considers the alternative presented, will not hesitate to cast his influence in favor of the present alignment of mankind into nations.

The evil of class rule is evident from a consideration of its effects in smaller organizations with which we are all interested. Consider a family in which the children are lined up against the parents—the consumers against the producers; or the boys against the girls or the servants against the husband and wife. Or consider a school in which the teachers and the pupils are in continual warfare, or a store in which each department is warring with the others. Or think of the religious life in a small country town with five jarring congregations struggling for supremacy. Class division, class legislation, class alignment are fundamentally unsound and unjustifiable. Class warfare of necessity promotes discord and ill-will—and is inimical to peace and prosperity. Further than this the class division on the basis proposed is altogether bad. Society is not divided into labor and non-labor. Not only do some of the so-called capitalistic class work infinitely harder and endure greater privations than members of the laboring force, but there is a great body belonging to neither of these classes which does perhaps more for society than either and which during these days is in worse position socially and financially than either labor or capital. Even should there be a war to the death between capital and labor and were the latter completely victorious there would immediately come a new struggle in which the middle classes would be arrayed against the new masters.

No one need present arguments to show that capitalism unrestrained is a great evil. The history of the world and the history of our own country bear witness to it. Nor need there be any hesitation in asserting that the unrestrained rule of labor would be equally disastrous. The doctrines and practices of leaders of labor are sufficient condemnation. The one crime of "lying down on the job," openly advocated and openly practised by many who are now working for a daily salary, is enough to condemn any organization. The only way to redeem a cursed world is through honest and intelligent work. Idleness is the gospel of despair. It is a known fact that workmen to-day do not average sixty per cent of the work they used to give and their pay is often one hundred per cent more. It is no wonder that there is increased cost of living. And the burden falls every time upon the middleman. So, it is clear that if there is to be a class war, the middleman will ultimately settle it. Labor may win out with capital, but the ultimate victory will lie with the large unorganized class in between, that has not yet spoken at all.

But it would be unfortunate in the extreme if society attempted to adjust its differences by way of conflict. It is not the rational way, nor for that matter, the Christian way. The law of success and the way of all fairness is co-operation in the spirit of love. A gentleman remarked the other day: "I have never yet heard a rank capitalist nor a labor leader who spoke to his audience in the spirit of love." Was he right?

One thing is certain. This country will never attain to greatness unless the discordant elements agree to live together in the spirit of co-operation. Each man must look, not merely upon his own affairs but must consider the concerns of his neighbor. Among those who lack patriotism in every land are the capitalist who thinks only of his own enterprise, the laboring man who considers only his own union, the producer who thinks only of his own industry,

Editorial

the director of great enterprises who ignores the public good, the politician or the religionist who sees not beyond the circle of his own immediate influence, and no man can excuse his disloyalty to the whole of society of which he is a member, on the ground that he is at least loyal to himself or his family, or his class, or his creed. The selfish man and the class advocate are alike unworthy of the confidence of the nation.

FIFTY YEARS OLD

Manitoba has just celebrated her fiftieth anniversary as a province, and she has good reason to be pleased with the record of her progress in that short time. The rural district has changed from unbroken prairie to a succession of beautiful farms, and the capital city from a hamlet to a metropolis known to all the civilized world.

Among the things of which Manitoba is justly proud are her educational institutions, her financial and industrial concerns, her transportation facilities and unrivalled water power. The City of Winnipeg is known for its beauty, its enterprise, its varied activities, and the many thriving towns are centres of trade and industry. Altogether the growth of fifty years is remarkable.

There have been ups and downs in the experience of the province. There have been errors of omission and errors of excess. On the whole private enterprise has been more successful than public. Industrial concerns, giving employment to hundreds and thousands of people, have developed from very small beginnings. And this is merely an illustration. Banks, railways, stores, shops, have the same story of progress to relate.

In the field of public effort there are to be mentioned the operation of the power plant, the construction of the pipe-line, the opening of Red River for navigation, the building of the Agricultural College, and the new parliament buildings.

Naturally conditions have changed since the early days. It is no longer a province in which the majority of the population has come from Huron, Bruce and Lanark, but people from all lands, speaking their own tongues while yet learning to use the language of the land, are settled side by side—a polyglot population with differences to settle and common ground to find. It will all take time and patience, but if the future is to be measured by the past, then there is nothing that is not possible in this, the oldest of the four western provinces. Long life and prosperity to Manitoba.

THE DANGER OF WEALTH

There never was a nation which got its wealth too easily from the soil that ever attained to excellence in literature, science or morality. This sentiment is set forth by a recognized authority in the study of history. Spain is a classical illustration of a nation that went to decay because of excessive wealth. The decline of Rome is due in great measure to the ambition of her people to excel all others in luxury and extravagance.

What is true of nations is in a measure true of individuals. The making of money is often followed or accompanied by decline in morals or intelligence or by a lowering of the standard of family life.

When a man becomes suddenly wealthy he is inclined to take himself too seriously. His advance financially means often an advance socially, and naturally there is an assumption that an advance intellectually and especially in power of judgment may be taken for granted. There is nobody so ready to assert himself so vigorously, especially on matters about which he is only half-informed, nobody with quite the same self-assurance and pomposity. This is the danger of wealth, but it is not a necessary accompaniment. Fortunately the majority of those born in poor circumstances on acquiring wealth,

retain their simplicity and naturalness. They do not ruin themselves by false ambitions, nor render themselves obnoxious by their manner and speech and pretensions.

And it is quite refreshing to see a man tone himself up to suit his highest. If his first gain is in the financial field, it is good to see him trying to measure up socially, intellectually and otherwise. But it should never be taken for granted that wealth is naturally accompanied by spiritual or intellectual endowments. This is where many people err.

There are two classes who since the outbreak of the war have bettered their conditions financially in a marked way. It is interesting to note how these are striving to measure up. Labor and the farming community have come into their own. Strangely enough each party has begun to show political ambition. In as far as this is a sign that they are trying to assume political responsibilities in keeping with their new standing in the community it is good. If, in any case, it is but an attempt of wealth or organized power to assert itself simply because it is wealth or organized power, because it has selfish ends to serve, it is wrong and will prove disastrous to the commonwealth.

A good rule for those acquiring wealth or power is to cultivate as fully as possible the grace of modesty, while they endeavor, by study and reflection, to fit themselves for the increased responsibilities which wealth imposes. The man of wealth and comparative leisure who is well-informed and who possesses public spirit may be of the greatest help to his community.

The finest opportunity of wealth is to bring joy and happiness to others. Ruskin has somewhere urged men to make all they can, provided they are willing at the same time to spend or give away all they can. All life has two elements—the sensory and the motor. Man is born to receive and to express. The financial man is no exception. The danger is that he become satisfied with merely making and hoarding. He has a hard time to escape selfishness.

THE OPENING OF SCHOOL

With September school opens. Thousands of young people are entering upon courses of study which, if rightly pursued, will develop their intelligence and moral qualities and fit them for their life as home-makers and citizens. The following words from one of the most recent books on high school education is good reading, both for boys and their parents. It contains what everyone who has attended school and who afterwards went into business life will consider as excellent advice:

"Unless any boy at the beginning learns to work regularly, he will have a hard time to learn later. It is impossible to play the ant if one has for a long time played the grasshopper.

"The best student I have ever known, put in few hours at his work, but he studied every night, and when he worked his whole mind was given to it. He did not let anything come between him and what he was doing, and when he was through he stopped and put his work away.

"Social training, association with man, is a very desirable thing. The boy who omits all social life makes a mistake, the fellow who devotes too large a part of his time to it is mushy.

"I had to pass," a boy said who was caught cribbing. The boy made a mistake. He had not to pass, unless he could do so honestly. He who gains his grade through cribbing is little better than a common thief.

"In more than ninety per cent of the fellows I have known in school or college, the success of these men could be measured by the grades they received while they were in the high school or college."

WESTERN EXHIBITIONS

With the advent of August the people of the West find themselves well into the exhibition period of 1920. The large shows already held have all proved highly successful, and great advances have been noted in the case of each, the attendances having been beyond expectations.

By MARVIN DANA

Author of
"History of General Custer"
"Wars of the Century," etc.

Illustrations by
WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

A MAN mighty of body, mighty of power, the autocrat of his province. Ivan the Terrible, they called him.

But that was only between friend and friend, with the perilous words whispered lest a spy overhear. For the Prince Essipoff was a savage ruler, and a suspicious; and his hired ears were long and many—witness the knout and Siberia for those who had talked overmuch. For his oppressions the governor was hated widely and deeply; for his power and for his malevolence, he was feared more widely, more deeply. Most of all, his wife feared him; and with most reason, since she was nearest him. But she did not hate him, because the church forbids hate, save sin, and the Princess was devout. One comfort she had, however, and the life of it was warm in her bosom always; she loathed her husband. The church says no word against loathing. So, the Princess loathed her lord and master with a fierceness that was her sole pleasure through all the first year of her married life. Inasmuch as she was at pains not to seek information as to the status of such loathing from a discriminating church, her conscience was at peace.

But loathing became a secondary matter, a dull thing of habit, or a flare before some particular atrocity, after the child came. Now, at last, love entered her heart, and abode triumphant. There was only one flaw in the perfection of the boy; his name, Ivan, which perforce reminded her of the father. This she glossed by a secret christening in solitude. Stephen was the name she chose, the name she whispered fondly over her son, mingling it with kisses. Doubtless, the church, had it known, would have rebuked her sternly for thus usurping the sacred rite of its priests: it must have condemned her yet more harshly, had it known that, as she whispered the secret name and gave her kisses in the sigh, her mind was filling with a passionate memory of the young officer in the Imperial Guards, thrilling with tender yearning toward him who had won her heart ere the splendors of a Prince awed covetous parents to the sacrifice of her happiness.

To-day, the Prince felt his thin blood warming from the winter wine of the air. The severity of his usual crown was relaxed. His mood was so genial that he did not trouble to kick aside his wife's Pomeranian, which, by some fault of instinct, remained within reach as he strode into the boudoir.

"We shall drive across to dine with my cousin," he announced.

The Prince spoke with a cadence of rough tenderness, for he had pride in his wife and child. It was not love that moved him. God forbid that we profane the world! He loved nothing on earth or of hell—with heaven he had no concern at all—except himself. But his vanity had taken note that Vera Potemskina was famed as the chief beauty through three provinces. Thereupon, for his pride's sake, he purchased her from venal parents, decked her with richest robes, with rarest furs, with jewels of price, and set her before the world as the mistress of his palace, gloating greedily over her loveliness and over

The Secret Name

the envy of his fellow men. It flattered him, too, to ape the martial Lothario, to pose as the master of a heart as well as of a person. Wherefore, he oftenest spoke her gently, even when there were no witnesses by. She, poor

were no witnesses by. She, poor

child! had learned that she must respond with some similitude of affection, albeit her heart retched at his presence. On his entrance now, the Princess turned from the window by which she had been standing. She was as beautiful as a flower, yet without any fragility. Her slender form curved in a movement of ease that evidenced abundant bodily vigor. Grace and exquisiteness, superb health of flesh and of soul, radiated from each detail of her personality. The Prince regarded this, his best possession, with uxorious approval. His conceit preened itself anew.

"As you wish, Ivan," she answered, simply.

"And we shall take the boy with us," the husband continued. Pride became exultant over the thought that he would exhibit his sturdy heir to the jealous discomfiture of his childless cousin.

The Princess, however, dared to be mutinous:

"No," she ventured, with some show of spirit in her voice. "The cold would be too severe for the little one. And, too, the journey would be too long for him—and it would be so late for him when we returned! No, he must not go."

The Prince preserved his temper admirably in the face of such audacious rebellion against a decree.

"Ivan will go with us," he said, quietly. There was that note in his voice which his wife had learned to dread. She realized that resistance must prove futile, and held her peace. But the mother-love was troubled with fear. The loathing shut within her bosom burned hotly.

Nevertheless, the Princess forgot sorrow and dread, when it was come time for the journey. A physical exhilaration eddied in her blood. She murmured the secret name gaily to the child in her arms, as the sleigh swept forward. A radiant pleasure shone in her eyes, the while they scanned the vista of shimmering white, in which myriad points of color blazed the iridescence of a powdered rainbow. A cloudless heaven bent its arch of lapis lazuli, from which the sun burned gold. The runners of the sleigh creaked noisily in the intense cold. The crumpled snow protested loudly against the fleet movement over it. The three horses abreast were a-tremble with the joy of life, and fled their fastest in friendly rivalry, the coned steam from their nostrils flaunting wide. The bells from the teluga jangled merrily the rhythm of the flight. Snug in her sables the Princess held the child close, and murmured to him often, in unaccustomed delight. For the moment, since her husband had no heed for aught save the wild frolic of the horses, she was wholly glad—gay, as was her right of years. . . . Only, at last, a thought of the return by night came to her, and she shivered. [Continued on Page 8.]



She sat up then, feebly—

IS this final, Mr. Podmore?" Young Archer's face revealed his disappointment as he rose from the chair beside the desk and put the question.

"There is nothing final in this world, my boy," answered Abner Podmore. "All I can tell you is that, just as this moment, I have other plans for Lucy. You are both very young and your ideas may change—or I may alter my plans. I guess you understand that to-night Romance hasn't much of an appeal to me. How does the Independent Ticket look to the voters of the Second Ward?"

Podmore's eyes were on the grinning little imp hooded by the evening newspaper. He had shrouded it quickly when Archer was announced. The plaster image smirked approval from its shadowy hiding-place, and Podmore was filled with a great complacency.

"I am not interested in politics, sir," replied Tom Archer. "Lucy and I will never be happy without each other, and there is something here"—he touched his breast—"that fights against your judgment. Won't you—"

The imp frowned. The frown on that plaster face was no doubt a trick of Podmore's mind, but he had become so thoroughly Bilikininized that he trimmed his sails to the imp's fancied moods.

"We'll talk of that some other time, Archer," he broke in, curtly.

Strains of music from a distance had reached his ears. A torchlight procession, headed by the Belleville band, was moving through the town. In that procession there were transparencies showing Podmore's picture and bearing the legend, "Podmore for Mayor." As this enlivening spectacle came more clearly before Podmore's mental eye, Romance faded into utter insignificance before the glamour of Politics.

The candidate's heart stirred blissfully in his bosom, and the growing melody of the horns, the cymbals and the drums cast a delicious spell over his soul. The daughter of the Mayor of Belleville should look higher than the superintendent of the electric lighting system! Eh, Bilikinin!

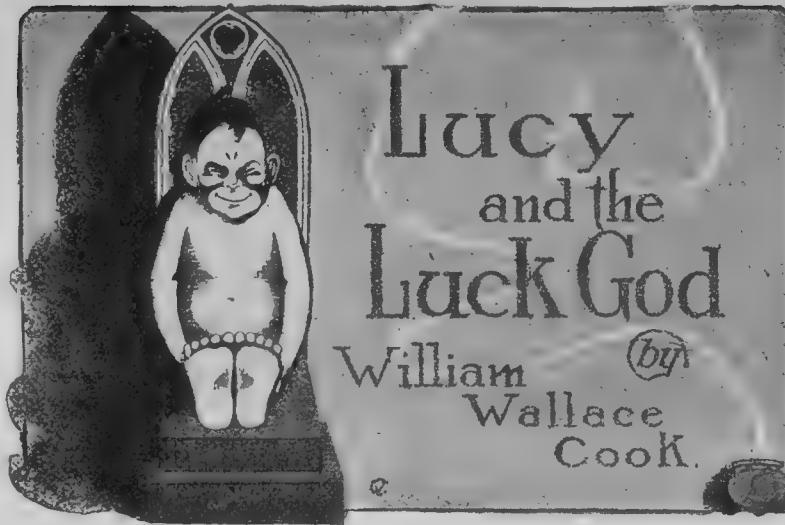
Young Archer's broad shoulders drooped a little as he left the study, but Podmore was not perturbed. He caught the flash of a white dress as Archer opened and closed the study door, however, and breaking through the strains of distant music came a convulsive sob. Podmore started guiltily at that, but looked to his mentor for consolation—and received it. Picking up his meerschaum pipe, he reached for the plaster lion's head wherein he kept his tobacco. The lion's head was as empty as his own, and he laid down the pipe with a sigh.

Presently the blare of horns came almost from beneath the study windows. Was it "The Conquering Hero" they tooted so vigorously? Podmore did not know "The Conquering Hero" from "Annie Laurie," but on the eve of election a campaign band has to be consistent. Podmore was paying for the band and the torchlight procession, and even hiring enthusiasm must toe the mark.

"Podmore! Podmore!" rang out the clamor in the street.

Should he appear? The luck-god told him that he should. Floundering to his feet he crossed the room, lifted a window and pushed head and shoulders into the yells and the torch-flare and the music. Silence fell, and he told the band and the rest of the procession what he would do for Belleville when he was in the Mayor's chair. Following this the cheering was renewed, the band blustered loudly, and the row of smoking lights lost itself around a corner.

Flushed with a vague delight, Podmore turned from the window. The pleasure of the moment was somewhat dampened by the sight of Mrs. Podmore, sitting beside the desk in the chair recently occupied by young Archer. She had either by accident or design, removed the newspaper from the luck-god, and was staring at the imp with an expression of horrified wonder.



"For mercy sake, Abner," she gasped, "what's that?"

"That?" Podmore's spirits were going down, down. "Oh—er—why, Minerva, that's a little fancy of mine."

He laughed mechanically. Should he confess all to the partner of his joys? Should he tempt fate by revealing to her the source of his good fortune? His troubled gaze rested on the imp, but for once the imp was non-committal.

"Well," said Mrs. Podmore, with a long breath, "all I can say, Abner, if that's the way your fancy runs you ought to see a doctor. What a horrible thing that is! I declare, it gives me the creeps just to look at it."

"It's really artistic, Minerva," he parried, weakly.

"Artistic! Abner Podmore, that's the poorest excuse for a statue I ever saw in my life! I was brought up on Rogers' groups, and I ought to know. For goodness sake, where'd you get it?"

"I brought it back with me from New York, my dear."

"So that's been in this house for two months, and this is the first time I've seen it!" The wrath of a housekeeper, whose prerogative it is to pass personal approval upon everything under her roof, flamed in Mrs. Podmore's eyes. "Where have you been keeping it?" she demanded.

His manner was apologetic, and his appearance was that of a man who had been caught red-handed.

"Er—a-hem—why, my dear, I've been keeping it in a drawer of my desk."

He quailed under her sharp glance.

"Tell me about it, Abner." Her tone was keen and compelling. "You haven't deceived me very many times, but you're trying to do it now."

"It's like this, Minerva," he faltered. "I went to a good many business places in New York, and there was one of those on the desk of every successful man I called on. Naturally, my dear," he wheedled, "you don't understand these things like a captain of industry, but it's a fact that that little imp is a luck-bringer."

"Luck-bringer?"

The tone she used in repeating the term brought a flush to Abner's face. Moisture had gathered on his brow, and he covertly removed it with a handkerchief, laughing feebly.

"Of course," he proceeded, "when I was told that the image was a luck-bringer, I scoffed at it. Yes, my dear, deliberately scoffed. But so many level-headed business men had the thing that I—well, I was forced to give the idea some consideration. Just to try it, I bought one and brought it home in my grip."

"How much did you pay for it?" Mrs. Podmore's nature was by no means niggardly, but she had firm convictions on the subject of useless extravagance.

"Just a dollar, my dear, only a dollar. It comes in two or three sizes, but I took the dollar size."

"Wouldn't you have got more luck with a larger size?" The sarcasm in that escaped Podmore.

Looking upon the remark as complaisant, and showing interest, Podmore gathered courage.

"Minerva," he declared solemnly, "I had no sooner put that luck-god in my grip than everything began coming my way. By cracky, I was surprised! I wound up my business ten times more fortunately than I thought I should when I left home, and on my way back to Belleville the trains weren't late a minute, and I made every connection without a particle of trouble."

"Just because you had that in your grip!" Mrs. Podmore was luring her husband alone, exploring the length, breadth and depth of his selfdeception. But he could not see it.

"Well, I didn't think so then," he answered, happily. "I just looked upon everything that happened as a coincidence. But when I got home the good luck kept up. I bought some mining shares to help out a friend, three weeks ago—"

[Continued on Page 10]



For Mercy's Sake, Abner, What's That?"

MRS. STANTON sat upon the porch in the shade of the morning-glory vines. She was sewing; and now and then she raised her eyes to look out into the garden, which showed so plainly the need of attention she had no time to give.

For many years she had been planning that the following season should see it as she wished, with annuals in orderly, well-dug beds, with strings for the climbers, and with all the weeds pulled up from the hard, unturned, unwatered soil that did not discourage them. Yet summer after summer found the same conditions. There was a short period of beauty when the bloom of lilacs hid all defects; but that having faded away, nothing remained save rose bushes full of blighted flowers and dead wood, the stunted sweet peas which had sowed themselves, and the persistent four-o'clocks and larkspur.

Sometimes she wondered if there might not have been a way to arrange her work more advantageously, giving herself opportunity for that care of the flowers which would have been so keen a pleasure. An hour a day would have accomplished much. But if by any chance there was a rare interval of leisure, it found her too tired for exertion. She had never been strong enough for the life of the farm. The responsibilities it put upon her were too heavy. Nor were they even lightened, rendered easier by any sense of sympathy and companionship. She was too much occupied to keep up friendly and intimate relations among the wives of the neighboring farmers.

Long since she had ceased expecting understanding or affection from her husband. And there had been no time to take real satisfaction from her two children—who were, moreover, absent at school for the greater part of each day. So, after a period of heartsick inward rebellion, she had brought herself to ask nothing of the present beyond the strength to finish her work, and that peace in the family which her husband's humors seldom allowed to remain unbroken.

But since hope of some sort was needful to give her courage for her tasks, she had allowed herself to look forward to the future, to the time when Julia should have finished her education and when she would be at home for more than a few hurried hours out of the twenty-four.

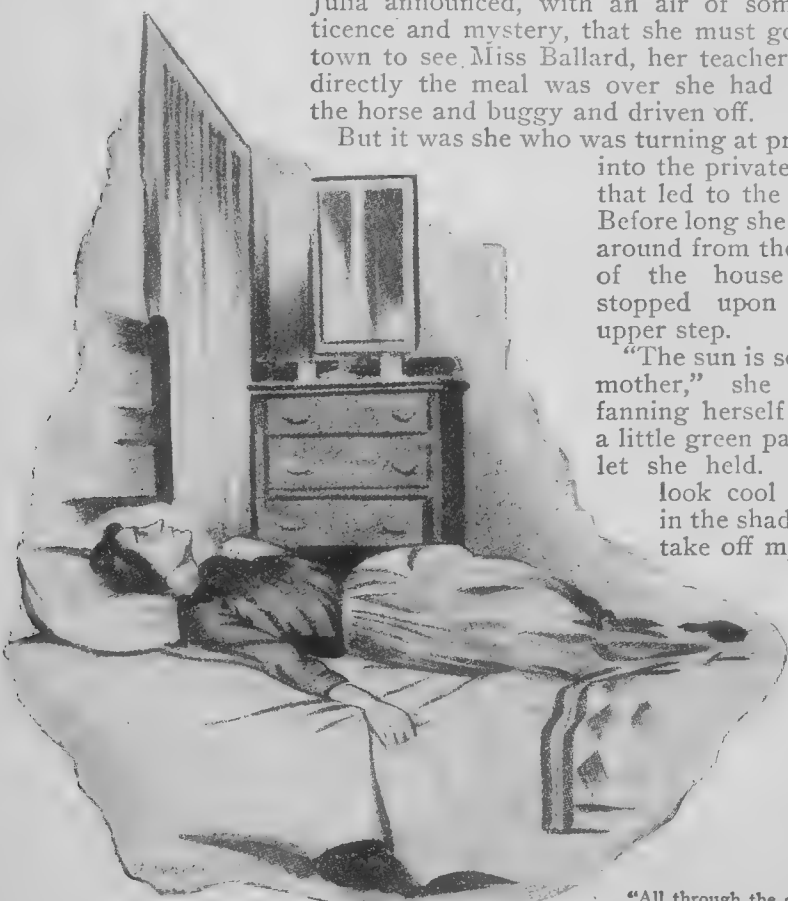
The anticipation was one which held so much happiness that she made it the solace of her loneliness, dwelling continually upon the thought of how she and her daughter would sew together and talk together and perhaps even go off together upon little merry-makings—just the two of them.

On the evening before, Julia's schooling had reached its end in the great occasion of the graduation exercises, for which the whole country-side had come forth. Yet fulfillment of her mother's wish had been destined to a little further postponement. For at breakfast

Julia announced, with an air of some reticence and mystery, that she must go into town to see Miss Ballard, her teacher; and directly the meal was over she had taken the horse and buggy and driven off.

But it was she who was turning at present into the private road that led to the barn. Before long she came around from the side of the house and stopped upon the upper step.

"The sun is so hot, mother," she said, fanning herself with a little green pamphlet she held. "You look cool there in the shade. I'll take off my hat



"All through the day she lay there, the struggle going on in her soul."

The Honors of Defeat

By Gwendoline Overton

Illustrations by Howard Heath



and be back in a moment to help you."

She went into the house, but presently returned, and taking a piece of sewing from the always overflowing basket, fell to folding down a hem.

The first of the happy hours had begun.

Mrs. Stanton could hardly keep her eyes upon her own work, so often did she look over at the bright face bent above the piece of blue checked cotton which was in process of becoming an apron. Their conversation turned at once upon that culminating event of many months and years—the ceremonies of the previous night.

"You were so pretty," Mrs. Stanton said, with a tremor of fond pride in her voice. "You were the prettiest girl there."

Julia's red lips tried not to smile with undue satisfaction. "It was the dress you made me," she sought to be modest. But pleasure in the compliment inspired her to give one in return. "Mrs. Adams told me that I looked exactly as you did when you came here after you were first married."

It was a comparison which, in point of fact, had not suited her in the least at the time; for it had seemed to hold a chilling forecast that in another score of years she might be the thin colorless woman her mother was now, with meager features and faded eyes. Something the same view of it affected Mrs. Stanton, making her shake her head sadly. "It is hard to believe to-day," she said.

"Never mind," the girl said warmly. "You are a dear, good mother, and I love you. It is because you have had too much work and too little play."

And all at once she decided to take advantage of this auspicious opportunity—coming earlier and more aptly than she had dared hope—to introduce the subject upon which the whole purpose of her mind was set.

Yet she went about it indirectly, bending her head closer above the sewing, that her eyes might not meet her mother's.

"Mother," she began in a low tone, "what do you suppose? It seems too ridiculous to tell you—when I'm so young, but," her face flushed a charming pink and her lashes dropped shyly, "but Will Adams thinks he wants to marry me."

A hand of ice was laid upon the mother's heart, stilling its beating. Through all the years she had resolutely kept her thoughts from dwelling upon that inevitable day when the girl would marry and go altogether from her life, leaving her desolate, more lonely than before. She had always said to herself that there would be at least a little time during which they could have each other undisturbed. And what must follow thereafter she would wait to bear when it should be laid upon her. But that it should be at once—and in the first moments of her realized dream—

She heard her own voice asking, "Do you care for him, dear?"

In the interest of the minute the girl forgot her sewing and let it drop unheeded into her lap. "Yes, I do care for him," she came out earnestly. "I care for him a good deal. But, mother, I don't want to marry him."

Mrs. Stanton drew a sharp breath. Then she put another question. "Why do you not?" she said.

The answer was given promptly, impetuously. "Because—because when I am thirty-seven I don't want to be like you!"

It was an unintentional cruelty, inflicted in thoughtless sincerity. The thrust, however, was so true, the stab so [Continued on Page 13]



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The Secret Name

Continued from page 4

CHAPTER II

That shiver came again, when in the evening, they set forth to drive the eighteen kilometers to the palace. It came again, and yet again—a shiver of dread, vague, insistent. The glories of the night were as wonderful as had been those of the day: more wonderful; for now, in the stead of the sun's solitary magnificence, the infinite splendor of the stars wrote the miracle of their orbits in letters of fire. But, to the Princess their loveliness was chill—or pitying. The air, too, was no longer the marvelous elixir of the day; only deadly cold, thrusting its rapier blade through the armor of furs, touching its point of ice to her heart.

The Princess strove to cast off the dismal mood from her spirit, but the effort was in vain. The impalpable misery would not be denied. It descended like a weighted pall, inevitable, crushing. Beneath it, she fell to trembling. Her soul sickened against an unknown terror. The subtle instinct of woman cried aloud, a wordless Cassandra, prophesying evil. The Prince offered no diversion from the mysterious melancholy. As before, his whole attention went to the mastering of the three thoroughbreds, racing so madly over the frozen road. Vera bent her head, and whispered the secret name to the child's ear, beseechingly, as it were, a prayer. But there came no comfort.

Of a sudden, a soft sound leaped from the night's stillness. The note held for a moment—died. In that instant the Princess's nebulous terror swirled into a word of definite, anguished fear. The Prince, too, heard the sound. The wife felt that his form stiffened, and that he waited rigid, listening. The horses heard the sound. They plunged riotously forward, as if a madness grew. Vera, like her lord, rested rigid, listening.

Again the sound thrilled on the air, which seemed poised as if in fearful waiting for this coming. It was a gentle note, as it darted from afar, musical, unutterably sad. The Prince muffled it with a discord of a curse.

"They are out, after all!" he stormed. "Bozhe moy! Mikhail said—" His voice trailed off into profane maledictions against the steward. With a movement of amazing quickness for one of such bulk, he sent the whip writhing cruelly over the withers of the leading stallion. The furious beast screamed, and flung itself forward in more frantic flight. The Princess still sat motionless and tense; but her crooked arms held the child closer.

The sound rang out again. It was louder now; louder and harsher. The sadness was there as before, resonant throughout the long-driven note; but with it throbbed undertones of menace. And, as this sound died, a sullen chorus of its fellows beat upon the silence—the wolf-pack's hunting

cry. The ruthless hunger-lust clamored hideously. In it shrilled the clash of ivory fangs, the last shriek of the victim.

Second by second the howling grew in volume. Soon—horribly soon!—a slim shape of dusky silver showed fittingly afar on the plain against the blue-white of the snow; and with it another, a third, a fourth, a horde. The Prince cursed again, and sent the lash hissing. He had thought for an instant of Jan's cottage, hardly two kilometers back; but the cry of the pack came from behind; in front, four kilometers away, the refuge of the town waited. The Princess swayed a little, and clutched the child to her heart convulsively. But she uttered no word. Of what avail?

The scent of the beasts stung the nostrils of the horses. Thereat the three raced frenziedly, so that, for a minute, they held their lead. The Prince saw; he shouted exultantly. Surely, the stars in their course must war for their salvation! Vera felt a surge of hope pound in her breast. . . . Alas, here was only the mirage of escape. The stress of the pace soon weighted the thudding hoofs. The starved wolves, now that they drew nigh the feast, touched belly to snow in Gargantuan leaps. Swiftly, and ever more swiftly, the distance lessened. Though the troika skimmed onward marvelously fleet, the space between it and the pack grew narrower with pitiless haste. Vera turned, in anguished fascination, to stare over her shoulder. She beheld slaving red mouths, wherein the teeth grinned in obscene mirth; she met the glare of eyes aflame with bestial desire to rend, to devour. The lithe undulation of the brute's movement rhythmized a threat of death. The Princess, straining the baby to her breast, waited in an ecstasy of despair.

CHAPTER III

The Princess was aroused from a stupor of fright by the voice of her husband, shouting blasphemies. He was risen to his feet now, the better to scourge the straining horses, of which already the flanks ran red with blood. The scent of that stream reached to the wolves, brought them to famished rage in the pursuit. It was now that the crazed man turned on his wife, and screamed at her. His face was furrowed, livid; his voice raucous:

"The boy!" he shrieked. "Throw out the boy!"

Vera tore her gaze from the snarling pack, to stare uncomprehendingly at the mouthing man. Again the Prince screamed at her, his voice piercing shrill in the rage of terror:

"Throw him out! Throw Ivan to the wolves!"

The mother's face grew even whiter than before, as, slowly, the significance of the command penetrated her numbed consciousness. Then, when at last she understood fully the vile purpose of the man, a holy rage flamed in her. She forgot the church's ban: let the tide of hate against him sweep

overwhelming. The spiny crest of her emotion was a poignant contempt; the eddies beneath were a nauseous disgust.

Demoniac purpose peered from the Prince's bloodshot eyes. Evil and ruthless always, in this hour he was become a devil unthralled, a monster stung to final infamy by the scorpions of fear. Vicarious shame before such degradation of soul shook the woman, and she cowered from him. In the next moment, the stark hopelessness crashed upon her spirit. In the ferocity of the man's selfish cowardice, she saw the inevitable slaughter of her child.

"No, no!" she quavered, huskily. "No, no! You shall not!"

The Prince turned from her to lash the staggering horses yet once again. For a blessed instant, Vera believed that he had repented him of the intended crime. But there was small room for the folly of credulity. The leading wolf ranged closer, sprang for the nigh horse, missed, went sprawling in the drifted snow on the wayside. Another leaped. A sob burst from the Prince. He faced about in malignant panic.

"Throw him out!" he stammered. His voice was rough, sinister. Then, as his wife still huddled with the child sheltered on her bosom, he stepped toward her swiftly; his arms seized her.

The woman strove to writhe from the crushing grasp, but found herself utterly powerless against this savage strength. A sickness vibrated throughout her being. She half swooned, though always she clung fast to the child. The huge muscles of the man strained for a moment. With a power so great that the deed seemed almost effortless, he lifted wife and child together high aloft, swung them about his head to give an added impetus, then, with all his energy, hurled them forth to die in his stead.

CHAPTER IV

Vera lost all consciousness as she felt herself shot through the air. At last her arms relaxed from the desperate clutch on the child; yet the swathing furs still held it safely nestled at her bosom. Cast forth by the full frenzy of the craven's strength, mother and babe went hurtling far backward. But the excess of his vicious zeal itself made the infamous act of no avail to his need. As a matter of fact, the pair offered as prey to the brutes sped a long way under the momentum given by the man's dastard fear. And, as the two bodies were cast out, the horses fled onward even faster than before, the lightened sleigh affording a new ease. The ravenous pack leaped to follow with fresh ardor of speed, hunger the goad. The whole desire of the brutes centered on the plunging steeds and on the cursing driver, who stood plying the lash unflaggingly. They had no eyes for that which, for a brief second, darted over their heads, to fall and to lie half buried in the snowdrifts by the roadside. The wolves bounded now with final, fiercest vigor; they were gaining again on horses

and man. The foremost of the pack sprang, caught for an instant on the flank of one of the outer horses; his teeth tore through the flesh. The odor of blood made madness of famine. Their bodies tensed for the kill.

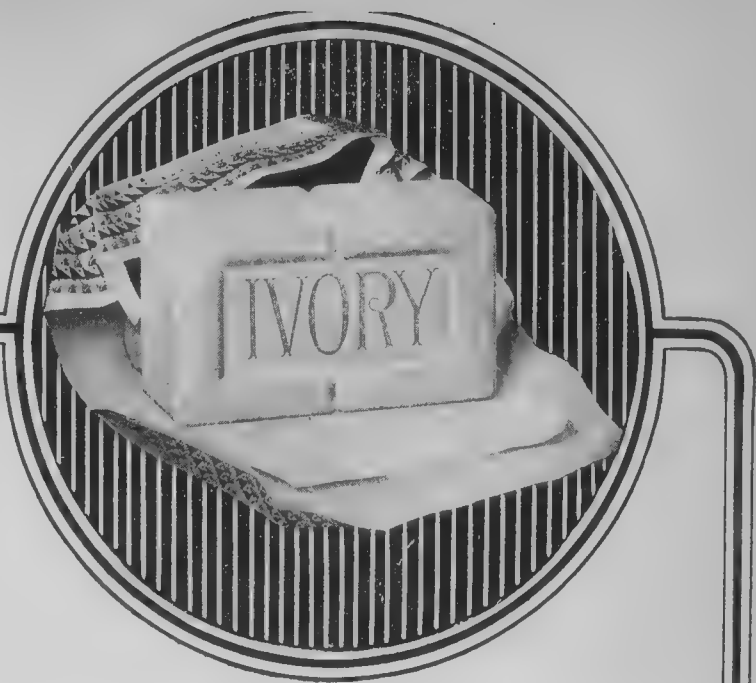
Vera came back to consciousness slowly, but presently the freezing cold air and the contact of the snow in which her face lay restored to her some measure of sensibility. She sat up then, feebly; her arms once more tightened in their clasp on the child; she murmured soothingly as her ears caught the sound of faint whimpering.

The woman's senses cleared fully. Her body fibers grew taut; her eyes widened in the shock of renewed fright. Memory rolled back on her in a flood. She remembered the horrible menace of the wolves, their burning eyes, their red mouths with glistening fangs. She remembered the horror of the man's face as it had been when he screamed at her, the loathly grip of his hands upon her, the abhorrent deed.

Swiftly, the Princess's eyes roved the scene. To her ears came a confusion of yelping, snarling noises. Then, at last, her hurrying gaze found pursued and pursuers. The chase had driven far. Already wolves and horses and man were on the distant edge of the plain, more than a kilometer away from the spot where she crouched, watching. She could barely distinguish a clump of shadows that was the group against the pall of snow, a shadow that flung forward rapidly. Even as her eyes scanned it, the shadow vanished where the road dipped to the river. There came to her ears a final fusillade of sounds, in which thrilled high the torment of a horse's scream. Afterward there was silence. The wolves were too busy for more than low gruntings of content as they glutted the blood-lust.

To the woman, the silence was the supreme ghastly affront. Under its urge, she staggered to her feet, distraught. She stood for a moment swaying, impotent of action. It was a long minute ere the strength born of need came as an answer to her prayer. But it came at last, and forthwith she set off running over the road by which they had come, for she remembered Jan's cottage, less than three kilometers away. There she knew she would find safety for her child and safety for herself.

Terror paced the woman in her race with death, and she won safely on until the lights of the cottage gleamed welcome near. There, she halted. No least sound issued from the silence of the night: the wolves were still afar. The quiet whispered that all peril of the dreadful hour was past for her. She knew as well the truth that, by his own foul deed, her lord had set her free from bondage. Reverently, then, she bowed her face until the lips touched her son's brow through the veil that covered it. Very softly and very tenderly, she spoke the secret name aloud. For, now, she was free.



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Lucy and the Luck God

Continued from page 5

"Mining shares!" Mrs. Podmore's hands went up in amazement.

"It's my rule, you know," expanded Podmore, "never to touch such things, but when I'm in doubt I look at the luck-god and he gives me a tip. Two days ago I received a telegram saying that the first report of the expert sent to examine the Golconda Mine had caused the shares to double in value. When the Independents wanted me to go before the city convention as candidate for Mayor I asked Billikin about it, and he said 'Run.' So I broke over my rule to keep out of politics, and—I received the nomination."

"How does this—this Billikin tell you these things, Abner?"

"He talks to my subconscious mind," answered Abner, wagging his head sapiently. "I frame the mental questions and put it up to him. He always answers, and the answer is always right."

Mrs. Podmore started at her husband as though she could hardly credit the evidence of her senses.

"Abner," said she, "when I asked you yesterday whether we should have roast beef or chicken for dinner, you did not answer me until you had come to your study. Did you ask this Billikin that?"

"Yes, my dear. I've got so I go to him with the most trivial—"

"And when Hilda wanted her wages increased a dollar a week—"

"I was told to increase them."

"Abner," pursued Mrs. Podmore in a queer voice, "when Tom Archer came here, a little while ago, and asked for our Lucy, did you go to that thing of plaster and allow it to sway your judgment?"

"Why, certainly. I'm going to be Mayor of this town, Minerva, and the Podmores will cut a pretty wide swath. It wouldn't do, it wouldn't do."

"And poor Lucy is crying her eyes out, and Tom Archer sees the world a whole lot darker today than he did yesterday. Abner Podmore, I'm surprised at you! Here you are, fifty years old and a vestryman of the church, kneeling down before that fetish, eating what it tells you to eat, paying the wages it tells you to pay, and breaking hearts because that senseless plaster of paris idol counsels it. I'd never have believed it, never!"

She sat back in her chair and looked at him with horror and incredulity in her eyes.

"Now, Minerva," he cried, "suppose you try it! Get the habit, my dear, of going to the luck-god and asking about your D. A. R. paper, or what you ought to do as president of the Monday Club, or—"

But, with a gurgling exclamation of contempt, Mrs. Podmore bounded from the chair and flung angrily out of the room. Uneasy of mind, Abner carefully returned the luck-god to its drawer, found his hat and went to campaign

headquarters to learn how the cause was progressing.

He returned home at eleven o'clock, convinced that only the luck-god could pull him through. The house was dark and the atmosphere oppressive. A gleam of light came from under Lucy's door. Animated by a touch of contrition, he halted and knocked softly.

"Go to bed, my dear, it is late," he said.

There was no answer. He waited a space with a pronounced feeling of discomfort and then moved on to his own room.

Lucy did not appear at breakfast next morning, and Mrs. Podmore radiated an aura that was distinctly hostile. She was cold, and deliberate, and full of mute rebuke.

"I'm going to be elected, my dear," said Podmore, in a voice he tried to make cheerful.

"Go up to your study, Abner, and hobnob with your fetish," was his wife's response.

With heavy feet Podmore climbed the stairs. Again he halted at Lucy's door. Should he step in and commiserate with her? Perhaps, on the whole, he had better counsel with Billikin first! He hurried on to the study, opened the drawer and groped for the image. It wasn't where he had placed it. What did this mean? He started back suddenly as a little heap of white fragments, on the rug, met his eyes. Then he staggered and caught at the back of a chair.

Broken! Who had been tampering with his destiny on this critical day of all days in his career? Was it Minerva?

This was carrying matters a step too far! He was master of his own house, and if he wanted a little knick-knack that appealed to him, and that helped him, what right had Mrs. Podmore to set aside his vested authority?

For the first time in twenty-five years serious domestic trouble threatened the house of Podmore. As he opened the door to call his wife, he confronted Hilda. She was bringing a telegram.

"Et yust came, sor," said Hilda.

Podmore snatched the message and whirled back into his study.

"Golconda preferred gone to smash. Mine only a hole in the ground. Too much salt."

There it was! That's what it meant to smash a Billikin! Podmore flung aside the message, grabbed his hat and rushed downstairs. Hilda told him that Mrs. Podmore had gone out. So Podmore also went out and cooled his temper by visiting the various precincts.

Everything looked bad for him. His paid lieutenants were working hard, but some mysterious influence was turning the tide against the Independents. He 'phoned the house for his motor-car, resolved to take a little spin into the country and get back his nerve; then he hung around the Second Ward booth waiting for the car to come. The car did not come. Perkins, the driver, arrived presently, limping and visibly

distressed. The car had skidded into a telephone pole and lost a front wheel.

Podmore jammed his hands into his pockets and walked moodily away in the direction of the river. While he was leaning against the parapet of the bridge, tracing derisive Billikins in the water that poured over the dam, Tom Archer came out of the power-house and gave Podmore a curious look.

"I hear the fight is going against you, Mr. Podmore," said he, with a respect which Podmore wondered at, considering what had happened. "I'm going to take the day off and work for you."

"Never mind that, Tom," answered Podmore, spiritlessly. "Stick to your regular work. You can't save the day—neither you nor any one else."

"That isn't the right feeling, sir, is it?" inquired the wondering Archer.

"What's the use of fighting against fate, eh? Tell me that!"

"I'm doing it," averred Tom. "It won't make any difference, of

he were to buy a luck-god on election day, with so many votes going against him?"

Greatly cast down, he retraced his way to a nearby grocery store. Here he 'phoned Hilda that he would not be home for lunch or dinner, bought some dried beef and crackers and went back to the mill pond. Hiring a boat, he rowed up the river. It was his intention to land in a nice, quiet spot, and ruminate on the drastic action taken by the wife of his bosom. He had never suspected such things of Minerva!

As he attempted to make the landing, the bow of the boat struck a snag. He took out an oar from the rowlock, stood up in the boat and pushed manfully. The boat rocked, and he lost his balance and fell headfirst into the water. Fortunately the water only came to his waist, but he was thoroughly drenched and his dejection was complete as he waded ashore.

He left a watery trail to the nearest farm house, and was taken in hospitably and put to bed while his clothes were drying. Afterward, he was given a very comfortable meal. Toward the end of the meal the kitchen chimney was found to have taken fire, and, while the farmer climbed to the roof with a bag of salt, Podmore removed his evil influence from that devoted household and took his way back to town.

Where next should he carry his blighting presence? He was a melancholy figure, and, inasmuch as he was a candidate for Mayor and the fight was probably waxing hotter than ever at that time, he dared not show himself, in his awful plight, on the main street. He knew of a tailor's shop, in the outskirts of the town, and travelled the alleys and by-ways in a stealthy advance upon it.

When he had finally reached the shop, he was given a chair behind a screen while the man with the flatiron fell to pressing his clothes and making them more presentable. The tailor was asked to hurry, and probably it was not his fault that he burned the trousers. Podmore found no fault with the man. Deep down in his soul he knew whose shoulders should bear the responsibility for all that was happening to him.

Although he had no heart for the conflict, yet merely as a matter of form, he proceeded to the headquarters of the city committee. Here he found only gloom and demoralization. At six-thirty he went to the hotel and had dinner.

Voting machines were used at the booths, and returns were all in by seven o'clock. Of course Podmore was defeated. He had known he was going to be defeated ever since he had found that heap of fragments on the study rug. If he had got out and worked, said the chairman of the committee, results might have been different. But Podmore knew better. When a man's Billikin is ruthlessly smashed, human effort is a delusion. Misfortune is inevitable, and there's no fighting against it.



A little heap of white fragments on the rug met his eyes.

course, but when I marry Lucy, I'd like to see her referred to as the daughter of His Honor, the Mayor. I'm going to do my best for you, Mr. Podmore."

And Tom, with his self-reliant swing, strode on, leaving the unhappy candidate for Mayor staring after him.

Podmore's acquaintance with luck-gods was only of short duration. His obsession was complete, although only in the initial stage. He wished in his soul that he knew more about the methods of those plaster of paris charm-workers. He knew how jealously his New York friends cherished their individual Billikins. You could not have bought or borrowed one for love or money. After a Billikin becomes individualized it is priceless. Whether another luck-god could fill the place of the first was a serious question. Were they on sale in Belleville? But, even if they were, he did not dare go into the home market and buy one. What would people say if



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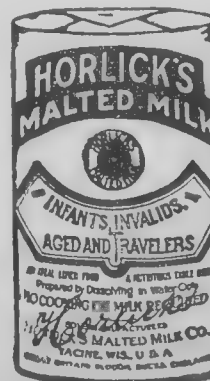
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Dreadfully he returned homeward, letting himself into the house like a felon and going at once to his study. The room was in a dustless order that bespoke the usual attentions of Mrs. Podmore—except that the plaster fragments were on the desk. He dropped a magazine over them and sank contemplatively into a chair.

He was done with politics! Furthermore, if he ever bought another luck-god it would be made of castiron. In the midst of his disagreeable reflections a light tap fell on the door. His fat shoulders went back and a stern, set look twisted at his chubby face. Minerva! he thought. His temper had passed without eruption. He would merely tell Mrs. Podmore what she had done to her husband by destroying the luck-god. The sight of him, in misery, would be enough. The rap was impatiently repeated.

"Come in," he called wearily.

It was not Minerva, but Lucy—Lucy in a white lawn dress with a red rose in her hair. Never had she looked more entrancing. And with Lucy came Tom Archer—persistent Tom Archer.

"Dear old dad!" murmured Lucy, in a burst of tenderness, hurrying to his chair and passing her soft arms about his neck. "Tom wanted you to be Mayor, daddikins," she whispered, her cool cheek against his, "but I never did."

"H'm," muttered Podmore, "I'm glad you're pleased, my dear."

"You ran well, Mr. Podmore," said Tom, "considering."

"Exactly," returned Podmore, "considering. Where's your mother, Lucy?"

"She'll be here in a little while, dad," answered Lucy. "Just now, though, while we're all by ourselves, Tom wants to ask you a question."

"It's this, Mr. Podmore," said Tom. "Is there any change in your sentiments?"

Instinctively Podmore's eyes sought the desk. There was no use in appealing to the luck-god. Podmore was thrown back upon

his own mental resources and inclinations.

"Is your heart really set on it, my child?" he asked Lucy.

"Oh, dad!" she exclaimed rapturously, "I'd be the happiest girl in the world if—if—"

"Here you are, Tom," said Podmore, holding Lucy's hand out to him. "My other ideas for Lucy's future have undergone a change."

"Will you forgive me for breaking your tobacco jar, dad?" Lucy asked. She was standing in front of her father and Tom's arm was around her waist.

"T-tobacco jar?" gasped Podmore, pushing forward in his chair and once more looking towards his desk.

The jar was not in its accustomed place. He noticed that now for the first time. A series of bewildering possibilities flashed through his brain.

"You see, dad," Lucy explained, "mother told me about the luck-god and how you had let it influence you against Tom and me. Mother wanted to get a doctor, for she was sure you weren't well, but I had an idea last night and worked it out this morning. I wanted you to know that the luck-god wasn't to be depended on, so I broke the tobacco jar and hid the plaster imp—here."

Gliding to a bookcase, she drew the Billikin from behind a set of Schopenhauer and handed it to her father.

"I have proved, I think," she added, "that the luck-bringer isn't reliable."

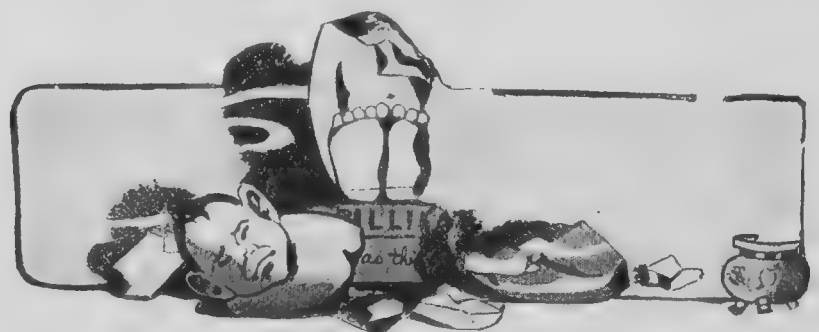
Podmore got up slowly, the luck-god in his hand.

"I'll give you young people my blessing on one consideration," said he slowly, "and only one."

"Done!" cried Tom. "What is it, Mr. Podmore?"

"Why, that you keep my experience with the luck-god a close family secret. A fool at forty is a spectacle for gods and men, but a fool at fifty—"

Podmore hurled the Billikin on the hearth before the grate and smiled for the first time that day as the grinning imp flew into a dozen pieces.



RESPONSIBILITY

WHEN things go right

A world polite
Extends a wreath of glory,
And men with glee
Contend to be
The hero of the story.
From far and near
The cry you hear—
'Twere useless to forbid it—
On every hand
In accents grand,
"I Did It!"

When things go wrong

Another song
Is suddenly arising,
And men lay down
The martyr's crown
With promptness all surprising.
They do not pause
For the applause.
Their pride, long since they've hid it.
Each shifts the blame.
As all exclaim,
"He Did It!"

—Washington Star.



The Honors of Defeat

Continued from page 6

keen that the older woman could not even cry out under it. Her faded skin grew more ashen, but Julia was far too intent upon herself to observe it, to be aware of what she had said.

"He is a farmer," she went on. "He always means to be one. He isn't ambitious at all. If I married him I would have to go and live with his folks. I'll have to wash and sweep and cook and sew from morning to night, besides taking care of children. You know how it would be. I've done so well in school; and that would be wasted. I suppose I oughtn't to feel so about it, that it's selfish. But I can't help seeing things. And it seems dreadful to think about, when I am so young and strong and pretty." Tears of sympathy for her own imaginary lot had come into the eyes that were well able to discern the core of reality in the sweet fruit of romance. "Of course," she added contemplatively, "Will would never be as unkind to me as father is to you."

On Mrs. Stanton's lips, narrowed by long repression of hopes and desires, of sorrows and complaints, came a pathetic, yet half humorous smile. Julia read in it an unflattering doubt of her lover's real devotion—and objected to it.

"No, he wouldn't," she insisted. "He is very fond of me."

Mrs. Stanton let it pass without seeking to make clear by her own example the fate to which such faiths were liable.

There fell a silence. And it was she who broke it. "If you feel like that," she ventured, "it doesn't seem to me that you ought to take him." She was trying to keep her judgment wholly for her daughter's welfare, unaffected by any wishes of her own.

"I will if I stay here, though, I know I will," came the convinced reply. "I'll keep seeing him around, and he'll keep asking me, and some day I'll say yes."

Mrs. Stanton smiled again. "But you are so young, dear—only seventeen. Not one girl in hundreds marries the first boy that makes love to her. In a year or two you'll both have forgotten all about it."

The prospect of such infidelity, at least upon the part of young Adams, was not agreeable to Julia.

"You don't know how long it has lasted already. I never told you, but it's ever since I was a tiny bit of a thing. Supposing, though, that we did forget each other," she admitted the possibility for the sake of argument, "there would only be some one else—some farmer."

"There are the men in town," Mrs. Stanton suggested.

Julia set it promptly aside. "They are just as poor and just as unambitious. I'd rather have a farmer, anyway, than a clerk or a storekeeper."

"People come here sometimes—and you might go visiting."

"And I might grow to be an old maid, I suppose." The tone swept aside all three possibilities as un-

worthy of consideration. "No, mother, dear—what I ought really to do is to go away."

Mrs. Stanton sat looking at her, with dazed, blank eyes. "Go away?" she repeated dully.

"To college," the girl brought out the truth at length. "Mother! You don't need to look so miserable about it! Of course if you mind as much as that I will stay at home." Julia was beside her, sitting on the arm of the chair, drawing against her shoulder the head with its thin, gray-streaked hair.

Mrs. Stanton let it rest there for a few minutes in a great weariness from which to rouse herself seemed not worth while. But presently she moved away. Julia went back to her own chair. She took up her sewing with a gesture eloquent of resignation to her lot, of pursuing indefinitely and hopelessly these dull tasks.

"If it's going to make you so dreadfully unhappy, I'll give it up," she said. There was surrender in the words, but in the voice was covert tenacity and opposition. She felt herself ill used. Mrs. Stanton did not answer at once.

"It seems hard, though," Julia went on, hemming assiduously. "I've done so well in school, and I ought to have a finished education. Miss Ballard says I ought. It's a pity for me to stay around here, never doing anything interesting. If I went off to college, I could get a good position somewhere, and very likely I'd marry well and wouldn't have to work at all. I should think you'd want me to do it." The tears had come into her blue eyes once more, and they began to roll slowly down her cheeks, falling on the checked cotton apron.

Mrs. Stanton forgot all else at once. "Don't cry, Judy, dear, don't. I can't bear to see it. Of course, if you want to go I want you to."

"You certainly don't go about making it very easy for me," Julia reproached unsteadily. "I should think you'd be glad. I should think you'd like me to be smart and ambitious," she recurred to the word which had so prominent a place in her vocabulary.

"I do, dear, really I do," her mother pleaded. "Only it was the thought of losing you."

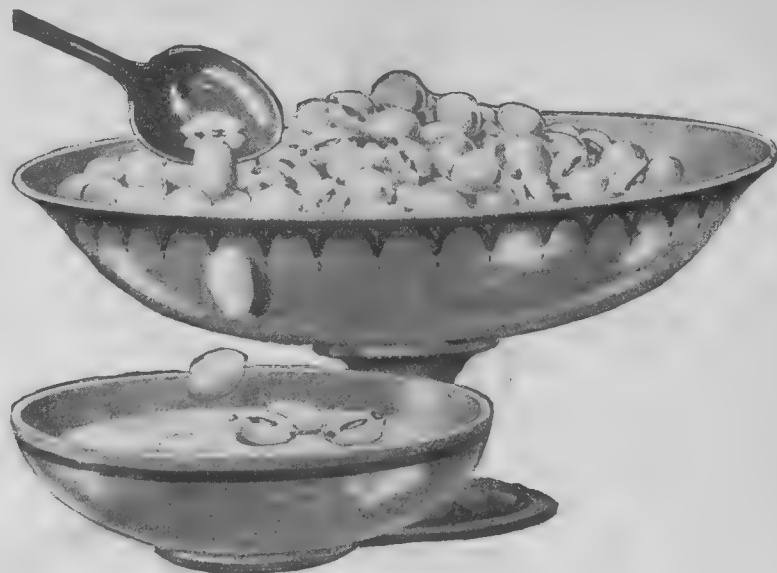
"Isn't that just a little selfish?" suggested the girl.

"Yes," there came an involuntary sigh, which Mrs. Stanton tried guiltily to check. "Yes, I suppose it is."

Julia rested upon the point gained.

"What college did you think of going to?" her mother asked presently. The girl told her. Her choice was not even in favor of one near at hand, within a distance which would make it possible to return for holidays and vacations. "But I'm not ready for it yet," she explained. "I'd have to be prepared for at least a year."

"And how long would it be after that? Mrs. Stanton's ideas of uni-



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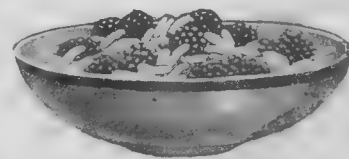
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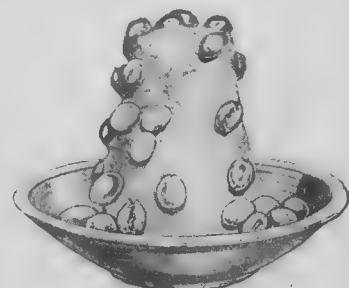
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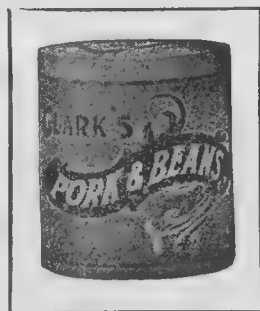
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versity matter were vague, but the rising inflection of her voice held a timid anxiety.

"Four years—if I get through."

"Five or six years, then, in all."

It was as if she were saying the term for which she had received a sentence.

"Yes, but that isn't really so long." The girl looked at it from the viewpoint of one who has time for hopes. "I'd be only twenty-three. I'll get you the book about it and you can see. Miss Ballard sent for it. That was what I went after this morning."

She ran into the house and came back with the pamphlet. Together they looked over it, the girl explaining, full of the excitement of exhibiting newly acquired knowledge. Her enthusiasm threw a faint reflection of itself upon the blankness of her mother's soul, so that at last, feeling she had awakened a reciprocal interest, Julia made her plea.

"You will help me to do it, won't you, mother?" she besought. "You won't want me to stay on here and lead a life like yours? I ought to have a fair chance."

"I don't know what your father will say," Mrs. Stanton transferred the likelihood of difficulties. "You must choose the right time to talk to him." Julia's eyes grew wide with anticipated fright.

"Goodness! I don't want to talk to him," she protested. "I'd be so afraid of him that I wouldn't know what I was saying. I thought you'd probably do it."

"But he is fond of you, and proud of you," urged her mother. Then she added—"in his way."

The girl laughed incredulously. "I'd rather run away than suggest college to him," she stated definitely. "I can see him when he hears what it will cost—though he's perfectly able to afford it. I'm certain he is. Everybody says he has plenty of money—enough to give you a hired girl, too, if he wanted to. No, I'm not going to talk to him," she reiterated. "But you know how to manage him, mother."

Mrs. Stanton thought of the price at which she had learned it and of the trepidation with which she exercised her knowledge upon the few occasions when necessity or duty drove her to it.

But this was surely duty now. Julia was right; she ought not to stay on here, wasting the promise of her youth, settling down unwillingly to marry young Adams, or another like him; doing hard work, losing her freshness and her strength. There were women who lived the life of the farm contentedly enough, but it would not be so with Julia.

Yet it would be no easy matter to make her husband look at it in the same way—he who had always been so impatient with her own inability to endure the strain. He would say that it was she who had been putting notions into Julia's head, spoiling her. And it would be the expense which, above all else, would rouse his wrathful protests. Always, for weeks in advance she shrank from the

ordeal of asking him for enough money to buy herself and the children clothing—to get some necessity for the household. Yet, as Julia had said, he was well-to-do above the majority of his neighbors. Sheer terror at the prospect began to possess her, until at length she had to put down her sewing.

"I must shell the peas for supper," she said. It could be done with hands which shook too much to hold a needle.

"Why don't you have Jimmy do it?" her daughter demanded. "He is growing perfectly worthless."

It was Julia's opinion that her mother exhibited a deplorable weakness in handling Jimmy. His stubborn indolence was being indulged and fostered. It was all very well for her mother to say that the constant struggle of wills tired her, that she had rather do things herself than bring it about. But the boy would become exactly like his father—and to Julia's mind there was no worse comparison.

Her conception of its full import might have been enhanced had she been present to hear what passed between Mr. Stanton and his wife that night.

There was no immediate need for settling the matter. But by the time evening had come, she had decided that anticipation was a useless prolonging of her dread. So, when the two children had gone to bed, and she and her husband were in their room together, she ventured what she had to say.

Once, long ago, when she had intervened to save Jimmy from a punishment altogether disproportionate to any offense of which a four-year-old baby could be capable, there had been a scene almost equal to this one. She had conquered then, and she did so now. Yet, when it was over, when her husband had fallen into the heavy sleep following upon the exhaustion of anger, she lay awake until sunrise, dizzy with fatigue, quivering with nervousness, heartsick with recognition of the days and years before her. She crept out of bed at the first light, and went about preparing breakfast.

Julia cast anxious looks at her father's face as he came to the table and ate in grim silence. "What did he say?" she asked of her mother as soon as they were alone. Mrs. Stanton spared her the whole truth—which she herself was loath to recall.

"I think he will let you do it," she answered.

The girl's uneasy face lighted with satisfaction. "I am so glad," she exclaimed. "You are the greatest one for managing things." She threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed the hollow cheek with facile gratitude. "Was he fearfully cross?"

"Yes," said her mother. "He was." The very lightness of the thanks told her how little her ordeal had really been appreciated. And it seemed only fair that the girl should realize something of what had been met for her sake.

"Poor mother! I wish you hadn't had to do it. But father isn't so bad, at heart."

"Then why didn't you go to him and save me?" came the abrupt demand. Julia stared back at her in surprise over a peevishness she felt to be unjustified.

"It seems to me you are cross, too," she said reprovingly.

Mrs. Stanton turned away and put down her dust cloth. "You can finish the work to-day," she said. And before her daughter had quite grasped what was happening, she had gone from the kitchen and locked herself into her room.

It was a room directly under the roof, and the sun beat down upon the shingles, making it insufferably hot. But all through the day she lay there where she had thrown herself upon the bed, unaware of the stifling atmosphere, of anything save the struggle going on within her own soul. At first there came to her frantic ideas that she would endure it no longer, that she would end it all by going away—going anywhere; back to her own people, perhaps. She had not seen them since the marriage she had made so much against their wishes. But she would return to them, confessing her mistake. Her husband could do quite as well without her. He could have a stronger woman for the work and be better satisfied. As for Julia and the boy—she was nothing to them, except when they wanted something done. She had made a miserable, heart-breaking failure of everything. There were no tears in the eyes that stared at the patchwork quilt across the foot of the bed. They were wide open, hot and vacant.

But gradually the violence of rebellion began to pass away, and the sense of duty which had always impelled and sustained her, came in its stead. Toward her husband she was conscious of no obligation. Years since she had given him manifold more than he deserved. She could have left him to-day with no pang of any sort save a memory of the hopes he had once represented. And the boy? He, too, was fast becoming the self-centered male. She recognized that he had little need for her, though the maternal instinct still persisted and gave that very fact the power to hurt her cruelly.

But Julia—she was a woman, requiring the help and protection which only another woman could give. And she was sincerely fond of her mother. Selfish, perhaps, she was. But what young creature was not selfish? Mrs. Stanton had a dim preception that it was part of the law of self-preservation, of race preservation. The young must make use of the old. They could not have them clinging to them, hampering their development, their actions. The unconscious attitude which was Julia's now had once been her own toward her parents. She had neither gift nor training for philosophy—other than of that dull, unreasoned sort which enabled her to bear the burdens of the day. Yet she felt that the girl was fully entitled to her chance

and to all that a mother could do to further it. Responsibility for her future lay with those who had brought her into the world; and it was for them, at almost any cost, to help her obtain the better things she desired.

But the years ahead! She covered her eyes with her hands as if to hide the vision of them that came upon her. It was not that from henceforth she must take upon herself a larger share than ever of the already too heavy work. It was the loneliness, the isolation. And more terrible even than this, the knowledge that she would be parting forever from the daughter who, from babyhood until now, had always been so close.

For though Julia might perhaps return—though she might not find work and a home of her own elsewhere, as she frankly hoped to do—there was none the less the certainty that she could never again see her mother as she saw her now. She would have new standards and criterions, she would be educated so far above her parents that to look down upon them would be inevitable. However real her intentions of faithfulness, she would be alienated, estranged. Her affection would be tinged with pity and condescension at the best. The pain of the thought seemed almost unendurable; yet gradually Mrs. Stanton brought herself to accept it with the silent fortitude in which countless mothers have made the same unrecognized, unglorified sacrifice.

At the noon hour Julia came to the door and tried to open it.

"Dinner is ready, mother. Are you coming down?" she asked.

"No—I won't be down," Mrs. Stanton answered. She felt that she must have more time to make certain of her self-mastery.

"You are not sick, are you?" It was a voice of anxiety and a shade of self-reproach.

"I've a headache," she said, quite truthfully.

"Can't I do something for it?"

"No—it will be better after a while."

Mr. Stanton called peremptorily from the foot of the stairs and Julia went with reluctance. It was the first time she had known such a thing to happen, and it disturbed her. Her mother had always gone on with the work, hiding as best she could that anything was wrong. She had a sudden unpleasant perception of what the home would be if both her parents were to indulge their humors unrestrained.

And when Mrs. Stanton came downstairs towards evening the girl was so much more than ordinarily kind and thoughtful, that her attentions brought tears, once or twice, where neglect could no longer do so.

"I suppose you feel very badly because I want to go away," Julia said wistfully, as they sat together that night. Mrs. Stanton made no useless pretense of denying it.

"But I think you ought to go," she answered—"that you have the right."



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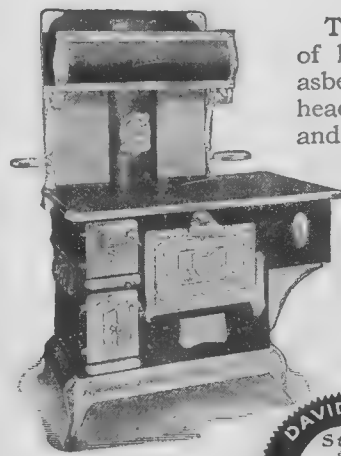
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"I think I have, too," the girl spoke in deep earnestness. "Why should I be obliged to stay here and always live such a life as this, just because you once married father?" It was the substance of the reasoning upon which her mother had based her own decision. And the logic was irrefutable, relentless and unpitying though it might be, as all the logic of youth.

For the time being Juila had even less affection for her father than heretofore.

But gradually, as the summer went on, there came a change. Her mother watched it with a gnawing jealousy and sense of injustice. Yet she resolutely made no sign.

And by degrees his conception of his attitude in the matter affected the girl.

"Father has really been very good about it, hasn't he?" she said to her mother, who was bending over the sewing machine making the dress in which her daughter was to go from her. That the assent was quite without warmth brought a mild reproach. "Don't you think, mother, dear, that you are sometimes a little hard on father?" she propounded. "I am afraid you don't understand him altogether."

"It was I who got you your wish," came the reminder in a tone that was hard with suppressed pain, though the words were, in truth, a plea for appreciation.



"I'm afraid you don't understand him altogether."

Not long after the day when she had obtained his more than unwilling consent to their daughter's plans, it had begun to be observable that he was not only reconciling himself to them, but taking a certain amount of interest. Though he still held his wife in marked disfavor because of her intervention and the braving of his opinion that it had entailed, he was unusually amiable with the girl herself. And to the neighbors he spoke with pride of the fact that he was going to send his daughter to college. It raised him to a plane above the men about him who kept their children at home upon the farms. It gave him importance in the community. The idea might have been his own from the outset, so entirely did he arrogate to himself all credit.

"I know you did, of course," Julia conceded readily, trying to be impartial. "And I am grateful, very grateful. But I can't help thinking that father deserves some credit, too."

Mrs. Stanton did not point out that no single real hardship would fall upon her husband, no single real sacrifice have to be made by him, that all must be met by herself alone. Julia would only think her complaining and unfair. And above everything else she wished to keep the girl's good opinion. For the day was coming near that was to take her out into a world where love of her mother might prove a safeguard and defense.

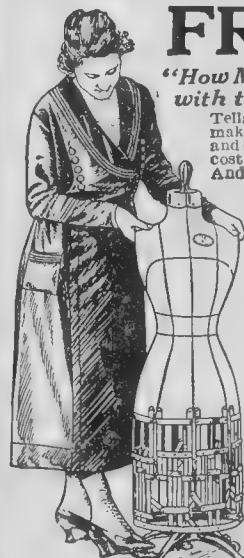
And when at last it arrived, Julia and her father drove to the railroad station by themselves. There was only the buggy, and

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two of them, with the satchels, filled it so completely that there was no room for another.

Mrs. Stanton said good-bye at the gate. Into her parting words she put all the lingering born of a knowledge that she might never see her child again—or that, if she did, it would be as one who was almost a stranger who would be removed from her to a distance she could not hope to make less. And the girl clung to her neck, sobbing. But in a moment more she had taken her seat beside her father. She leaned out for a last kiss, smiling bravely to give courage to the commonplace, faded little woman from whom radiated none of her own sense of adventure and romance.

"I feel like a heroine," she said, leaving you all and going out alone into life."

The light of the Future was in her eyes. And into her mother's eyes, too, came an answering light—that of the fires of the soul in which self has been burned quite away.

When they had left her by herself, she stood in the forlorn garden for a time, looking down the road.

Then she turned and went back to her work.

WHY ICE WATER QUENCHES THIRST

By Leonard Keene Hirshberg,
A.B., M.A., M.D.,

(Johns Hopkins University)

Even in midwinter, when it is as cold "as all outdoors," ice, or very cold water is really necessary to quench your thirst. If you do not believe this, try it yourself on the very first frosty day. Of course, it is even more true for warm or balmy days.

When you are very thirsty, the saliva in your mouth and at the back of your throat is not necessarily absent and the parts "parched and dry" as the authors of the "best sellers" say, but it is ropy and thick.

If you will observe yourself, when the call of thirst summons you, it will be found that the palate and the back of the tongue sort-of clicks together from the tenaciousness and taffiness of the ropy saliva. The watery portion has to a large degree evaporated.

If now you take an ordinary glass of water from a city spigot or hydrant, the luke-warm or nearly warm water is almost at room temperature. In other words, it is almost the match of your skin and membranes in the degree of temperature.

The upshot of sipping or gulping down water or any other fluid, neither hotter or very much colder than the lips, tongue, and mouth is to lose the sensation of gratification and satisfaction, which the thirst appetite craves.

In fine, your thirst craving goes unsatisfied unless you are made definitely aware of the quenching material. This can only be brought about by ice cold or boiling hot water.

Obviously, the latter is impossible, because it is injurious and would do harm to the tissues. Since there is only one choice left, to wit, the ice water, you will naturally choose this. To be sure, if there is no ice water around, you will make the best of a bad situation and drink tap water. But you will at once agree that it by no means satisfies you.

Some physiologists explain the slow, phlegmatic nature of the English upon the fact that ice water is almost unknown in England. The people there do not know what they miss.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

When an Englishman once tastes ice water, it is hard for him to ever go back to ordinary city water. He at once realizes the difference between quenching the agonizing sensation of thirst and the mere need of fluid by the tissues.

Just as there is a big difference between appetite and hunger, there is also a noteworthy distinction between quenching thirst and filling the need of the human anatomy for aqua pura.

Hunger is the craving of the living tissues for nutriment and new fuel. Appetite is only an accidental and sometimes an artificial demand for more material in the oesophagus and the stomach. Pepper, stimulants, and anything almost that irritates the lining of the alimentary canal may stir up an appetite, though you are far from hungry.

Similarly, thirst is a sensation in the palate, tongue, and lips, created there to remind you that water is desirable for your health and comfort. It may be present only because you have perspired a great deal or your kidneys have been too active. Or it may be asserted from a more fundamental cause, such as a disease like diabetes.

In any event, the ropiness of the saliva and its glue-like character indicates a more deep-seated thirst than mere dryness of the mouth. The latter condition may be aided by uncooled water, but the sensation of thirst is only thoroughly assuaged and quenched by ice water.

HAPPINESS

By Grace G. Bostwick

I sang and laughed along the way to the place called happiness

For the sun was bright and the flowers gay and each smile a caress

And the road was wide and beautiful and smooth to my dancing feet

And eager friends on every hand were there with joy to greet.

But I said "Why, this is not the way. I don't get anywhere.

It's years and years since I started out and I don't believe it's there!"

So I faced about with a puzzled frown and declared "I'll try again!"

Perhaps the place called happiness is only found through pain!"

I laid aside my merry ways and my feet walked steadily

For suffering came and sorrow sore held out both hands to me

But I looked ahead with a wistful eye and declared "I'm on the way!"

As I tried to still my gnawing fear with thought of the coming day.

And I found the truth. But the place I sought is not a place at all.

It is goodness and innocence and peace and a heart with love a-thrill!

Now I smile with a joy that is close to tears as memory comes to bless

The thought of the girl who never knew that her life was happiness!

A Christian is God's gentleman. A gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything—at least in everything that depends on himself—in carriage, temper, construction, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate, not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be were the true meaning of the name borne in mind and duly inculcated.—Hare.

All Christians should feel their study to be Christ's exaltation; and whatever is calculated to hinder man from beholding him in all the glory of his person and works should be removed out of the way! "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."



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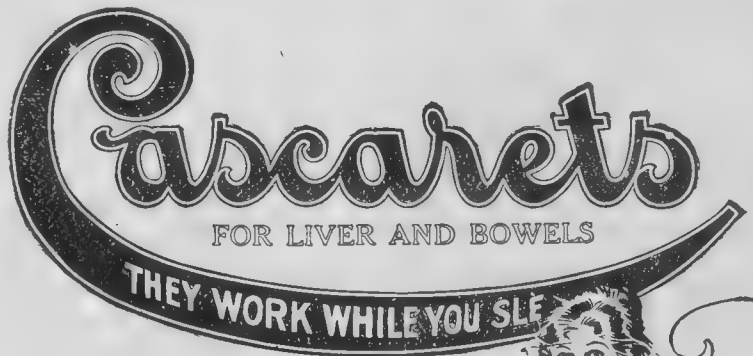
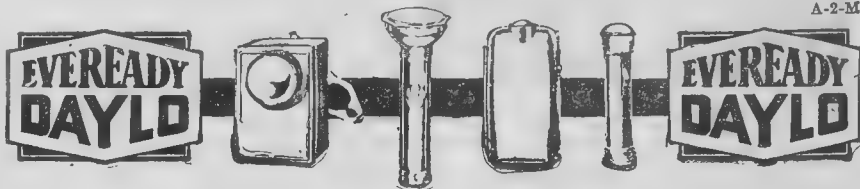
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By Marion Dallas

Bridal Showers and Announcement Parties

SHOWERs and Announcement Parties have become so popular of late that one of the most interesting Social questions to the June bride and her intimate friends, is some novel plan for publishing the happy news. There are so many ideas for such delightful affairs, it is merely the matter of making a choice.

An Announcement

The spider-web idea was used by a hostess who wished to announce an engagement. After the guests had all arrived, they were ushered into a room in which tiny white ribbons—or strings may be used—were hanging from the chandelier. Each took one and followed it in and out of many rooms. Finally, at the end of the ribbons were found articles suggesting a wedding. One guest came upon a package of rice, another an old shoe, a third a little bouquet of artificial orange-blossoms, and so on.

There was a great deal of excitement as each made her discovery. And then the bride-to-be, who had purposely delayed her search, discovered a large box at the end of her ribbon. Inside the box was a diamond ring, which she slipped on her finger amid the congratulations of her friends. Then the guests were ushered out to luncheon.

Letting the Cat Out

Another surprise is arranged by letting the cat out of the bag in an unusual way. A large cat is cut from cardboard and on it the glad tidings

is painted in contrasting color. This secretive pussy is enclosed in a pretty bag made of crepe paper which is further filled with rice or confetti. Ribbons for bursting the bag hang from it, and the receptacle is hung up in the arch of a doorway or above the suppertable. When the time comes the ribbons are pulled, and amid a shower of rice down comes the interesting news.

A Linen Shower

A novel shower was given recently as follows: The hostess asked twelve friends to meet her at her home informally at 2 o'clock, the bride-elect was asked to come at 3. In this way the hostess explained her scheme, which was as follows: She had material for each one to make the following articles: a dusting cap, three dusters, a broom bag, ironing holder, laundry bag, kitchen apron, clothespin bag, roller towel, and a case to wind linen dories on. The entire cost was added and divided equally, and then each article was wrapped in tissue paper, tied with ribbon and hidden throughout the room. When the honored guest had arrived the hostess announced that a fairy god-mother had confided to her that there were packages of value concealed within the room, to be discovered only by a bride-elect and to the tune of bridal music. Whereupon the hostess sat down to the piano and played wedding marches while the bride hunted the hidden treasure, guided by loud or soft tones on the piano. All the packages were discovered and opened, and the girls all set to work on whichever pieces they chose. They pronounced this a utility "shower."

Two note-books one for advice as to how to run the cooking stove, and the other hints on the management of husbands, were passed round and filled by the guests, and the affair ended by a ministerially appareled personage coming on the scene and issuing admonitions in such clever serio-comic periods that everybody went home in a ripple of laughter.

Kitchen Shower

Where you are entertaining both young ladies and gentlemen at a kitchen shower, have some singing and instrumental music. Try this contest, the answer in each case to be a kitchen utensil: (1) What a good workman has and to rent? (Skillet). (2) A vegetable and a conceited dude? (Potato Masher). (3) A chain of mountains? (Range). (4) Member of baseball nine? (Pitcher). (5) What curious people try to do? (Pump). (6) Impudence and a receptacle for pie? (Sauce pan). (7) When one has little color? (Pail). (8) A letter of the alphabet and a division of the house? (B-room). (9) An affectionate couple? (Spoons). (10) The branching of a river? (Fork). (11) The presiding genius of the kitchen? (Cook).

Tell fortunes from tea cups and pass around a small cake in which are a ring, button, key, small coin, and straw, each being an indication of coming fortune.

Granite Shower

The simplest way to arrange the shower is to have all the parcels prettily wrapped up in tissue paper and piled in a large clothes-basket. Keep this in the kitchen until the guests have all arrived. Then arrange a game of "Jacob and Rachel," and when your guest of honor has been lured into the ring to be blindfolded as Rachel have two of the guests bring in the basket, which could be covered with the white paper and tied at each end with a huge bow of ribbon. Place it in the centre of the ring and remove the bandage from her eyes. When inviting the guests, ask each to write some little original verse or message, each of which she must read aloud as the parcels are opened. Then give each guest a square of cheesecloth, which he and she must hem neatly for dusters for the bride-to-be. When finished each must embroider the initial of the worker in one corner.

It is very beautiful to see how the God who has bound His world into a grand harmony by its very diversity has arranged for this same end in His church by giving the members their different faculties of work.



Fine Buildings for Fine Farms

You have modern machinery, modern equipment, a real up-to-date modern farm—but—how about your buildings? Are they as modern as your equipment? Do you house that expensive machinery—or leave it to the mercy of rains, sun, wind and dust?

How about your stock—do you take a chance and house them in unsanitary, dark, damp barns that decrease their efficiency and production?

How about your good wife and yourself—are you any less important than any or all of these?

FINE BUILDINGS MAKE FINE FARMS

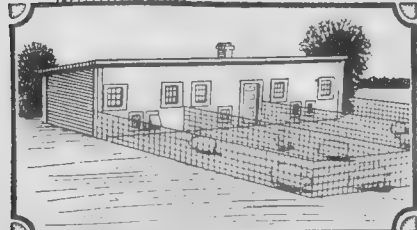
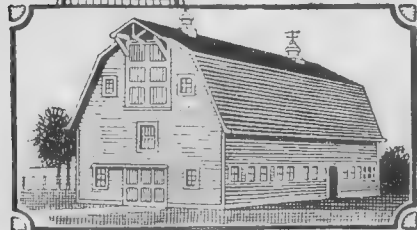
The time was never more opportune to realize the long needed improvements—new buildings, additions, repairs—a new home. Now, on the threshold of a big crop with wheat at a high price, with the money on the participation certificates coming in—surely the time was never better set when the hard-earned, hard-fought for comforts of a real home can be realized. Your farm should have buildings worthy of its owner and its production. Make those dreams of your good wife a reality, put more comfort and a homelike atmosphere to the farm by building now.

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Build Better Buildings - - Build Now

This announcement is inserted by the Lumber Manufacturers of Western Canada



BUILD NOW



Tales of the Hardy Nova Scotians Who Take the Big "Red" Sea Lobsters

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale



WHILE the rest of Canada is just shaking off the mantle of snow in late February these hardy men of Nova Scotia are getting ready to set out their lobster "pots" or "traps." And each man has from one hundred upwards. They are big heavy crates made of bended rough unplanned branches about an inch through. Divided into three places, where the lobster creeps in, finds the bait in the centre compartment, and "the parlour," where he finds himself imprisoned, all the outer covering is of laths.

When the March gales blow it is hard for the lobsterman, once in this harbour, when all the traps were set out on the first day (several thousand traps), all baited with sculpin or herring, all held down by the big flat stones in the bottom of each, all marked by a floating buoy painted in the colours claimed by each other (a strong line connects buoy and trap). So after months of labour building these thousands of traps, buying the laths which

We have been astounded at just how many lobsters this limited ground would yield. From Lower Point Joli Head to Black Rock, at the western end of Sandy Bay, was about five miles, and the outer edge of the ground they were setting their traps on was three miles out. Then there was the mile wide harbour channel in which they also trapped. It was a common thing for the forty men lobstering there to sell three to four tons of lobsters from a single day's haul, or at times from two days' haul. That

means seven to ten thousand lobsters taken out of that five mile square fishing ground, and this keeps up for fifty days out of the ninety of the open season.

All this day Sunday the rain simply poured down in streams and the wind continued to rise, so that at nightfall there was a heavy sea setting in the long narrow harbour and kicking up quite a bit of windchop. We watched them pick out an extra wet spot for their night's quarters, and then the darkness shut out the wild scene. There is a telephone in the fishing cabin, and it thrummed all the night long with the strong electric current running. Many a time we turned in our bunks during the night and listened to the storm howling in from the open Atlantic, and wondering just how the thousands of lobster traps were weathering it.

Next morning at grey dawn I peeped

out to see if the lambs had lived through the terrible night! Good luck! Both were stiffleggedly taking a warm drink from the soaking wet mother. A terrible sea was running. The waves were so high that they extended right across the mile wide harbour and roared in their might as they passed inland. But not a trap was to be seen along the shore. We ate breakfast, and as soon as the bright sun crept up over the spruce tipped hills and barrens to the east we started off through the woods to the outer beach. Here the sight was magnificent. Huge white-crested rollers were sweeping in from the sea and breaking in mighty masses of foam and spray on the headlands, so we were too busy with our cameras picturing the might of old ocean.

"There's a trap," squealed Laddie above the gale. There came the first in



Laddie, Jr., and a 10 pound lobster.

form the outer side, knitting the entrance nets and bait nets—here they are all set out on the first day of March.

"How many lobsters did you get that day?" asked Laddie.

"Better ask how many traps we saved from the storm which swept up?" said the lobster man. "The under tow swept most of them out to sea and the rest were dashed up broken on the rude shore."

Late on Saturday night all the lobster traps were repaired from the last violent storm, all that could be salvaged, and every one was fishing, every trap was out in from five to twenty-five fathoms. Then all the lobstermen rowed out in their wee punts to their motor boats, and "put putted" off up the harbour to the inner anchorages near the wharf, leaving Laddie and I alone at Herring Rock.

Early Sunday morning we were awakened by a tremendous rainstorm. Looking out I saw a ewe with two newly-born lambs standing in the down-pour. The two pretty wee things were shivering under the torrential rain, the water pouring off them in streams as the mother sheep never offers to help her young, not even when they lie near her at night. The most she ever does is to smell or nudge them. They do not even know enough to cuddle up to her. We watched them lie down near in the sopping turf. All this time the wind was setting in from the sea and a decided swell was arising, making it look bad for the several thousand traps which were set within a five mile radius.

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Now imagine him with a couple of day's growth of beard! Who now would guess his prosperity. He no longer holds his head so erect!

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the long procession of wreckage that was to ensue. The tide was too high for us to attempt to save even one. It swept up the shore in the grasp of a great curling wave, rested a moment in the shallow water and then rolled wildly down the ledges in the wake of the retreating water—tumbling, tossing end over end as swiftly as a sled goes down a hill.

"Let's go inside and save them" called the boy, and off we set over the back trail. Inside the great waves were now greater, jammed up into the shallower channel. Then all at once a fierce undertow sets in and the traps started to come to shore so fast that Eaddie pulled up twenty-eight without moving far from one spot right beside big Herring Rock. As far up the harbour as we could see the traps were coming ashore singly and in groups. The boy ran along the great rocks which line the harbour, and fished up the buoy lines and drew the traps above tide line. For over a mile he did this until fully a hundred were salvaged. Then he took the live lobsters out of the traps and put them away out of the wind and sun so that they would live until the owners came. At fifteen cents a pound they were worth saving. It was so rough

that he dared not go out to our floating crate and put them in.

I was deeply interested in the lad's work, and I went along as fast as I could, helping and carrying the small camera with me, and taking a snap when I thought it was good. I saw Laddie rush through the surf and climb a great outer rock and haul away at a buoy line, so I snapped him just as a huge wave drenched him. Three times it broke over him, and then he climbed down and felt for that rockweed covered boulder on to which he must step. He made it, stood up, wavered, and fell with a splash into the sea. An intruding wave bore him onward, and he scrambled hard with both feet and hands and fought that it should not carry him back. All this time I was running down over the shingle so deeply interested in his struggle that I forgot entirely to picture him. Soon his shining happy face was seen above the rocks, and he ran by me to change his duds. One very odd thing we do not—no matter how much work we do by the sea, nor of most unfortunately do we fall in—we never get a taste of the salt water. I have personally to dip my finger to prove that it is salt.



Casting the lobster creel.



Plugging lobster claws

By this time hundreds of traps were coming ashore all along the outer shores. Yes, indeed. For five hundred miles along this wild coast all the gear of the hard working fishermen was being broken up. It is astounding that any would dive through it, yet half of the great mass stayed out there, but little injured. Others started ashore, and met still others, and they in their turn ran across more until a raft of them started milling and twisting in the swell. All the buoy lines were then tangled into fantastic sea embroidery, and the traps themselves pounded out of shape. The astounding tangle the sea will make of ten or twenty traps must be seen to be appreciated. Now not only was the loss of each trap a matter of a couple of dollars to the owner, but the working gear was lost just when these men had a chance to get even and make money, with herring bait at five dollars a barrel, with only a few over a hundred net baits in it, and laths at ten dollars a thousand and gasoline close to fifty cents, forty-three by the barrel, with a loss of several gallons to each barrel, and again the big clawed shellfish were selling at a fair price of fifteen cents a pound for all sizes. True that the

men can reduce the price of bait by digging clams and setting out trawls baited with the clams for the big sculpin which make excellent bait. But you must remember that by the time a man gets up before dawn and snatches a bit to eat in his little fishing cabin, and gets his unwilling engine going in his motor boats and rides off up and down the swells three to five miles, and hauls and baits and repairs a hundred lobster traps, and starts that engine a full hundred times each morning, that he is a pretty tired man by the time he gets back to his anchorage at noon. Then he has to plug all his big lobsters so that they will not nip and tear one another. Then he glides over to one of the buyers, there are usually two and a fair amount of rivalry also, now back to mooring, unless he goes full tilt at the landing, and darts away up at full speed, engine often purring in the clear sunlight. Now to get a bit to eat. Then one hundred bait bags which he changed off the traps have to be emptied and washed and filled with herring or sculpin, and if he uses the latter he has to bait the five hundred hoes in the tenline trawl with clams and go off about two miles to set it. All this time with fingers wet and chilled, spray flying and all the hard knocks that occur in a lobsterman's motor boat, and he is lucky if he gets a full hundred pounds of lobsters in a day and fully half of the days he cannot go out—too rough, too much under tow, bait got dirty in the storm, engine out, short of bait, ill, home duties calling him back. Snow and sleet and rail and hail, great waves and flying windchop, fogs and darkness, we often wonder how these brave chaps (many of them old), make the mooring safely each time, dodging the reefs that lie hidden by fog and high tide all about their moorings.

The Wisdom of Experience

Men with improvident friends find it difficult to escape their importunities. A writer in the Chicago Post tells the story of such a man who was approached in a hotel one day by an old friend, never a very trustworthy person, and at that moment looking rather the worse for wear. The newcomer took a chair alongside his friend.

"I have a tip," he began, "on which I can make four dollars on the board of trade to-morrow, if I can get ten dollars to put up. I thought you might let me have the ten."

The other man reached into his pocket and pulled out some money.

"There you are," he said to his friend, and handed him four dollars.

The man took the currency, and then hesitated.

"This is only four dollars," he explained. "I need ten."

"You said you expected to make only four dollars, didn't you? Consider that a loan, and leave the tip to some one else."

PURITY - QUALITY - ECONOMY

With the increased cost of labor and materials due to war conditions, it is not reasonable to suppose that a really first class baking powder can be made and sold at the old prices. Rather than sacrifice the quality of

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

we found it necessary to make slight increases in price during the war period. Even though Magic Baking Powder may cost a few cents more than the ordinary kinds it is still by far the most economical baking powder on the market to-day when purity, strength and leavening qualities are taken into consideration.

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BANKING ·· INSURANCE ·· FINANCE

THE MANITOBA SAVINGS BANK

The Manitoba Savings office is an office established by the Manitoba Government to secure money from the people of Manitoba to assist in financing the rural credit societies, the Manitoba Farm Loans Association, and cities, towns, villages, rural municipalities and school districts of Manitoba. Money deposited in this savings bank, the headquarters of which are in Winnipeg, will be used in Manitoba to help the development of Manitoba and the interest earned will remain in the province instead of being sent elsewhere. It is a straight co-operative movement which must result, if businesslike administration is provided, in very beneficial results for the province as a whole. The government has been fortunate in securing the services of E. A. Weir as chairman of the board of administration whose character and ability justifies the belief that the organization will be well managed and efficiently administered.

The savings office will be operated in much the same way as our banking institutions. Deposits of \$1 and upwards will be accepted and withdrawals may be made at any time. The government guarantees the safety of all money deposited. The officials will take care of valuable papers of customers free of charge and are prepared to give free advice on banking and financial problems to enquirers. Interest will be paid at the rate of 4 per cent per annum compounded half yearly.

One of the first steps taken by the savings bank officials was to inaugurate a "banking by mail" service. All the depositor has to do is to send in his deposit with details as to his name, etc., and an account is opened for him. A bank book is sent to him and he may continue to bank by mail, sending in further deposits or withdrawing such funds as he may require. Withdrawals may be made in two ways, by using cheques in the ordinary way or by writing to the bank for a remittance.

This savings bank idea has been approved by all classes of citizens and although the bank is hardly out of the organization stage, approximately \$150,000 has already been deposited. Foreign residents in the province are said to have displayed great confidence in the bank and there is every indication that these people will use it in preference to the old system of hoarding money in their dwellings.

The farmers of Manitoba are heartily in favor of the scheme and a few weeks ago the executive of the United Farmers of Manitoba endorsed it by passing a resolution urging the farmers of the province to support it. The affairs of the bank are managed by a board of trustees. This board consists of five members, as follows: Alderman George Fisher, general manager in Canada for the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society; J. R. Murray, assistant general manager United Grain Growers Limited; F. J. Collyer, McAuley, Man., director United Grain Growers Limited; J. W. McQuay, Dauphin, Man., district director United Farmers of Manitoba, and E. A. Weir, formerly agricultural director Rural Credit Societies of Manitoba. The administration of all moneys deposited and the general conduct and management of the institution is entirely in the hands of this board of trustees. With the affairs of the bank in the hands of these men, the future of the movement is assured.

Manitoba Farm Loans Association

Three years ago the government inaugurated a farm loan system by which farmers can secure long term mortgages bearing interest at 6 per cent. This system has proven very attractive to the farmers of the province and has undoubtedly been responsible for considerable agricultural development. Over \$3,000,000 has been loaned under the

scheme during the short time it has been in operation. Loans may be made to persons residing or intending to reside in the province. Loans are allowed up to \$10,000 but in no case are they permitted to exceed 50 per cent of the appraised value of the land. The mortgage extends over 30 years, but it may be paid off at the end of the fifth year or at any time thereafter. Repayment is made by equal annual instalments, which include both principal and interest, so that the payment due at the end of the thirtieth year is exactly the same as the payment due at the end of the first year. The proceeds of the loan must be used for improvements to the land or for paying off prior encumbrances. Every borrower must subscribe for shares in the association to the value of 5 per cent of the amount of the loan secured. To illustrate the case with which loans may be paid off it may be stated that the annual repayment on a \$1,000 loan is \$72.65. In the ordinary way a borrower would have to pay more than that for interest alone, but under the government scheme 30 annual payments of the amount mentioned are sufficient to pay off the entire loan and all interest charges.

Manitoba's Rural Credits

The creation of rural credit societies in Manitoba has had a far reaching effect. This system of co-operative financing was adopted all through the province with marked success. As an instance, in one district near Winnipeg 4,000 acres of new land were broken with money secured from loans negotiated by rural credit societies. Settlement and agricultural development has been encouraged and more real progress was made last year in this respect than was made in the five years previous. This agricultural progress will react beneficially to the whole province and the benefits will be shared by the cities, towns and villages as well as by the rural districts. The marked success of both the Manitoba Farm Loans Association and the Rural Credit Societies has made it imperative that adequate funds be provided to meet the growing demands of these institutions. To ensure a constant supply of funds the Manitoba Savings Bank has been created and it is hoped that it will meet the situation satisfactorily.

The Cost of War

The war is ended but the war is not paid for, far from it. We are apt to forget this except when we get our tax bills or pay our ordinary bills with the little sales tax tacked on the end of an already high charge for things we buy. We all know that we have a national debt of over \$2,000,000,000, almost all of which was created during the war, but we are not so conversant with the expenditures which we are making each year as a result of the effects of the war. Actual outlays for military expenses during the current year will reach the enormous sum of \$170,000,000 exclusive of payments for interest on our war debt. The main items included in this expenditure are as follows:

Soldier's land settlement....	\$50,000,000
Soldiers' civil re-establishment	34,000,000
Demobilization costs	38,463,400
Pensions	33,000,000
Main militia expenses	12,500,000
Naval service	2,500,000
Permanent force barracks....	2,000,000

The One Man Business

How many thousands of businesses in this country are "one man businesses?" We would be surprised if we really knew. Look around your own community and analyze its business men. You will find many establishments which really depend upon the efforts or personality of one individual. Get a little closer home. Look at your own

Continued on Page 22

Of Sterling Worth

are the policies issued by the Great-West Life Assurance Company. Some men look upon Life Insurance as an expense to be avoided as long as possible. How often has this procrastination brought illimitable distress to a man's household in later years?

Life Insurance is the one safe means by which continuity to one's Life Plans may be brought to a successful issue. Ask any old-time policyholder to explain the merits of his Insurance, and correspond with us, when we will explain the merits of the policies issued by

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Dept. "Q"

Head Office - Winnipeg

A Bank Account For Your Wife

More and more, are the wives of today running their homes on a business basis—systematically and efficiently.

Many wives have a monthly allowance for household expenses.

This, they deposit in a Savings Account in The Merchants Bank—settle bills by cheque—and thus have an accurate record of bills paid.

Such a business-like method also gives a woman the feeling of happy independence in having a bank account of her own.

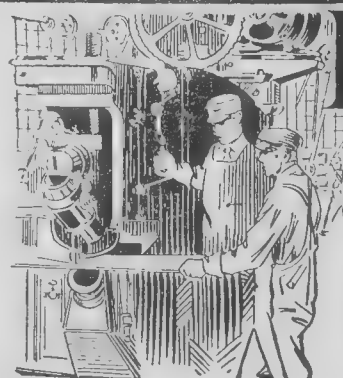


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TOTAL ASSETS in excess of \$500,000,000

Continued from Page 21

business. What would happen if you dropped out suddenly—would it interfere for the time being with the success of that business? You will never know what your value is to your own business until you have correctly decided what would happen if you were taken from it without warning. Many stories of financial trouble are a direct result of lack of preparation for the day when the man who is the mainspring of the concern will leave it. That day is sure to come. He may retire and the problem will be an easy one for he will have had time to prepare for his withdrawal from business activities. But it is more than probable that he will die and death is a very sudden event. There is no warning—the business may be left stranded as helpless as a disabled ship in mid-ocean. In the course of time the great loss of the guiding hand may be offset to some extent but in the meantime there must be money available to carry the business over the unsettled period. That money should be available and it can be available if the man in the "one man business" does his duty. That guiding hand which takes care of the business to-day should be interested in the welfare of the business to-morrow. Life insurance companies now sell business insurance with a view to assisting "one man businesses" to carry on after the "one man" has gone until a "new man" can be secured to fill the breach. The death of the "one man" releases a certain sum of money to be used for that tiding over period. Is your's a "one man business?" Do you like to think that your efforts to build up a business may be nullified because you have built for to-day and neglected the future? Is it worth while to build with the full knowledge that sudden death for you may tear down the whole structure? Perhaps you had better try some business insurance To-day—remember to-morrow never comes.

Answered

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

All the Same to Him

There joined the police force of London a young Scotchman, but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed one day to stop the traffic on a certain thoroughfare where royalty was expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment, who thrust her head from the carriage window to remonstrate with him over the delay.

"I canna' let you pass, ma'am," answered the man of the baton.

"But, sir, do you know who I am? I am the wife of a cabinet minister."

"It dinna make na difference, ma'am," he answered. "I could na let you pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

A TERRIBLE CONTINGENCY

The Boston Transcript gives a new turn to the venerable joke that has survived so many generations of penurious poets.

"I cant' use your poem," said the editor, "but you might leave your address."

"Not worth while," replied the poet. "If you don't take the poem, I shan't have any address."

The Royal Bank of Canada



The Bank follows a liberal policy in extending Credits to Farmers.

If you are going to need a loan to buy seed or livestock, see the Manager of the nearest branch of the Royal Bank early about your requirements.

This is an invitation to call at the Royal Bank the next time you are in town.

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Make your Mortgage
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We have \$1,000,000 to loan on improved farm property.

What would foreclosure mean to you? Our plan avoids foreclosure. Write us.

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Hunted Down

By I. A. R. Wylie



PIECE of rock animated by a mind," the cheerful little man in the corner thought to himself, "and a glacier with the possibility of a heart." This was his descriptive way of cataloguing the only two faces in the little group on the hotel veranda which interested him. The one face was a man's the other a woman's and both were made the more striking by the resemblance and the contrast between them. The man was not good to look on—at least, so his observer thought. He was tall, though he sat bunched up in his chair, and the hands linked loosely over his knee testified to a latent strength. Strength also, but of another kind, was engraved on the clean-shaven face, on the thin, tightly set lips, which seemed compressed in some continuous effort, on the hawked nose and massive forehead, and in the piercing eyes. The woman, on the other hand, was beautiful. Like the man, she had left the first brightness of her youth behind her, but the glow remained and one could scarcely suppose that it was the less perfect. Like the man also, she gave the impression of strength, mental and physical. The oval face was somewhat tanned by sun and air, the mouth was extraordinarily resolute, and, slight though her figure was, it breathed energy even in repose. Nevertheless her appearance was stamped—marred, perhaps—by a certain reserve and coldness which might have been either inborn or acquired.

"You seem very thoughtful to-night, Mrs. Nevill," the cheerful little man began. "I would give something to know what about." She smiled faintly but did not turn.

"I was looking at that mountain," she said, "and wondering what it would bring me in the next day or two. You know, I make the ascent to-morrow." The man with the hawked nose looked up, not at her, but at the mountain she had spoken of. Night had already set in, and the jagged, rocky tooth of the Matterhorn stood out like a sombre giant against the purple darkness. There was no moon. Standing in its loneliness it seemed to tower immediately above them, a cruel and threatening shadow.

"You are not afraid?" he asked. It was the first time he had spoken that evening, and there was a slight stir of attention. Except that the visitors' book called him Edgar Haversham, no one knew anything about him, and conjecture was rife.

"No, I am not afraid," she answered. "I have climbed most of the mountains in Europe, and I learned to forget fear—some years ago."

"There was a bad accident up there only a few weeks back," some one said. "A rope broke—or was cut. Altogether rather a nasty business. It was said that one of the party lost her nerve—"

"Oh, a woman!" Haversham lay back in his chair and laughed. The laugh and the exclamation were charged with an unconcealed contempt. Also there was a sneer on his lips which did not tend to soften the harshness of his features. "A woman excuses herself with 'nerves' when she does things of which a man would be ashamed," he went on. "It is usually—as in this case—more self-interest than physical weakness."

"You despise women?" Erica Nevill asked.

"I have good reason to do so," he answered. One of the other ladies present giggled.

"A misogynist with a good reason!" she cried. "In justice to our sex you ought to tell us what it is."

"I have no objection. Do you wish to hear it?" He ignored the rest of the company, and looked straight into the beautiful face opposite him. The gaze was almost brutal in its directness, and suggested a challenge, but she met it without sign of annoyance.

"I did not know you were a woman hater," she said, lifting her fine eyebrows. "It would certainly interest me very much to know why you are."

He shifted his position, so that the light from the overhanging lamp no longer fell on his face. Thus his ex-

pression, with whatever passions it might have revealed, remained hidden, but his hands, now clenched on the arm of his chair and plainly visible, seemed to fill the blank, to emphasise, almost enlarge the meaning of his jerky sentences.

"My story—such as it is—is no secret," he began. "In a few weeks I shall be telling it in an English criminal court, and you will read it for yourself, with the advantage that you will understand more of it than the general public. Perhaps you will find it more interesting then, for I am not a good

me to England, and both being bad correspondents, it did not seem strange to me that I heard nothing from Stewart. I myself, had only written once or twice, and I imagined him busy with his forthcoming marriage. Nevertheless, my friendship remained unchanged. Five years later I returned, hoping to clasp my friend's hand, and found that he had died—in misery and of starvation."

He stopped again, and the pause was electric with smothered passion.

"From the woman he had married—not the woman I have spoken of, but a pretty little creature worn old with worry—I learnt the truth. Shortly after I had started on my travels the old Stewart had died, leaving no will."

Erica stirred slightly in her chair.



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raconteur. Briefly, it is as follows: At an early age I was left parentless and homeless, with no capital save my abilities, thrown out into the world to shift for myself. This I tried to do with but little success until chance brought me to Australia—where I met my friend."

One hand slightly relaxed, and his rough voice sounded a shade less harsh.

"I did him a service—a little thing, but it earned his gratitude, and from that moment we were inseparable. He was the same age as myself; not very talented perhaps, but rich and of engaging manners. It was to this latter attribute that he owed the former, an old and wealthy man having adopted him—like myself, he was an orphan—and made him his sole heir, in spite of the closer claims of a ne'er-do-well nephew. On this friend—I will call him Harry Stewart, after the father by adoption—I lavished all my hitherto unused powers of devotion. He returned my liking in equal part, and thanks to his influence, my rise in the world became a rapid one. My friend became engaged. I met his fiancée often, and was struck by her beauty and unusual culture. In those days I believed in women, and in my ignorance I felt that my friend's eulogies on her virtues had fallen short of the truth. I even envied him. After that, circumstances sent

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"No will!" he repeated, as though the movement had goaded him. "That was what the world said, but I knew that there had been one—Harry knew that there had been one. But there was no proof, and he had no other claim. He was left penniless; the nephew, a weak-minded fool, became the sole heir."

"And the first woman, the fiancée, what became of her?" It was a man leaning against the veranda railings who asked the question. Erica Nevill had resumed her scrutiny of the distant peaks. She seemed, with the practised eye of the mountaineer to be measuring heights and distances, and to have lost all interest in the conversation. Only when Haversham laughed she started as though the sound had jarred upon her ears.

"She threw him over," Haversham said, between his teeth. "Three months later, she married the nephew." There was a moment's silence. The man of placid content looked troubled.

"Of course that was pretty low down," he admitted, but still—

"There is worse to come," Haversham interrupted impatiently. "The will had been stolen—I was sure of it. Old Stewart was a man of business, and devoted to his adopted son. It was not likely he would have forgotten to provide for him. There was a thief somewhere, and at my friend's grave I swore I would hunt that thief down, cost what it might. I had no clue save that of a strong motive. The nephew was too much of a fool, but the woman he had married was clever enough to have done anything, and being a great favorite of old Stewart, she had the run of his house. One thing and another pointed the same way, and I made up my mind. I knew, of course, that in all probability she would have destroyed all trace of her theft, and I left nothing to chance, knowing that the cleverest often make the worst slips. I spent a fortune in the pursuit. I engaged the sharpest spies, the worst thieves. Three weeks ago—he took a sharp breath—"

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my suspicions were confirmed. The will was stolen from the woman's boxes, and is in my hands at this hour."

He got up suddenly and stood with his massive shoulders thrown back, his arms folded. A human prototype of the rugged mountain seemed to have sprung up in their very midst, and there was an uneasy stir among the pleasure-seeking little party.

"And you judge a whole sex by that one experience?" Mrs. Nevill asked quietly.

"Our lives are not long enough to do otherwise than judge by the experiences we have time for," he retorted. "I believed in one woman, and saw in her the personification of goodness. She seemed good—many women seem good. This woman was treacherous—and a thief."

"And now that you have the will, what do you propose doing?" the man asked against the railings.

"What I intended to do from the beginning. I shall hunt her down. I hold the proof of her guilt, and I shall make her suffer in proportion as her treachery made my friend suffer. Besides, there are my friend's wife and children. The money belongs to them."

He spoke like a man whose heart has been turned to iron and again there was an uncomfortable silence. Perhaps they were a little afraid of him, as civilized people are apt to be when they are sharply brought in contact with the elemental forces. Perhaps they naturally shrunk from a man who had spent his life playing the part of a blood-hound. Erica Nevill rose also to her feet, and stood facing him on the other side of the table. Erect she displayed the full dignity of her height, which was not less than his.

"It has all been very interesting," she said quietly, "and you have shown yourself an admirable dissembler. In all these weeks I should hardly have supposed that you had so serious a mission."

"I fear my little story has tired you," he said, looking at her searchingly. "You are pale."

"I am tired," she admitted, "and as I have an early start to-morrow I will say 'Good night.'" The men sprang up to let her pass, and there was a chorus of good wishes. Edgar Haversham hesitated, and then followed her to the door. There was a singular smile upon his rugged face.

"May I accompany you—to-morrow?" he asked. She stood quite still.

"You wish to accompany me?" "Yes." The smile became less cynical and more humorous. "After all this is our holiday—even I have my holidays—and on the mountain heights it is easy to forget the world's affairs—and one's own. What do you say? It would be rather amusing—bizarre, don't you think?" She looked at him penetratingly, then she too smiled.

"Will it be really—your holiday?"

"Really." "Very well, then. At four o'clock!" She passed into the hotel, and a moment later, without addressing any farewell to his late companions, Haversham followed her. The little group exchanged glances. The man with the cheerful face leant over to his pretty neighbour, with whom he was on intimate terms.

"She is a widow," he whispered, "I wonder if he wants to marry her, and if she will have him!" The pretty neighbour shuddered.

"I don't know," she said. "Personally I would rather marry the—" She did not finish the sentence, but the missing word was easily supplied by those who heard her.

II

For the moment the danger and difficulties were over. They stood together on the summit, gazing out on the world of ice and snow beneath them. Hitherto Haversham had been slightly taciturn, but now he turned to his companion, and though he spoke with the assumption of carelessness, he could not altogether conceal the emotion in his voice.

"It is no wonder we poor groping mortals picture heaven as a place neither to the east nor west, but straight above us," he said. "Even here one has a foretaste."

She nodded.

"Yes; and it seems all the more a foretaste because for so many it has been the gate."

"It might be for us."

"Yes; easily."

"Very easily. A slip and we should be wiser than the wisest. Not a bad solution on the whole."

She looked at him keenly.

"You are not the man of last night," she said. He had no need of a solution. It lay in his hands.

Have you become any the less resolute?"

"I am changed," he said simply.

"I am the man I should have been but for circumstances. The circumstances have been left behind in the valley."

"In a few hours we shall return to them."

"Yes," he assented. "Then it will be all over." His face had hardened a little as he spoke, but it relaxed again instantly, and with the harshness of the mouth there vanished also the pitiless light in the steel eyes, the threatening force of the great forehead. Behind the mask there were signs of humour, kindness, and a possible tenderness.

"You are better so," she said thoughtfully. "Sad that it cannot last."

"That is impossible."

She laughed under her breath.

"I know it is impossible. I knew two nights ago. Of course I recognised you from the first, though I did not know that you recognised me. Much less did I know—as I know now—that you were here to hunt me down."

"I did not come only to hunt you down," he said. "I came to see what sort of a woman you were."

"Did you not remember?"

"Yes, I remembered; I was not likely to forget." He laughed grimly. "It was because of you I threw up everything and went away to England—ten years ago." He heard her draw her breath quickly, and went on: "You will thus understand and forgive a natural curiosity. I had thought you a sort of earthly goddess. When I found out what you were, I was anxious to see how far I had been a young fool in letting myself be deceived." He spoke with a sudden return of his old brutal directness, but she answered without anger.

"You were very much deceived. As you said, I am a thief."

"You admit it?" He turned to her impulsively.

"I admit it for the good reason that it is the undeniable truth." For a moment he stood silent, his lips compressed again, his brows knitted. Then he threw back his shoulders, as though shaking off a burden.

"We had better be starting back," he said. "It is getting late." She nodded.

"And when we are back in the valley the truce will be over?"

"Yes." He called the guides who were standing at a little distance, and having reassumed the ropes, they began the descent in the same order as they had come, Haversham leading. After the first slope from the summit the way became dangerous, and for a moment he turned and looked back at her.

"If anything happened to me now," he said, smiling curiously, "and a rope broke, you would be saved."

Something flashed up in her eyes, a light that was the signal of a smothered, hidden fire, but her lips remained tight closed, and he went on, picking his path carefully along the ice surface. Erica Nevill had time to look about her. It was in a sense her farewell to a world she loved, and it was not the less passionate because her face gave no sign of the inner conflict. She knew that for her it was over. The white mountains would see her no more. Once in the valley the circumstances which had changed the man in front of her into a pitiless machine would close in and overshadow her life—perhaps for ever. With a clear perception of what the future held in store she strove to imprint upon her memory every peak and every glacier, and even as she did so the unforeseen catastrophe swept down upon them both. She was conscious of what seemed a violent blow flinging her upon her back, of a cloud of snow and ice, of a jarring, grating sound, and a sensation of being



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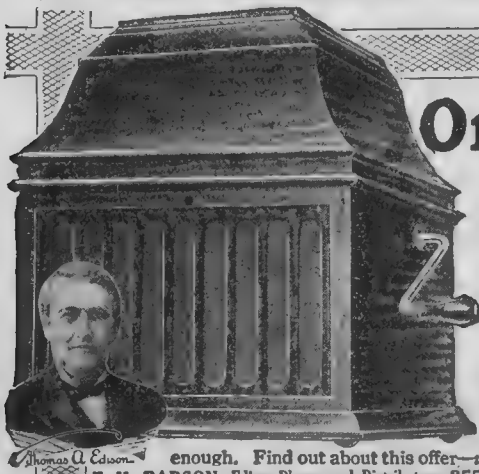
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held taut between two straining forces. It was a mere instant, in which heaven and earth seemed to stand still, breathless with suspense; then, before she regained her feet, the force behind her yielded, and she was dragged with the speed of lightning down the glassy slope. In a dim, uncertain haze she saw Haversham in front of her. He too had fallen on his back, and was making desperate efforts to stop their wild flight with his hands and feet. The sight of his unavailing efforts roused her. With her whole strength she drove her axe, which she had managed to retain, into the snow as she flashed past. For an instant it seemed to hold, then the force and rapidity of their descent wrenched the tool from her hands, and they sped on with redoubled swiftness. Haversham shouted something to her, but she did not catch his words, which seemed to blow past her on the wings of a cutting wind. But she knew that the smooth sheet of snow and ice along which they were gliding ended abruptly in a precipice, and in a moment they must reach it. After that there would be a ghastly fall—and the end. The idea that here was the solution did not occur to her. The love of life was uppermost, and she was fighting for hers and his. She took in the situation with the quickness of despair. Either Haversham's attempts to stop had been more successful, or she had unconsciously increased her own speed; at any rate, the distance between them had lessened, and the rope was no longer drawn taut. At the edge of the precipice a single block of ice jutted out like a clumsy spear over the gulf beneath. It was the only irregularity along the smooth surface, the only possible obstacle between them and death. If she could steer herself on to the opposite side, if the rope and the rock held good—! If! It was a wild plan, demanding for its success a strength she dared hardly suppose she possessed, yet it was the only one. She dug her nailed boots into the snow, and with every nerve drawn to the supreme effort guided her descent. Fortunately Haversham was sliding in the same direction, and did not drag her from her course. The whole incident lasted scarcely a couple of seconds, though to the two helpless beings gliding to their destruction it seemed an eternity. Erica was now almost abreast of Haversham.

"Save yourself if you can!" she shouted. She took no notice. In a flash she saw him disappear over the edge; in the same instant like a tiger she half-sprang, half-rolled herself on to the opposite side of the rock towards which she had been bearing. She fell for several feet before the shock came. Then the rope tightened with a violent jerk, and she was shot upwards. She felt Haversham's superior weight dragging her after him, and, dazed and blinded, she clung to the smooth ice, wedging her knees beneath the overhanging rock. It was a moment of crisis and of sickening suspense. A curious quiet and calm crept over her, a sensation of the whole world standing still and waiting, then a chaos, in which the world and life fell away into a dead darkness. The half of Erica Nevill had fainted in the physical agony of the strain, but the subconscious side, the instinct remained awake and active. Not a muscle relaxed or yielded in her tenacious hold, and when she opened her eyes a moment later, goaded back by the torture of the rope under her armpits, she found herself for the moment arrested on the very brink of death. She listened, and through the roaring in her ears she heard the soft thud of a body against the rocks beneath. She tried to call out, but for a moment she dared not unlock her tight-set lips lest she should scream with pain. It was a voice calling which aroused her to the effort.

"What has happened—who is there?" Haversham shouted.

"I, Mrs. Nevill! she replied faintly. She could say no more. The rope had cut through her thick tweed coat, and was burying itself in her flesh—deeper and deeper with every movement and with every breath.

"Where are the guides?"

"I don't know; the rope must have broken.

"Are you holding me up—alone?"

"Yes."

"If it wasn't for me could you get into a place of safety?"

"I think so."

"Have you a knife?"

"Yes."

"Then cut the rope—save yourself."

There was no answer. Haversham, hanging like a stone above the hideous depth which seemed to have no bottom, glanced down and set his teeth. It is one thing to be swept into eternity, another to hover about it, waiting. "Be quick!" he shouted. Something flashed past him, a dark speck which vanished in an instant into the mists beneath. "What was that?" he called again. The answer came like a groan.

"The knife."

"You threw it away?"

"Yes."

"Why?" She made no answer.

Haversham swore aloud. "Why didn't you do as I told you? You can't hold out.

"Oh, yes; I can hold out. They will send help—soon."

She tried to speak cheerfully, but the torture she was enduring rang out of every syllable. It goaded Haversham to attempt what seemed impossible. He swung himself against the jagged side of the precipice, trying to get a foothold. Twice he failed, and each time he knew his movement had caused her increased suffering.

"I am going to try and climb up," he shouted. "Can you bear it?"

"Yes!" The fourth time he succeeded in getting his feet on to a piece of jutting out rock, and the tension on the rope relaxed.

"Get yourself into a safe position," he ordered. "Be ready to stand tight." She made no answer, but by the swaying of the rope he knew she had obeyed. He began to climb. It was only a matter of eight feet or so but he had nothing to help him, and the rock was in places as smooth as ice, yet he had no idea of failing. It was as though he had suddenly become invulnerable, infallible, because her life too hung in the balance. Ten minutes passed, such as neither ever forgot. When he at last dragged himself gasping with exhaustion over the edge he saw that she had planted herself in a half-lying, half-sitting position, with her feet thrust against the rock. The rope was still round her waist, and as he had climbed she had twisted the loose cord about her hands. As she saw him she smiled and rolled over on one side, with her face on her arm. He crept up to her, and dragged her into a place of safety. When he looked back he saw that from the edge of the precipice to where she lay there was a bright trail of blood. There was blood also on her hands and face and on the jacket where the ropes had cut through. He shouted for help till the

echo seemed to fill the mountain, but there was no answer. Erica opened her eyes.

"You go on—leave me," she whispered. "It would be—for the best." He shook his head, and laughed sternly.

"I will not leave you," he said, "neither now nor—"

He did not finish the sentence. He bent down and raised her in his powerful arms, and slowly and carefully picked his way towards the ridge from whence they had fallen. When he at last stood upon the top he paused, panting for breath, and looked down on the white unconscious face against his shoulder. In those short minutes it had grown old and haggard. He held her closer to him, and with set teeth began the descent into the valley.

III.

It was many weeks after that he came to her in her little hotel sitting-room. She lay on a sofa drawn up to the window where the sunlight fell on the rich hair and on the pale thin face. In the full flush of her youth she had been beautiful, but never so beautiful as she seemed to him in that moment. He came to her and took the transparent hand in his.

"I would have come before," he said, with a new gentleness, "but they would not let me. I want to thank you for my life." She smiled.

"But for you I should have died upon the mountain," she answered.

"You made the impossible possible, and brought me down. You see, we are quits."

"Not quite." With an abrupt movement he drew a sealed packet and laid it in her hands. She turned it over wonderingly; then a flash of recognition passed over her thin features.

"The will!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; it was taken—stolen, if you like—some months ago by a femme de chambre of yours in my pay. Now I look back it seems a mean thing to have done but Harry had died in misery and want, and I was like a tiger that has tasted blood. Now I am sorry. Mrs. Nevill—he had taken a seat beside her, and now he leant forward, and his voice trembled with an eagerness he could not conceal—"Mrs. Nevill, I know I ought not to trouble you with questions you have been so ill; but I have thought and puzzled till I feel I shall go mad. I cannot understand—I cannot believe now that you could ever have done so cruel and wicked a thing. I cannot believe that you stole Harry's fortune."

"I stole the will," she said tonelessly. "Why?"

"To save the man I loved—then."

Continued on Page 37



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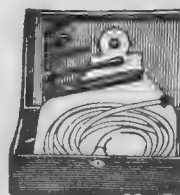
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THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Dr. Ellis Powell relates of the late Sir George Lewis, one of the greatest lawyers of his day, that he contemplated the approach of death with an aversion which he was at no pains to conceal from those who enjoyed the privilege of intimacy with him.

In this respect, his attitude was in striking contrast with that of the great Cecil Rhodes, who would point to the stars, at the same time voicing his regret at a remoteness which placed them beyond his reach as potential British colonies, and he hoped that in another condition of existence he might explore them.

THOUGHT AND ACTION

There is, says Anton de Haas, a premium in active life upon arriving at decisions quickly and without loss of time. But frequently conclusions which are the result of careful investigations lead to wiser actions.

The scientific mind does not jump at conclusions: its methods may arouse impatience with those who are accustomed to trusting to intuition, but the days of the "rule of thumb" methods are numbered. More and more, careful, deliberate action based upon carefully accumulated knowledge is taking the place of quick, snap-judgment and hair-trigger action.

IDEALS

The ideal of Captain Webb was to swim the Niagara whirlpool. He perished in the useless attempt. Barney Barnato, the diamond king of Kimberley, had great wealth as an ideal. But when he had become rich as his dream, he drowned himself and his weariness of it all in the waters of the South Atlantic.

To work for either money or fame for its own sake is unworthy of any man. There is only one legitimate purpose and that is to serve humanity in some way. A man's aim should be to serve his family, to serve the public, and to serve posterity.—Knox.

GRAINS OF WISDOM

The less you speak of your greatness, the more I shall think of it.—Lord Bacon.

Wine and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to help them.—George Eliot.

Clearness is the ornament of profound thought.—Vauvenargues.

Beware of no man more than yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Talent is something, but fact is everything.—W. P. Sargill.

Logic is the art of thinking well.—Lord Kames.

Though not always called upon to condemn ourselves, it is always safe to suspect ourselves.—Whately.

LEGENDS ON BANK NOTES

It is said that a very interesting volume could be written concerning the inscriptions on cancelled bank notes that have found their way back to the Bank of England. On one, for instance, was inscribed the candid confession, "The last of a large fortune spent in drink." On another were the words, "Gone at last, after keeping it for ten years."

On a third, were the following lines:

Farewell, my note, and whereso'er you wend,
Shun gaudy scenes and be the poor man's friend.
You've left a poor one: go to one as poor,
And drive despair and hunger from his door.

NO ROYAL ROAD

It is said of Euclid, formulator of the earliest of sciences, that on one occasion he was called in to teach a certain king of Egypt his new science. He began, as we begin, with definition, axiom and proposition, and the king grew restless and indignant: "Must a Pharaoh learn like a common slave?"

Euclid, with that pride in knowing one thing well, that everyone ought to have who knows one science thoroughly, responded: "There is no royal road to geometry."

There is, indeed, no short cut to knowledge or to true success, and this idea is simply summed up in the old saying that: "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

LIFE RELATIONS

Man does not live for himself alone, says Samuel Smiles. He lives for the good of others as well as of himself. Every one has his duties to perform—the richest as well as the poorest. To some, life is

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
/ St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

pleasure, to others suffering. But the best do not live for self-enjoyment, or even for fame. Their strongest motive power is hopeful, useful work in every good cause.

Hierocles says that each one of us is a centre, circumscribed by many concentric circles. From ourselves the first circle extends—comprising parents, wife and children. The next concentric circle comprises relations; then fellow-citizens; and lastly, the whole human race.

THE FULL USE OF POWER

Where there is one manager who exceeds his authority, there are, perhaps, a hundred who do not make full use of the power that is placed in their hands.

It is always interesting to read of some man who has been elected to a public office, and who, contrary to the customary way of running the office, takes hold and uses his full authority for the good of the community which he has been elected to serve. Such a man stands out in sharp contrast to the type of public officer who either lets the duties and opportunities of his office run at loose ends or makes a spasmodic, fragmentary and perhaps questionable use of his power.—Warren.

SCIENCE AND BUSINESS

A. F. Sheldon writes that science is organized knowledge, or classified common sense. In the formulation of any science, the first step necessary must needs be the classification of the knowledge at hand. If it were possible to accumulate and get together all the knowledge in the world pertaining to the great subject of business, we would find that this data could be grouped or classified as follows:

- (1) Knowledge pertaining to the individual.
- (2) Knowledge pertaining to his patrons or customers.
- (3) Knowledge pertaining to the business in which he is engaged.
- (4) Knowledge pertaining to the consummation of transactions.

FOUR BOOKS

Almost every week, I hear of some new book by the title of Personality, Success, Personal Efficiency and the like. No doubt such books have useful purposes to serve. In most cases they appear to have lofty ideals before them, and if they can be read in the right perspective they should be productive of much good.

In intent, however, these books are by no means new. They are the successors of a series of books which were written many years ago, and which are still before certain sections of the public. The books to which I refer are Self Help, Duty, Thrift and Character, by Samuel Smiles. They are replete with interesting anecdotes of the lives of great and humble men and women, and if at any time you should feel disposed to invest in them, you may do so without hesitation.

CO-OPERATION

There are many evidences to show that co-operation is more and more coming into its own, and it is a happy thought that this idea particularly is bearing fruit in Anglo-Saxon lands as contrasted with the violent methods of less fortunate countries.

In a large city some time ago, where competition in the laundry business was particularly keen, a laundry was burned down one night. The owner thought he was facing ruin, but the next morning he was approached by telephone and otherwise, by the executives of several competitive laundries, who placed all their facilities at his disposal, offering to preserve his routes and business for him until such time as he was able to secure new premises and equipment.

This is an interesting contrast with the life practice of some men which might be summed up in the maxim that "one good turn deserves another, and one bad turn deserves two others."

Another instance of co-operation taking the place of competition is told by Sir Edward Holden, a great banker. Sir Edward was once approached by a large firm, who told him that they had been refused further accommodation by a well-known bank, although in their view their position entitled them to expect it. Would he take over the account and give them the further facilities they wanted?

Holden made the necessary investigation and came to the conclusion that the further accommodation was perfectly justifiable. He did not, however, take over the account. He went to the other bank and saw the chairman.

"Look here," said he: "I am going to take away two of your best customers."

"Why?" was the answer.

"Because you won't give them accommodation to which they are fully entitled. I have looked into their accounts, and I shall be quite satisfied to finance them if, after reconsideration, you still decline to help them."

The result, of course, was a further inspection of the position, on the chairman's peremptory instructions, so that the two clients had no further reason to complain.

Prohibition and the Bowery

Prohibition has done more to reform New York's notorious Bowery than all the Bowery missions were able to accomplish. The evil reputation of the Bowery was world-wide, and was deserved. The Bowery was known by name to millions who never were within a thousand miles of its fake museums, gambling joints, dance halls, drinking places and opium dens and other burrows of the denizens of the underworld. Pickpockets, gunmen, dopesters, criminals of all kinds and descriptions and down-and-outers of every sort and condition once infested "Misery's Mile," as the Bowery was sometimes named. All is changed since prohibition came into operation. Since John Barleycorn was outlawed, the Bowery has become a new place. The old Bowery of evil reputation is now no more than a memory.—Toronto Star.

THE PROBLEM OF LIVING

Most of the years of a man's life, says Graham A. Laing, are occupied in the solution of the pressing problem of gaining a living. There is no more important problem to solve, and the fact that it is always solved in a more or less satisfactory manner does not detract from its importance. In all ages and places, the provision of the fundamentals of life—food, clothing and shelter—has been a paramount consideration, more pressing, perhaps, in primitive times when man lived from hand to mouth, but nevertheless essential in the highest civilization.

But the problem is not merely to gain a living somehow; it is to gain it with the least effort and in the fullest possible degree. Our lives are fuller and more worth living than those of the earlier inhabitants of the world who strove with the primal forces of nature.

We have learned to subdue nature, to understand her, and to use the abundance of her resources to a greater extent than ever formerly. Yet we have still a vast amount to learn. We have not yet used to anything like the greatest possible degree the knowledge that our scientists have gained for us.

Probably the bulk of the inhabitants of the modern world still live from hand to mouth, as did their prehistoric ancestors, although it is true that they enjoy many advantages which were lacking in more primitive times.

TIME AND EDUCATION

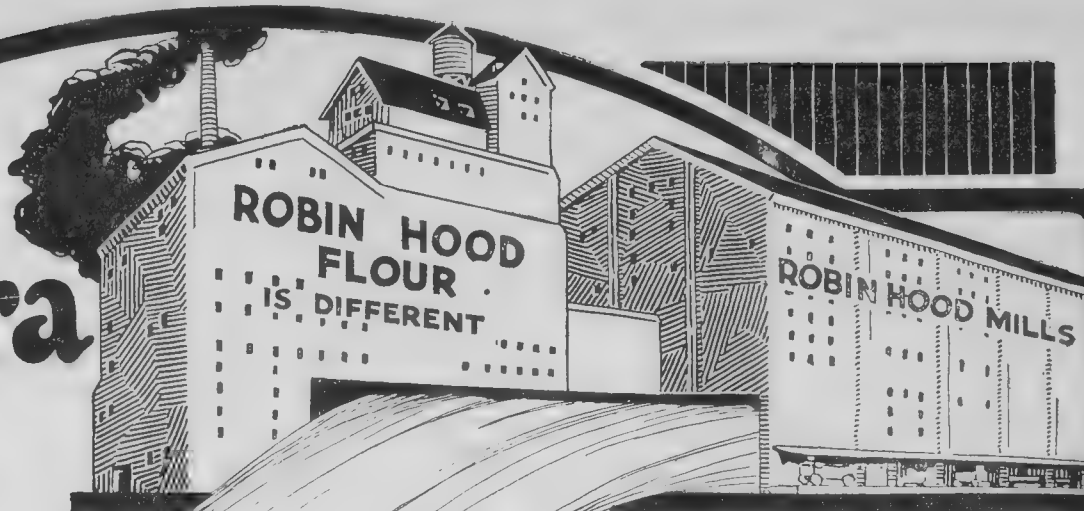
A young man approached me recently with the request that I give him some lessons in various branches of business work so that he could make more headway in his city employment. I proceeded, as a physician would do, to diagnose his case, speaking educationally.

He was twenty years of age and for the last two years had been engaged in what is sometimes styled in these times, a blind alley occupation—that is to say, an occupation in which the chances for promotion seemed very remote indeed, and in which his earning capacity would tend to decrease as he grew older. He had left school at the end of grade six, and had completely lost the study habit. From the time he left school until he called on me, he had not opened a text book of any kind and had read only a little light literature. Educationally, there were two points in his favor—he had considerable native intelligence, and the progress of a friend had aroused his ambitions.

I suggested a course of study that I thought was adapted to his condition. He inquired how long it would take him to become fairly proficient in the subjects listed. I told him five years, to his intense surprise. Like many others, he was under the impression that by taking a special "short course," he could make up for the deficiencies that had developed through long years of neglect.

There is no short cut to education, which is only another name for a certain form of experience, and the five years was exactly the time he would have spent had he remained in school to the end of an ordinary high school course. He decided to start on a course of study, and at the end of his first lesson, he remarked: "I should have been at this kind of thing several years ago."

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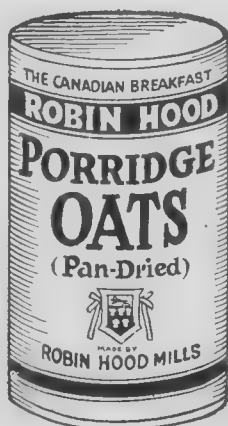
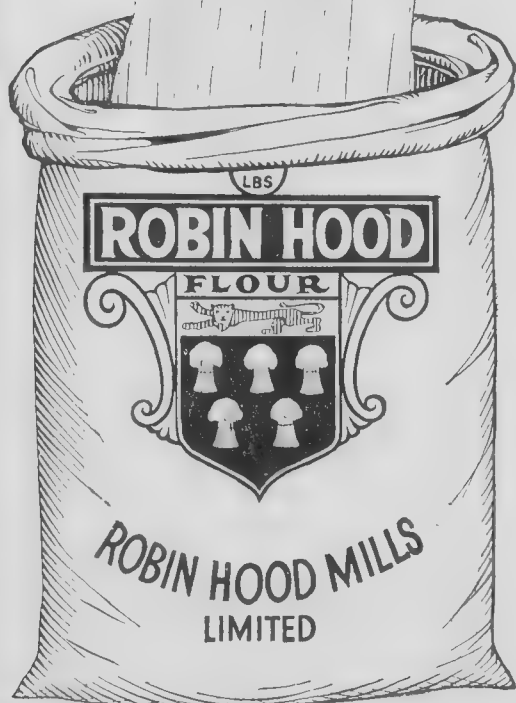
This indicates the satisfaction Canadian
housewives are receiving in their baking
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Take a pinch of any
flour—then a pinch
of ROBIN HOOD
—you will note the
difference. ROBIN
HOOD is slightly
rough but of a
uniform fine granu-
lation. You can feel
the tiny granules
that denote abso-
lute freedom from
dust.

BAD LUCK AND HURRY

Bad luck is the kick which hits a man when he gets behind time. When he is dashing around frantically so far behind that he can merely snatch at the tail of his job, something is pretty sure to happen, and then his first exclamation is apt to be "bad luck!" Being late makes hurry, and hurry almost invariably causes one to overlook some detail, which leads to trouble. If a person finds himself regularly, or even frequently behind in his work, one of two things is the matter: either he does not know how to work, or he has too much work to do. He needs to adjust himself to his work, or his work to himself. Most frequently hurry is the result of misapplied energy rather than of too much work. The best results are achieved by deliberate precision, and by the careful and apparently easy doing of each thing as it comes along.

WHERE ARE THE GREATEST CANADIANS?

In what occupation are the greatest sons of Canada now engaged? Where are we to look for them? This query has suggested itself to The Philosopher, on reading in a Montreal newspaper that "the greatest number of big Canadians in any one line of work is either in the railroad business, or in banking and financial work, with engineering next, then law and manufacturing." It is rather an extraordinarily arranged order of occupations thus set forth. What about the medical profession? And what about the pulpit? And what about merchandising? Are there no "big Canadians" among the doctors of Canada, or its ministers of the Gospel, or among its merchants? Nor is the list of important occupations yet exhausted. There is not room here to attempt to fill out that list. But one occupation which is undeniably important must be mentioned. It is politics. The doings, to say nothing of the misdoings, of the politicians affect the whole national life. What proportion of really and truly "big Canadians" do we find engaged in the art and practice of politics? The question is one of vital importance to the right working of our democratic institutions and self-government. It is fundamental.

CANADIANS IN PUBLIC LIFE

Lord Bryce, who was British Ambassador at Washington and whose book, "The American Commonwealth," written more than a quarter of a century ago, stands still unsurpassed as an understanding account of the governmental system of the United States, says that the proportion of first-rate ability drawn into politics is smaller in the United States than in most European countries. Does this remark apply in any great measure to our own country? Although we differ from our neighbors to the south in our political conditions, there are some points or resemblance between us. Lord Bryce is, in the whole, an admirer of the United States; certainly he is anything but unfriendly to that country. He does not write from prejudice when he says: "The ordinary American voter does not object to mediocrity in a candidate. He has a lower conception of the qualities requisite to make a statesman than those who direct public opinion in Europe have." If this remark by Lord Bryce had any application to the average Canadian voter, it is to be hoped that it will have less and less application in the future. Each and every one of us can do something to help to raise the average voter's conception of the qualities requisite to make a statesman.

ALL TRADE IS BARTER

Under all the complexities of modern business and finance, the fundamental fact remains that trade is still at bottom nothing but barter, as it was when one primitive man bartered flint arrowheads, or a flint hatchet, for the hide of a deer. Barter has reappeared in commercial transactions between nations, as one of the many consequences of the derangements caused by the world war. Thus Germany bartered with Holland and Switzerland. Because the money of those countries has different values on the different sides of their international boundary lines, the practice of exchanging commodities directly, without any money being involved in the transactions, is being resorted to. Wheat and potatoes and lumber are bartered for steel and coal and machinery. The curious thing about the word "barter" is that its original significance is darkened with a suggestion of sharp practice. This would seem to imply that the primitive conception of trade and commerce was largely that such transactions involved cheating. There are still many people in the world whose idea of a bargain is that it is a transaction in which one party takes advantage of another. The truth is, of course, that in all legitimate transactions of trade and commerce there is profit and advantage on both sides, otherwise business could not be carried on honorably.

The Philosopher

THE INNER LIFE

Said a child to The Philosopher one day last month, while watching an airplane travelling high over the prairie: "That's the way the magician in the Arabian Nights flew over people's houses and looked down through the roofs, only nobody could see him!" And in thinking over that childish remark afterwards, The Philosopher found himself day-dreaming over what it would mean if only one could look into people's lives and see them as they really are. It would be almost as if we had come back from the dead, if we could look into the hearts of any houseful of common folk—if we could but see their inner life uncovered, the disappointments of their daily lot, the broken ambitions, the griefs, and also the good cheer with which they front their present tasks and conditions and problems and carry on their lives so narrowed from the widths of youthful hopes, with loyalty to their obligations, with patience and steadfastness. In the inner lives of people with the most commonplace and ordinary of outward appearances there is true nobility, if only we could see it.

CHASING THE RAINBOW

The use of grown-up wisdom is to teach us how to know the real from the imaginary. But among the truest values of life is the memory of the time when hard actualities had not yet driven imaginings from the mind. None of us has any reason to regret that, as children, we chased across a wet field to find the end of the rainbow. Even after we learned that the pot of gold at the rainbow's end was a myth, the inspiration of the chase outweighed the disillusionment. Even the darker illusions are not without their value in adding color to our memories. Few of us would blot out from our minds the thrill and awe of the night we thought the world was coming to an end, or the wonder and delight of the day we saw the first circus parade and thought the cages were gold. The color of age-old legends heard in childhood still lingers after wisdom has come, and we are the richer for it, provided that knowledge has brought the power to distinguish the real from the imaginary. The right use of grown-up wisdom is not to take away the color of the mind and grind thinking down to material facts. Rather is it to carry over the rainbow wonder and have it still cast a light for us on the substances that endure.

MEN TEACHERS AND WOMEN TEACHERS

In some of the newspapers of Eastern Canada which come to The Philosopher's table there is a discussion going on in regard to the respective merits of men teachers and women teachers in the public schools. So far as it is possible to ascertain the opinions of those best in a position to judge, there is no warrant for asserting that women teachers, East or West, are less efficient than men teachers. There is not a larger proportion of good men teachers than of good women teachers; indeed, there is good ground for asserting that "the teaching instinct" is more common among women than among men. Most certainly is it true beyond possibility of denial that no men teachers could be more unselfishly and enthusiastically devoted to their duties and obligations than many, if not most, women teachers are. At the same time, while there is an unanswerable case for teachers, whether men or women, being well paid, there are special reasons for the maintenance of a well-paid, efficient, permanent and respected body of men teachers, both in cities and towns and in rural school districts. It is not alone that the actual instruction in the schools and the examination results attained are important; it is also important that neighborhoods should have in their midst educational leaders who could make an impress on the minds and characters of the people, old as well as young, by intimate associations through a long term of years. This service may be given—and is being given in some places—by women teachers; but it is undeniably desirable that there should be more men teachers than there are at present giving it. This matter has an important bearing on the fundamental problems of country schools. There can be no great Canada without the best possible country schools giving the fullest possible measure of public service.

THE DOCILE CHILD

How far does the early training of a child influence him, or her, in after life? In this question, more than in most human problems, individual variation plays its part. Some children are born with strong individualities, with the creative type of mind, with the spirit and energy of pioneers, with independence

and self-reliance. Such human individuals, if they have even only a moderate chance in life, are altogether likely to make out of it something definite. (Children of this exceptional kind, whatever their early training and wherever they get it, will turn it into the fullest account in their lives, in their own way. On the other hand, there are the docile children, the children who learn and remember and follow the rules laid down by whomsoever can inspire their youthful confidence and stand to their growing minds for the things that are. To these children early education is everything. Having no tendency to think for themselves outside the limits set by custom, they grow up to have no wish in maturity to break away from what they learned in youth. What they are taught as their brains develop in the formative years is the material out of which their lives are formed for them. So that there is a good deal to be said for giving special attention to the docile child, knowing that the child with the strong individuality and self-reliance has not the same needs. Both types have their needs, of course. The great problem of education is to provide for each and every child's needs in the fullest measure possible.

CONTACT WITH MOTHER EARTH

There are city men with no actual knowledge whatever of life and labor on the soil ready and eager at all times to hand out advice, and even reproof, to the farmers. Some of these city critics of the farmers do not even know what it means to work in a city vegetable garden—a small backyard farm only a few yards square. There is satisfaction to be found in any work that brings a man in contact with the soil, in helping the earth to yield. The mere toil of back and hands there is pleasure and health. In planting when the frost is at least out of the ground, the suspense of waiting, the strife with weather and with insects, the warfare against weeds—when the hoe handle raises blisters, and the sweat trickles down your face—the survey of gradual fruition and the pleasure of harvesting, all these are joys which can only come in full measure to the man who has worked his own soil. After all, the natural taste of man should of right be for the original Adam's occupation. There is work of the hardest kind in that occupation; and there is, also, ideality in it. It is this—even when the farmer does not realize it himself—that lifts the farmer's occupation to its high place among human activities and makes it one of the worthiest, in every sense of the word, to which man can devote his labor and his thoughts. In every land, throughout all history, the men and women on the land have been the preservers and upholders of all that is best in any nation's life. From the workers on the land has always come the regeneration of the nation's life.

AS TO WOMEN AND SECRETS

There is in England an organization whose name is the British National Union for Equal Citizenship, whose object is the obtaining of "absolute equality for persons of both sexes," and whose membership consists of women only. Its executive made the announcement recently that it had received petitions asking that the Union give its support to the demand which is being made by a certain number of women who are communicants in Anglican churches known as Ritualistic, or "high," in which the practice of confession is carried on, that there should be women confessors in such churches to hear the confessions of women. The matter is to come up before the Lambeth Conference, which is the highest deliberative body of the Church of England. A leading churchman, Rev. Henry Ross, Vicar of St. Albans in London, is said to have given voice to the opinion of the mass of the clergy of the Church of England in a declaration he has made publicly. "The church is quite clear on this subject," says Rev. Mr. Ross, "for we come at once up against the question of the priesthood. No woman can be admitted to the priesthood. Therefore, we can have neither women preachers nor women confessors. If there were no other objection, there is the psychological objection that one woman would not trust another to keep a secret, even if told in the confessional." Laying aside altogether this controversy in England, The Philosopher wonders how much truth there is in the assertion that "one woman would not trust another to keep a secret." Certain it is that there is proof abounding that men trust women to keep secrets. The professions of medicine and of the law have been thrown open to women in Canada, the United States, Great Britain and France; and no one has ever heard it said that women physicians or women lawyers have fallen short of the standard held by men physicians and men lawyers in regard to the obligation of maintaining secrecy about matters disclosed to them in their professional capacity. Many men who hold positions of the highest responsibility have women secretaries; and nothing is more solidly established than the fact that women in such capacities have proved themselves absolutely faithful and trustworthy.

*A Message to the
Citizens of the Prairies*



*From the Government of
the Province of Alberta*

The Truth About the Western Coal Supply

A grave situation exists with regard to Fuel Supply, with a lack, at the same time, of general, definite information concerning its controlling factors.

As Alberta is the largest Coal Producing Province in Canada, the Government of the Province is impelled to this plain statement of fact and appeal, confident that a knowledge of the conditions will be promptly and generally followed by that individual forehanded action of citizens which will afford immediate relief, future assurance, give stability and continuity to production, and thereby tend to standardize grades and cheapen the cost of coal.

1. There is no shortage of coal. There is plenty of coal, sufficient labor and ample equipment at the mines. The mines, as a whole, are not working at anything like the maximum immediately possible with available labor.
2. There is nothing the matter with Western Coal. There is a coal mined in Alberta admirably suited to every purpose to which coal is put and every furnace in which coal is burned.
3. There is a serious problem of operation and distribution, which, if "nothing is done," may lead to your taking "any coal" instead of the "right coal," and quite possibly facing a local coal famine in your community in the dead of winter.

Mine operation depends on car supply.

Car supply depends upon the ability of the railways.

The ability of the railways to move coal in quantities depends upon whether or not it precedes the crop.

This is no fault of the railways. No other lines in the world than our own could haul so much crop over such great distances in so little time as ours do every year. They can also haul a normal supply of coal from the mines at all seasons, but they can only haul more than normal in the summer.

If enough coal is ordered in the summer to keep the mines busy, the railways can haul it.

If enough coal is ordered in the summer to keep the mines busy, work is steady, miners don't move, and intermittent employment—cause of exorbitant wages—ceases.

And this whole chain of operations, in its every link, depends upon the consumer's orders.

If enough coal is ordered in the summer to keep the mines busy, the normal supply available through the winter will be ample.

If enough coal is ordered in the summer to keep the mines busy, each consumer can readily secure the kind of coal best adapted to his purpose.

IF YOUR COAL IS IN YOUR CELLAR IN THE FALL IT WILL KEEP.
IT WILL BE GOOD, AND IT WILL BE THERE WHEN IT IS NEEDED.

SEE YOUR COAL DEALER

A Grain Trade Joke

If there is anything in a name, a terminal elevator ought to be able to keep its end up.—Duluth Herald.

Barley is Still Grown

It is wonderful how barley has survived so prosperously the ill-fortunes of Barleycorn.—Toronto World.

One Explanation

One explanation of rotten politics is that the people don't know what they want and the politicians do.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Lubricated Revolution

Some say oil played a part in the Mexican revolution. That might account for its running so smoothly.—New York Telegram.

A Piece of Candid Comment

A disgusting lot, those Mexicans! They'll be having lynching parties and divorce scandals next.—Philadelphia Record.

One of the Uses of Wood

Owing to the scarcity of lumber, the ouija board output is only 200 per cent greater than last year.—Minneapolis Journal.

Switzerland

Switzerland hasn't had a war in 400 years. She must have her last one about paid for by this time.—Montreal Gazette.

The Good Old Days

Do you remember the happy days when mother used to spread sugar on your slice of bread as a reward for good behaviour?—Hamilton Herald.

As to Safe Travelling

It is said that flying is now safer than travelling by train. That is, we presume, if you do not happen to fall.—Toronto Telegram.

A Common Experience

Ex-Emperor Charles of Hungary says he is short of cash. In which respect he comes near to being on an equality with the rest of us.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Sterling J. B.!

The pound sterling is working back toward its real standard. Old John Bull is far from being in the down and out class.—Wall Street Journal.

Looking Forward

It would be great to live another hundred years, just to see the final decision of the experts as to how to reduce the cost of living.—Kingston Whig.

One Luxury Untaxed

However, some luxuries have escaped. Perhaps the budget makers did not know the luxury to tired feet of wearing old shoes.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

Much Figuring is Needed

Somebody has said that the amount of figuring made necessary by the new taxes gives a clue as to their origin. They were devised by the lead pencil manufacturers.—Vancouver Sun.

Back to the Farm

"Everybody is interested in the 'Back to the Farm' movement," says a contemporary. They seem to be—at least, they seem to have their backs to the farm.—Houston Post.

Canada's Food Production

Whatever else may be wrong with the world, there is some satisfaction in knowing that Canada grows enough food to feed herself, and with considerable to spare.—Guelph Herald.

Not Yet

With three negroes hanged by a mob at Duluth, it is pretty evident that the world isn't yet altogether safe for democracy pretty close to Winnipeg.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Sensational Courtesy

One senator at Ottawa has referred to another as a contemptible cur. The gentlemen of the senate should not go so far as to begin dragging innocent outsiders into their squabbles.—London Advertiser.

The Tax on Walking Sticks

The public will commend the Minister of Finance for imposing a tax on walking sticks. Too many young and able-bodied men were beginning to wear them.—Winnipeg Tribune.

What the World is Saying

Wise Planting

There is much good to be said for the work of the Forestry Association in Western Canada. It really is much better to plant trees than to plant passions, prejudices and fool ideas.—Calgary Albertan.

The Higher Cost of Furs

Raccoon skins sold at \$30 apiece at the local fur auction sales yesterday. And it used to be that a good coon coat could be bought for that price in this very city.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Pestilent Turk

The allies are giving Greece a free hand to deal with the Turks. And if the Turk is the same Turk as of yore she will likely need a couple of free hands before she is through.—Halifax Herald.

True

The world needs a new psychology, and even more a new morality—a morality that will brand the man who foments hate between nations, whether he be statesman, journalist or demagogue, as a dangerous criminal.—New York Tribune.

Muskrat Skins

Muskrat skins sold at the Montreal fur auction at as high as \$7.50. This will be cheering news to everyone except the fellow who was figuring on buying a fur-lined coat and the muskrats.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

A Change of Mind

The case of the prospective bride of a Canadian officer who changed her mind and man while coming over on the boat is not as peculiar as it might seem. Many a girl has been at sea on the same problem.—Quebec Chronicle.

French Thrift

The new French loan has brought the greatest outpouring of money the country has ever seen. It is not the first time the thrifty French peasant has surprised the world after a war by going deep into his stocking.—Vancouver Province.

Variegated Reports from Russia

"The truth about Soviet Russia" appears to be whatever the soviet government chooses to make it appear to a green correspondent. Independent correspondents, who are not "personally conducted" and who go in to see the whole show, give reports which conflict with the rosy tales of the others.—New York Times.

Blowing One's Own Horn

Senator Harding, the Republican candidate for President, who used to toot a trumpet in the village band, will find that blowing one's own horn is a great factor in successful politics but that one must be able to do it while his opponent is sucking a lemon in full view.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Fundamental Requirement

The joke on soviet Russia appears to be that out of the maze of fine phrases and high-sounding platitudes as to how the world might be made better for the workers has come the rather homely old remedy that everybody is to get to work and step lively when the central committee gives the word.—Peterboro Review.

Canadians as Wheat Eaters

United States official figures show Canadians to be the largest wheat consumers in the world per capita. The annual consumption per head is 9.5 bushels, compared with 5.3 bushels in the United States. Probably much of the difference is explained by the greater use of corn across the line.—Brockville Times-Recorder.

Reindeer Ranching

A reindeer grazing concession in Baffin's Land indicates that the nimble twentieth century promoter is not afraid of the frozen North. By the way, is there going to be free grazing for Santa Claus' teams? No one by the name of Vilhjalmur Stefansson can hope to take the old man's place in the affections of Canadian children.—Victoria Colonist.

Professor Shortt's Forecast

There is no reason for pessimism in the present economic situation, declares Prof. Adam Shortt. Normal conditions are bound to right themselves

sooner or later. It took three years for Europe to recover its equilibrium after the Napoleonic wars, and it will accomplish the task again in about the same time, he says.—Montreal Journal of Commerce.

Theorists and Realities

According to the Socialist speakers, the men they hope to elect to parliament are not anxious about governing the country. Their idea is to convert more people into Socialism. Showing ability to deal with realities might be as good a way as any of showing the public the stuff of which Socialists are made.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

Direct Taxation

And the probability is that direct taxation has come to stay. It is no longer possible to trust entirely to the tariff as a source of income. And it is not an unmixed evil. People know they pay them directly, and they will be more likely to insist on knowing why they are paying and what becomes of the money. This will mean a check upon corruption and extravagances.—Toronto Globe.

Sugar and Confectionery

Sugar for household uses is a necessity, and to be obliged to pay 20c. a pound for it is a crime for which somebody ought to go to jail. Yet sugar transformed into candy and multiplied in price is a luxury for which \$1.25 a pound is not too much to pay as tribute to the great American god of self-indulgence.—New York World.

Educational Chaos in Russia

Throughout the civil war the whole educational system has fallen to pieces. Beautiful schemes for the education of the masses have been produced, but it has been impossible to carry them into effect. There is a great love of education in Russia, but not since slavery days has so little work been done in school and university. Book printing itself has all but ceased. Printing presses have been destroyed. Innumerable books have been burned.—London Daily Mail.

Work, Ye Tarriers, Work!

The All-Russian Central Executive committee of Soviets has passed a resolution complaining that the response to the decree of March 5 last ordering the return of qualified transport and railway workers to work on transport, "has been exceedingly insignificant," directing all Soviet institutions immediately to supply the decree, and warning them "that inaction, slackness or delay in supplying the decree will be punished with all the severity of the law."—London Times.

Compulsory Reforestation

What is needed is legislation that shall compel all users of Canadian forests to plant a tree for every tree cut down. Such legislation is in successful operation in some other lands, notably in Germany. Canada's supplies of pulp wood are now being drawn upon heavily by the United States, whose own supplies have been cut so low as to make a scarcity in that country. A little foresight now can prevent such a scarcity in Canada in the years to come.—Canadian Finance.

Respect for Sunday

The city council is to be commended for its firm attitude toward the proposal of a Detroit firm to sell Ojibway property on Sundays. An advertisement in a Detroit paper the other day stated that there would be Sunday selling of the property in question. Of course the real estate men may get around the Canadian law by merely showing the property on Sundays and actually completing the sale across the river or on some other day of the week, but it is well that all should know just where our authorities stand on such matters. When Canada is no longer able to do enough business in six days of the week, it will be time for Canada to shut up shop and retire from the field. We do not want here the Sunday conditions that obtain across the river.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Sound Doctrine

In most localities the industrial output on Monday is below that of any other day in the week. For many people Sunday is a day, not of recreation, but of dissipation. One test of a people is their use of leisure, and this is the test that Sunday brings. Sunday should be a day of escape from the things that irritate, annoy and sap out the strength, it should be a day with a purpose that brings release from the week's routine. The man or woman who permits Sunday to be starved or crowded out loses the best part of the week. Sunday brings its own peculiar gifts to the spirit—rest, worship, recreation, leisure, renewal of friendship and meditation. Never were these values more needed than to-day, and it is indeed a pity if they are wasted or unrealized because of misuse or lethargy.—Smith's Falls Record-News.



The Natural Way to healthy rosy skins

THIS natural way is the old-time way—the safe, sane method, discovered 3,000 years ago. It is the way, history tells us, that was favored by Cleopatra. It is the easy simple way. It begins and ends with such systematic cleansing of the skin that the pores are kept open and the circulation active. The essential is the choice of a mild pure soap which does this cleansing gently and without irritation.

This mild soothing soap is found in Palmolive—containing Palm and Olive oils. This perfect soap is the modern form of the same soothing cleansers Cleopatra used.

Why you must wash your face

The human skin is a network of tiny glands and pores which quickly become clogged with dust, oil secretions, dirt and perspiration. Without a thorough daily cleansing this clogging produces serious results. Your skin soon becomes red and irritated. Ugly blotches appear.

All external applications are useless until you remove the cause—until you thoroughly cleanse your skin with the penetrating lather of Palmolive.

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EVERY WOMAN, rich and poor alike, shares Cleopatra's beauty secret today. It is perpetuated in the magic blend of Palm and Olive oils which gives us famous Palmolive Soap.

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PALMOLIVE



The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

(Believing our readers would be interested in the girls of the Children's Aid, I asked for a record of one day among them. This is the reply to my request).

A RED LETTER DAY

Wednesday is a red letter day in the lives of the girl wards of the Children's Aid Society in Winnipeg. Miss Y— is in charge of the girls department and on that day gives up her whole time to helping and entertaining them. A party is arranged for the evening at the Y.W.C.A. There are 25 girls ranging in age from 15 to 20 years to whom she is chief advisor and best friend. Wednesday morning she arrives early at the office of the society and begins telephoning as soon as she arrives, for she must reach each of the 25 girls before noon, to remind her of the party in the evening. Frequently when she calls one of the girls, arrangements have to be made for other appointments, involving several other calls.

Perhaps the first girl she calls is having her day off and is also longing to part with some of her hard earned money. "Hello! Hello! Is that you Mary?" Miss Y— says. You will be at the supper this evening at the Y.W.C.A.? You what? Oh, your pay day. Yes, I saw some very nice dresses at one of the shops. Can I go with you? Well, where will you meet me. Yes, I can get there by 1.30 o'clock. Don't be late Mary, will you? Goodbye.

The second girl telephoned has the toothache. She wants Miss Y— to make an appointment for her with a dentist. The dentist is called, the appointment made and the girl called again to tell her the hour. As this is the first time this girl has been at the dentist's Miss Y— agrees to go with her.

Her music lesson is the subject of conversation with the third girl. Several of the girls are studying music, instrumental and vocal, and are able to contribute to a program on the night of the party. Girl number three, wants to buy some music and gets instructions as to where to go.

Before calling up the fourth girl Miss Y— thinks for a few moments. The girl is inclined to be too solitary in her habits of mind. When the agent takes up the telephone she has a plan in her mind for getting another girl to meet the backward one and have a little good time together before coming to the party in the evening. This is arranged and so, through the list. When the twenty-fifth girl is called and all other messages given, the busy agent puts on her hat and coat and starts on a shopping tour for the supper in the evening. She considers the seasonable dainties and tries to make the meal a "real party." Her own shopping done, she meets Mary at 1.30 o'clock and together they search the dress and coat reels in the stores for suitable clothing for the young shopper. The next girl is met and taken to the dentist's and then they all go to the Y.W.C.A. where the feast is spread. The laughter and singing of the girls proves their appreciation of the entertainment and after supper some of them rid up the table and put away the dishes, while others amuse themselves at the piano, work some pieces of fancy work, talk over fashion sheets or dance on the small open space in the room. During all this time Miss Y— works at the girls' cash accounts. She takes charge of their money, banks it for them and acts as general financial advisor. The bank accounts range from \$2 to \$100, and even more.

After everything is settled up, some person, previously invited to do so, comes up and plays the piano for a real dance alternating with chorus singing. An hour of this brings them to theatre time. Wednesday is the girls' night out and like everybody else most of them want to be diverted rather than "improved," for that evening. Some of them who are attending night school, have to go to their classes; others, who are trying to build up their professional

ability go off to cooking school, but the greater number go with Miss Y— to a picture show or some other entertainment. The regular theatre is rarely chosen on account of the lateness of the hour when they get out. After the show the younger girls are personally conducted home, either by the agent herself or by some of the older girls, and are nearly always home by 10.30 o'clock.

On several occasions the Children's Aid girls have got married while under the Society as wards. When such is the case their "sisters" always give them a shower, and a very gay entertainment it is. Miss Y— says that she has known of numerous cases where girls would stint themselves and be without money possibly for a week, to give a nice present to the bride-to-be. But that would be telling things out of school. The girls who do these things do not want them talked about.

This is only one little phase of the work being done by the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg, for children and minors who have not the privilege of the guardianship of parents or other relatives.



MISS CECELIA CALDER,

A Supervisor of the Children's Aid Society

A DAY WITH STENOGRAPHERS

"What is a well-dressed business woman?" I asked of a bright, attractive young woman whose personality indicated prosperity.

"A well-dressed business woman is one who is dressed for business," she replied as she placed a paper carefully in the file.

"What does that mean?" I inquired further.

"It means the well-dressed business woman wears clothes that suggest comfort, durability and good sense. Serge, tricotine, gabardine or any hard-woven woollens are excellent for hard business wear. Many girls have thrown away their business chances by failing to dress the part. French heels and immodestly thin waists in the business office do not suggest ability and character. One must use charm, beauty and intelligence to fit in office work but these are not possible with immodest dress. One should be neat and immaculate in her dress because such care indicates mental activity. A business woman's appearance is often her chief recommendation. What is wanted in a well regulated office is harmony, and the business woman's dress must not jar with the surroundings.

The one piece business dress should rely for its daintiness on the collars and vestees worn with it.

Personal cleanliness is imperative. The average man is apt to think that the young woman who looks neat and trim is quite sure to be clever in business. He believes the slovenly girl will work the way she looks. The first impression

in dress has a real business importance."

In another office I asked this question: "What is the first desire of an applicant?" The reply was: "Wages—wages—and more wages! When I started in the work I realized I could not earn much. I had to work a long time before I was competent. I determined to merit my salary. It may be very well to demand a salary because I cannot live on less, but I enjoy more satisfaction to know I really earn what I am getting. You know F. W. Woolworth, the greatest retail merchant the world has ever had, worked six months for no pay for the privilege of learning enough about the trade to command a salary. The most ignorant girl is the one who applies for a position and does not know the work.

"Tell me, please, some outstanding qualities needed in the office work?" I requested.

"Courtesy," she emphasized. "Courtesy and refinement. Courtesy is kindly politeness and refinement is the trait which most discloses good breeding, it is a mental elegance made manifest in speech and action.

Coarse speech, vulgar actions and exaggerated actions usually go with the girl who regards salary first." I was interested.

"Why do girls change positions so often today? They leave a good position for a few dollars more in another office." They may have ability but lack stability! Ability without stability never gets a girl anywhere. It is stick-to-it-iveness that enables a girl to make each day of value to herself. It is not always easy but I begin each day by an action of courtesy to some one and before the day is over I do something hard for me to do. It develops will power."

I thanked her and went home. During the evening I found an article entitled "Making Good," by Henrita F. H. Reid, who is assistant to the president of the Bush Terminal Company, and has complete charge of the thirty-story Bush Terminal Sales Building in Times Square, New York. She is the highest-salaried woman executive in the States. In the beginning she states the talk is to girls who really want success in business—not just a "job." The following is quoted from her article:

Don'ts for the Business Girl

Don't be an office primp. If the well-spring of a girl's life has its source in the shallow waters of a vanity case, the point to which she rises is no higher than the reflection of her face in the mirror. Too great devotion to the vanity case is about as pleasing to an employer as the smell of liquor on a man's breath, or cigarette stains on a boy's fingers.

Don't make a practice of going to late parties. You can't do it and do good work the next day.

Don't "talk it over" in the office next morning. You not only waste your own time and that of others, but you also distract attention from the work of the day and create a wrong atmosphere.

Don't gossip. There is no such thing as harmless gossip. A gossip is a pest and, no matter how much ability he or she may possess, will not long be tolerated in any business organization.

When Work Begins to be Fun

Take a real interest in your work, and try to see its relation to the work of the organization as a whole. Pretty soon you will discover that nothing is trifling or unimportant, that the success of the company you are working for and with depends on how well you do your job. Then you will begin to get joy out of your work—the joy of worth-while achievement. The hours will not lag nor the daily tasks be a burden. If you go about it in the right spirit, you will find that there is quite as much satisfaction in doing a good job, and doing it a little better each day, as there is in golf or tennis or dancing. In that sense, business is a big, splendid game, and the prizes are worth while.

It has been my privilege to employ and watch over the progress of a great

Continued on page 42

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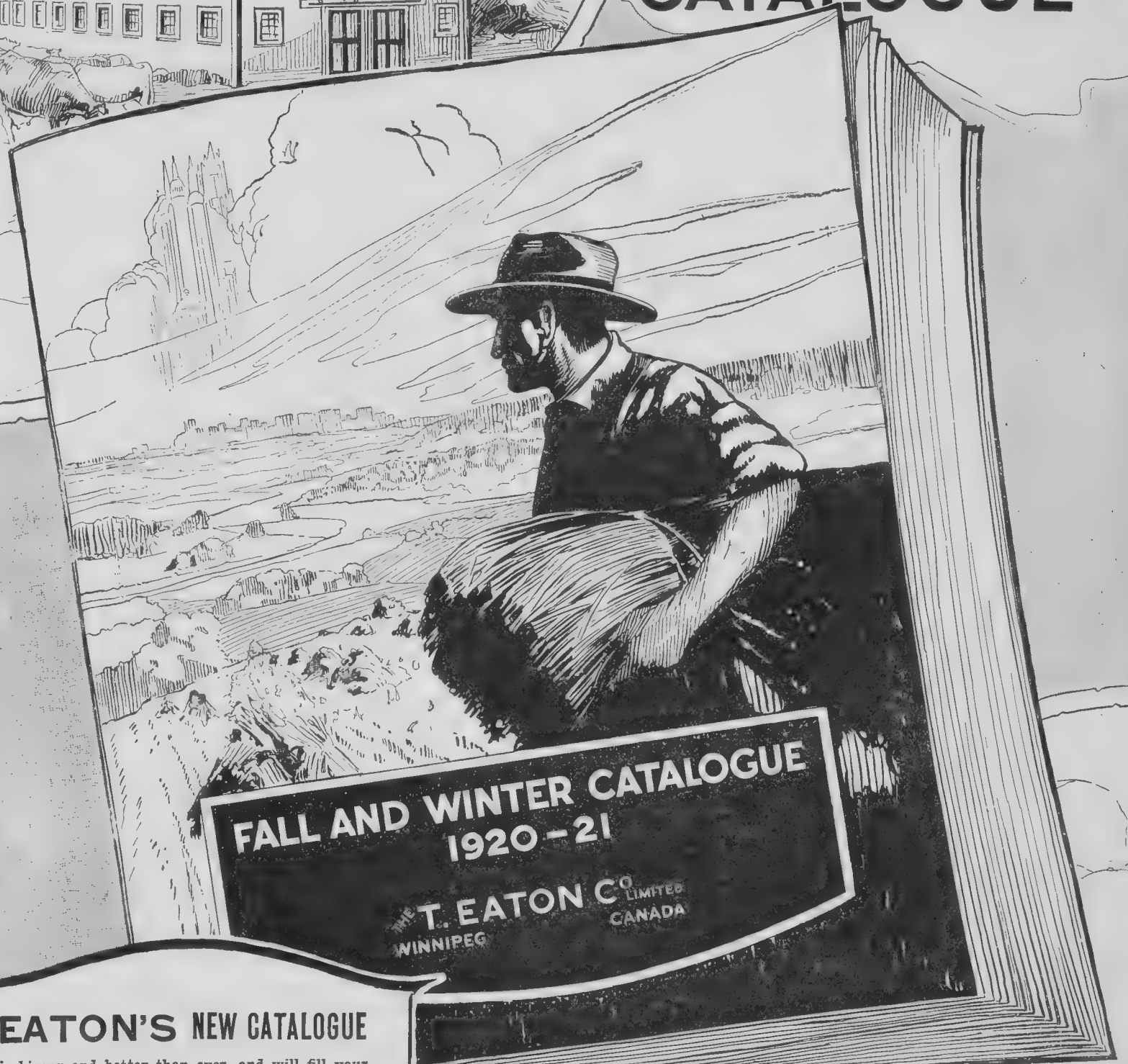
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The Revelation of Jerry Sullivan

By Tina Forrester Best



WHEN they are coming after all!" Mrs. Sullivan's lips were set in a rebellious line. "There isn't one thing to hinder Armor's to board the men. They get a share of the crop, and it is nearer their house than ours. We're a mile from that farm."

"But Mandy," pleaded her stalwart husband, "you know that was the arrangement when I bought the place from Armor. We were to board the threshers. I know it will mean a lot of cooking for you, but think of the money we will make off the place."

"Yes, and what will you do with it? Buy more land, likely. I never wanted you to buy that farm of Armor's, and you knew it. The more you get the more men and work there is. Look at me, Jerry Sullivan," Mandy's voice was bitter. "Do I look like the girl you married? Look at my hands—she held them out, stained and hardened"—nice looking things, aren't they? I'm getting to be an ugly old woman. What good does your money do to me? I hate it, the money and the land with it." Her voice broke suddenly, and she swept the breakfast dishes into the pan with disregard of breakage.

Jerry stared at her in amazement. Such an outburst from his patient little wife was unprecedented. He had never dreamed of her bitterness. "Well, Mandy honey, you look beautiful to me," he soothed, going over and putting his arm around her. "I'll help you wash the dishes and wait on the men."

Mrs. Sullivan withdrew from his embrace. "You've lost your sense of beauty," she retorted scornfully. "Look at Nell Laurie. She's been married ten years, and she's as pretty a picture yet. If I do say it, she had nothing on me when we were girls. But then, her husband considers her a little."

"Why, Mandy," expostulated her husband, "you shouldn't feel that way. She hasn't anything on you yet if you were dressed up the way she is all the time. We can't afford to live the way they do."

"Can't afford! No, we can't when every cent we make goes into land. I haven't had a new dress for months, and the carpets in the house are worn out, and it all needs papering, and the outside needs painting." Now that she had plucked up courage to voice her indignation, she ran on breathlessly from one grievance to another. "I'm as ashamed of this house as I am of myself. And yet, you talk about beauty! I suppose when you get this land paid for, instead of making things decent around here, you'll go and buy another farm."

Jerry took refuge in silence, while he drew on his heavy work boots. There wasn't any use saying anything; it only made matters worse. He couldn't see what had got into Mandy. She had never acted like that before. Surely she wasn't silly enough to think she could stay young and pretty. Nell Laurie was different; her husband had money and she kept servants. Nell couldn't afford such luxuries for Mandy.

He took his hat from its nail on the kitchen wall. "Well, I'm sorry, Mandy," he said. "It can't be helped, now; we'll have to have the threshers. But you'll have it a little easier to-day. You won't have to get any meal till night. I promised George Kent I'd help him to-day. He needs an extra bundle team. Is there anything you'd like before I go? Have you got plenty of wood? Guess I'd better cut some more; and I'll dig a pile of potatoes."

Mandy was silent. It was good of Jerry to do these things—he usually was thoughtful in leaving her plenty of wood, but getting potatoes couldn't compensate for all the extra baking and cooking she would have to-day. "What time will you be home?" she asked.

"About five. They won't need me all day. They'll be at Kent's for supper."

"And here for breakfast to-morrow morning," she added coldly.

"I suppose so," he replied; then fearing another outbreak, he left the kitchen. "I'll leave the potatoes in the woodshed," he called from the back verandah.

Mrs. Sullivan did her work that morning with rebellion in her heart. It was too much, she felt, to expect of anyone. She had been a willing burden-bearer all through these hard-worked years, sacrificing personal appearance and all the things women cherished, that they might meet their payments, and get along. Now when they were in a position when they could enjoy the fruits of their labors, when they had finally paid the last of their debts and the mortgage on their land, when she had planned to buy some furniture and fix the house as she had wanted for years, Jerry had to go and buy another farm. They already had a section—more than two people needed. And he had done it against her wishes; that was the galling part. Her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears. He didn't appreciate the way she had helped; he didn't even care, or he would have seen that she wasn't able to do any more work.

"He's got used to me," she said aloud, as she drew the savory smelling pies from the oven. "I could keep on till I dropped, and he'd never see it, let alone buy anything new for the house. It would just serve him right if I left him in the lurch to-morrow."

She straightened suddenly. Into her resentment there had flashed a suggestion. Nell Laurie had been inviting her for years to visit her. She had never felt that she could afford either time or money to go. Why not go now? Jerry would learn for himself what it meant to cook for a bunch of hungry men. Then she wavered. It was a selfish thing to consider. But, she argued, had he considered her? Not a bit. She would go, and go this afternoon. It would teach Jerry a lesson. He would see that she had earned a say in the disposal of their earnings. "I suppose, like most men, he thinks he's earned it all himself," she thought grimly. "Now he'll find out."

By two o'clock she was dressed and had packed her few dresses in the unwieldy telescope valise. "It's time I was having a trip, even if it is only a hundred miles," she reasoned. "The thing hasn't been used for years. I have nothing decent to wear, but I'll use the butter money and buy some when I get there. Nell can help me. She knows all about the Melwood stores. I deserve a few clothes and I'm going to get them if it takes every cent of egg and butter money I have. I've done nothing but buy groceries with it, but Jerry can have a turn at it now. That money he spent would have bought groceries for five years."

She glanced around the kitchen. The bread was baked and set on the table to cool. There were six pies and a pan of biscuits. Jerry would have things easy for to-morrow at least. She had intended baking a cake and some lemon cookies, but it was just as well not to leave too much. Poor Jerry, it really was a shame to leave him like this.

She picked up the valise resolutely. She must not falter at the last moment. She had always been too soft-hearted. If she didn't go now, things would always be as bad, perhaps worse. Having thus fortified herself, she set off down the road.

It was two miles to the station, and the train left at three o'clock. She would have sufficient time to walk leisurely and to buy her railroad ticket. It really was lucky for her that she was so strong, else she would never have been able to get there after her morning's work.

But the day was warm, and the sun beat mercilessly down on her. She was only half-way when her limbs ached,

Continued on Page 35

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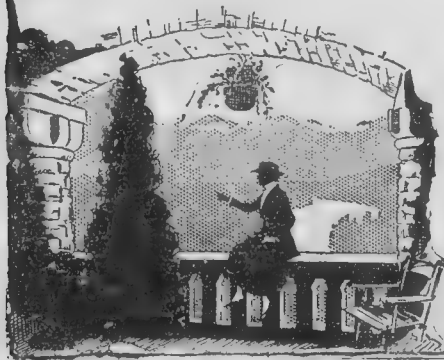


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The Revelation of Jerry Sullivan

Continued from page 34

and the valise, notwithstanding its scanty contents, seemed to grow heavy and heavier. Her steps lagged, until, too weary to go further, she dropped the valise and sat down on a wayside stone. She had been more tired than she thought when she left home. She would rest a while and then go on.

And, sitting there, her thoughts flew back to Jerry. She had not paused to think of his consternation when he would come home and find her gone. Now it flashed over her weariness as vividly as if she were there. He would put his team away and come swinging into the house as he always did. Or, perhaps, he would be very tired—pitching sheaves was hard work—and he would surely be hungry. But there would be no lunch ready, the fire would be out, the house empty and silent. That hurt, bewildered look that always tugged at her heartstrings, would cloud his face. What if he did not find the note she had left on the table? He would be alarmed and think something dreadful had happened! She had not thought of that. Then she smiled at her fears. He would find it all right. Wasn't that what she was leaving for—to give him a startling contrast?

"Mandy Sullivan, you're a weakling," she muttered scornfully.

But the very next minute her thoughts had veered back again. The hurt look would deepen on his face and stay there when he read it. She had failed him, and even if it was the first time it was just as bad. After all, Jerry had worked as hard as she, and she had borne his share of the discouragements. The next day he would go about tired and disappointed, and, perhaps embarrassed—he would have to explain her absence. Another thing she had not thought of! What could he say? And what would the neighbors think of her deserting Jerry at such a time?

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. She couldn't do it. No matter if she worked herself to her grave, she couldn't fail Jerry. All the time she was gone that hurt, bewildered look would haunt her. Perhaps she was a weakling, perhaps Jerry did need to learn a lesson, but she couldn't do anything so mean and cowardly.

She almost ran back. It was nearly three o'clock; she would have time to get home, change into her house dress, and have the kettle boiling before Jerry returned. She would destroy the note, and he need never know how barely he escaped being left to his resources.

But, when she came through the gate, her heart sank all at once. A grey team hitched to a bundle wagon was tied by the fence. Jerry was home!

She stood staring at it, panic stricken; then went slowly toward the house. She would have to explain everything now. She might just as well have gone so far as Jerry's feelings were concerned. Perhaps, though, he was in the barn, and had not been to the house yet. Unconsciously she quickened her pace.

She slipped quietly through the woodshed, her heart fluttering nervously. In the open doorway she stopped, and her face grew pale. Jerry sat by the table, his head bowed in his arms, in his hand the note she had written.

It seemed to her an eternity while she stood there and watched him, waiting for him to glance up. Then, when she could stand it no longer, she spoke. "Jerry," she cried, "I didn't go at all."

He looked up and a sob caught her throat when she saw his drawn, white face. He gazed at her as though she were an apparition. All at once she dropped the valise and ran to him. "I couldn't do it, Jerry," she sobbed. "I just couldn't fail you. O, Jerry, forgive me."

He caught her in his arms and held her close. "My poor little wife," he murmured. "My poor little overworked wife." And Mandy knew, in the warmth of his embrace, that not only was she forgiven, but that he had received a revelation.

Presently he laughed. "You had me going that time, Mandy. I didn't know where I was at for a while. I found out where I'd be without you, girl. I'm the one who should ask forgiveness. I did a bit of thinking before you came, and I can see now why you felt the way you did. But if you'll stand by me through this, Mandy, it will be the last time I'll ask it of you. We'll sell that quarter of land after the crop is off. I had an offer on it yesterday. And we'll fix the house the way you want it. You deserve it more than anyone I know."

Mandy was speechless for a moment. Her eyes were shining and her face aglow. Then she drew his head down and kissed him. "Jerry Sullivan," she cried softly, "that would be too good to be true. Stand by you! I'll cook for twenty men if you want me to."

She slipped from his arms and removed her hat. "I'll have your lunch ready in a minute," she said happily. "You must be starving."

But as she placed the kettle over the blaze her eyes suddenly twinkled. She had given Jerry a terrible shock, it was true, and had even learned something of her own allegiance. But it was not altogether to be regretted. Her trip to Melwood had borne results.

The Old Lady: "Officer, if I stay on this street, will it take me to the public library?" The Kind-hearted Policeman: "Yis, mum. But not unless ye keep movin', mum."—*"Outlook."*

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The New Visits The Very Old

Interesting happenings when United States destroyer visits famous Old Canadian Hudson's Bay Post

By Francis Dickie

An outstanding incident in the cruise of the six United States destroyers to points in British Columbia and Alaskan waters during the months of July and August, was the visit paid by the destroyer Rathburne, No. 113, Commander Hoover, to the famous ancient Canadian coastal village of Port Simpson, the most historic spot on the coast, a Hudson's Bay post since 1834, and previous to that the site of Indian village for upwards of 200 years.

In July six destroyers of the type shown in the photo, in command of Admiral Rodman, one of which carried secretary of the navy, Josephus Daniels, left the Bremerton yards, Puget Sound, for a tour of Alaskan waters, the first visit of United States vessels of war of this type ever made to Alaska. The

which the boats could tie up. Thus was frustrated what would have been a unique salute from the very old to the very new, for the destroyer 113, shown in the accompanying photograph, is one of 300 similar ships ordered during the recent war. The greater part of this order was incomplete at the time the armistice was signed, but the work is proceeding and about one boat a month of this type is being completed. Each ship costs two million dollars, and in addition to the usual guns carried by this type of craft these are equipped with two anti-aircraft guns mounted forward.

Commander John Hoover and officers, on coming ashore, were met by your correspondent and William Beynon of the Ethnological Survey, and shown over



The harbor of Port Simpson.

destroyers passed along through the wonderful "Inland Passage," the calm ocean highway which British Columbia is noted for over all the world, and on into the Alaskan waters, each vessel visiting various points, thus giving as many American citizens as possible a view of the latest additions to the navy.

During the last week in July, the destroyer Rathburne, No. 113, Commander John Hoover, while passing through Canadian waters, dropped anchor in the famous old harbor of Port Simpson. At this time of the year the village, ordinarily inhabited by about 1,000 native people is practically deserted, the people being on the salmon fishing grounds or working in the various canneries.

The special correspondent of The Western Home Monthly, Francis Dickie, was at the time touring the north country, and fortunately happened to be at Port Simpson on a visit with William Beynon, in charge of the government ethnological research in that region. On seeing the destroyer arrive, your correspondent wishing to fittingly welcome the American visitors to this unique spot, suggested a salute be fired, as there was in the village one of the ancient muzzle-loading cannon formerly used by the Hudson's Bay Company to repel Indian attacks. In company with Mr. Beynon your correspondent went where the cannon should have been, only to find it gone. Hurried search and inquiry among the few natives at the time in the village led to the discovery that the barrel of the cannon had been taken a few days previous by some native fishermen to sink in the harbor as mooring anchor, a cable being attached to

the historic village and its rapidly decaying totem poles, the first time in history the officers of an American destroyer visited this noted site.

Owing to the scattered nature of the place, making a complete photograph difficult, a photo is here shown taken from a facsimile painting of the village made by a tsimeyen Indian artist, Alexkoe.

Thus did one of the newest creations for purposes of war pay a call upon an ancient fortress, a site the scene in the past of countless battles between different native tribes, and between natives and the first coming white men.

Making Things Over

A Home-Made Triumph

"Well," challenged Bettina, pirouetting breezily before Delphine, who pushed back a pile of fashion magazines with a discouraged sigh. "Pronounce judgment, Del."

"I haven't seen a prettier suit this season, you lucky girl," declared Delphine. "I envy you. I suppose I've got to wear that old brown dud of mine another year—things cost so much, and I promised father I'd economize. But I do hate to begin wearing made-overs. Even when they look well enough, they don't feel like new things—they can't yield the same serene satisfaction you have in brand new clothes. I'm always conscious of a distinct spiritual bracing-up when Price & Cutting's label is in-

side my collar, and their latest model is on my back. Don't you feel that way, Betty?"

"I might if I could ever afford Price & Cutting," admitted Betty, with a laugh. "But I don't scorn made-overs I assure you. This is one—and you seem to like it. It's concocted out of a long wrap of Aunt Euphemia's and the remains of Nelly's three-years-ago plaid suit, and mother's old mink set; and it is pretty, now isn't it, Dell? Tell me so again!"

"It certainly is," agreed Delphine. "I'd never have guessed it was a production of home talent."

Betty recognized the faint touch of condescension in the compliment.

"That's nice of you, for you do know what's what, even though sometimes you are almost too superior to live," she remarked, cheerfully. "I wish you could go to Price & Cutting as usual. But really, since you can't, you'll find there's lots of fun in made-overs; and there's no fun in Price & Cutting, whatever else there is. Besides, nothing that's all professional can be your own particular triumph. Let me help you with the 'brown dud'—it was a beauty, and it can't be badly worn—and by the time we've remodelled the front and changed the collar, and added a touch of color, you'll understand what I mean."

"It will be virtually new, and you'll have done it yourself! Price & Cutting may make you superior, but did they ever make you want to sing, and whoop, and skip, and dance? No? I thought not. But a thing like this of mine, evolved out of turned breadths, and forgotten pieces, and old fur with the moth-eaten parts cut out—you've still to learn what this means, and it's worth while."

"Bring on your 'brown dud,' and behold how it becomes transformed presently into 'a charming and original confection in the latest mode, done in shades of bronze and copper.' I prophesy that when you wear it for the first time, I'll have to hang on one arm and Kitty on the other to keep you within the bounds of decorum. Your feet will just ache to prance and tiptoe all the way!"

"You're an utterly ridiculous girl!" declared Delphine, tossing one style book across to Betty, and eagerly opening another. "But if you can help me make my suit turn out as well as yours—well—I won't promise not to prance!"

"Pidgin English"

A bishop is called "No. 1, top side joss pidgin man." "Top side" means heaven, "joss" a god, and "pidgin" business.

There is a story of two men who once went to call upon the king of Siam when he was staying in Shanghai. They entered the hotel and asked the proprietor, a courteous Canadian, if his Majesty was at home.

"Boy," called the proprietor, "one piece king have got?"

"Have got, sir," replied the boy cheerfully.

"His Majesty is at home, gentlemen," translated the proprietor.

One day, says Mrs. Daly, a large party assembled on a steamer to bid farewell to homeward bound friends. Wishing to make certain that the steamer should not carry us off, we informed the steward in excellent Mandarin, that he was to come and warn us of her departure. He stared blankly. Some one tried Ningpo dialect—no use; Shanghai—still a blank stare. At length my husband called out—

"Boy!" "Yessir."

"Wantchee walkee can come talkee! Sayyee?"

"All right, sir; me sayyee!" Servants quickly find out our likes and dislikes in food and act accordingly. A friend of mine was fond of snipe, and often ordered them for dinner. One evening, when an unexpected guest arrived, she told Boy that since there were not enough snipe she would not eat one. Presently Boy nudged her and remarked in a loud whisper—

"Misse can have snipe; one piece man no chow!"



United States destroyer Rathburne.



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Hunted Down

Continued from Page 25

A shadow passed over his face—a shadow such as might have sprung from a jealousy reaching far back into the past.

"I cannot understand," he repeated. Then he looked her resolutely in the eyes. "But that does not alter what I have come to tell you. I have something to explain—and to ask. You remember what I said that day on the Matterhorn? I told you that years ago I had left Harry—thrown up my chances—because I knew I could not remain near you and be loyal to my friend. I had never cared for a woman, but I cared for you. It is true. And it was true even when I put continents between us, even when I suspected what you had done, when I knew that you were guilty. Your image remained ineffaceable. That was the reason I came here two months ago. I wanted to know you, to probe down through the fascination that had held me, to your heart and find you—bad. I wanted to destroy the image, so that I could act resolutely—without wavering."

"And—? She was smiling faintly. "It was no good. Every day engraved your name deeper into my life. But I felt bound—by my friendship to Harry. I could not turn back. That night on the veranda, I told the story, so that you should know what I must do—and why. It was my warning." She looked at him.

"I thought it was a threat—that you hated me," she said. "And when you asked to accompany me I thought it was part of the torture you had prepared."

"I asked you because I had promised myself one last day's happiness," he answered, with a bitter laugh. "When we stood together on the summit I thought it was all over between us. When I saw you lying in the snow—in your blood—for my sake—his voice grew rough and unsteady—"I knew that it was not over. Neither Harry nor the whole world could have made me raise a hand against you. I loved you, and you had saved my life." He threw back his shoulders. "I have come now to ask you, Erica, will you be my wife?" The color rushed to her pale cheeks. She lifted the sealed document from her lap.

"And this?" "Forget it. I will atone to Harry's children in another way. Forget it, and all I ever said. I do not understand why you did it, but I believe in you. I cannot help myself."

"Why do you believe in me?" "You saved my life." "Then it is gratitude?" "No," he answered, "it is admiration." He took the paper from her hands. "See," he said, "I will tear it up. The main between us. There would always be the suspicion, the doubt. It would poison our lives—and our love." He buried his face in his hands. He knew that she was right, though he fought against the truth with the energy of despair.

"You can tear it into a thousand pieces," she said, "but you know as well as I do that the cloud would remain between us. There would always be the suspicion, the doubt. It would poison our lives—and our love." He buried his face in his hands. He knew that she was right, though he fought against the truth with the energy of despair.

"Erica, if I could only understand!" he groaned.

"Do not try to understand," she answered. "For your own happiness, go away from here and forget."

"I cannot." Then he looked up at her again. The moment's weakness was over. The old dogged determination had crept into his face. "I do not believe that you stole this—that you are capable of stealing. I might have believed it weeks ago, but not now. A woman who saves her enemy is not the woman to commit a mean, treacherous crime. In spite of everything, in spite of yourself, I trust you." She made no answer, and he saw that her lips were tight closed. He rose to his feet. "Hitherto I have spent my life in a fruitless search," he said. "I have found the thing I sought for, but I am no nearer the truth. Now I will find the truth. The will is in my hands. I have yet to learn its true history, and I will learn it, if I have to search the whole

world." He went towards the door, but before he reached it she had sprung to her feet.

"No, you must not!" she cried, impetuously. "I swear to you, I have told you the truth. I stole the will."

"Why, then, did you keep such damning evidence against yourself?"

"Nevill would not let me destroy it. He made me promise to keep it always." He saw that she had said more than she intended, and with the swiftness of a sleuth-hound he followed up the clue she had given him.

"That means that it was useful to him—a weapon perhaps against someone. Against you?" She shook her head. "Against whom, then?" She made no answer. With a gentle strength he forced her back on to her sofa. "Tell me the truth, Erica. It is the only way. If you do not tell me I shall find out for myself. You know me too well to think I shall ever rest until I do know." He held both her hands, and it was as though the force of his will hypnotised her. "Why did you steal that will?" he asked. She looked him in the face with the sudden calm of one whose decision is made.

"Because it was a forgery." For a moment he said nothing. His eyes had become blank and stony.

"Prove it!" She took a bunch of keys from the table and gave them to him.

"Do not blame me afterwards," she said. "In that case over there you will find the proof." She turned away her head, and five minutes passed in tense silence. When he came back to her side he held an open letter in his hand, and his face was whiter than her own.

"I have found this," he said. "It is from old Stewart to Nevill, your husband. He says he has disinherited Harry. Why?"

"Harry had disobeyed him. He had thrown me over for the sake of an actress—the woman you knew as his wife. Yes"—as he raised a protesting hand—"I know you believed otherwise, but this is the truth. I loved him, but he had never loved me. Though I did not know it then, our marriage was the old man's wish, and I suppose Harry could not agree to it."

Edgar Haversham took the will. She saw him compare letter by letter the two signatures, and his eyes were like those of a man who sees the edifice of a great faith crumble to ashes.

"A forgery!" he muttered.

"Do not blame him too much," she said gently. "Harry was young and, when he did it, desperate. He bribed two servants to witness the signature, and to place it in a box where the first will had been kept. But afterwards, when he thought of the consequences if his crime were discovered, he was afraid—and ashamed. He flung himself upon my mercy. He could not regain the forged will—he had been banished from the house. But for the sake of my old love for him I promised I would destroy the forgery. The theft was easy enough. At the time I was nursing the dying old man, and he trusted me with everything. One night when he slept I opened the box and took the will." She stopped, as though before some ugly memory, and then went on. "It was at that moment Nevill came into the room and found me."

"Good Heavens." "He hated Harry, and the price of his silence was a high one. I married him."

"Erica, you sacrificed yourself." "Can one call it a sacrifice? In spite of everything I had loved Harry, and one cannot harm the man one has loved."

Edgar Haversham knelt beside her. He took her hands in his.

"Erica, you saved Harry, and you would have saved his memory at the cost of all that makes life worth living. You did it because you loved him. Why did you save the man who had meant to hunt you down to misery and disgrace? Why did you save me, Erica?" She bent and kissed him. "For the same reason," she answered gently.

Those who in the day of sorrow have owned God's presence in the cloud, will find him also in the pillar of fire, brightening and cheering the abode as night comes on.

Manitoba Farmers!

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Present indications suggest that this year an unusual number of HARVEST WORKERS will be needed in Manitoba.

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Employment Service of Canada

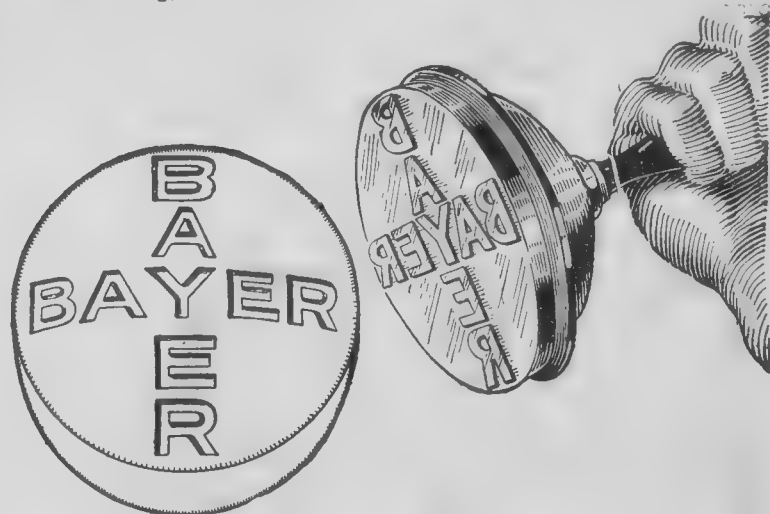
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THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

The Housing Problem

Indisputable Reasons Why People Who Contemplate Building Homes Should Do It Now

These are the times of overcrowding and house shortage, and the question ever confronting us is, "Will build now settle the housing problem?" The housing situation, while of a general nature, is really a personal and individual matter and one which the man who is up against it must face and eventually decide. The present house shortage may be attributed to various causes, but perhaps chief among them is the case of the permanent resident who is renting a home, but has no place to call his own, yet who must perforce add to the general flurry of finding a place to live in along with the man who has just arrived, and at this time of year there are always a lot of new-comers, this fact having been very noticeable of late.

The permanent resident who calls the city he dwells in his "home town," takes a community pride in the district in which he lives, yet rents his own home, and pays out each month his hard-earned cash in the shape of rent, is not adding to the welfare of the community, so to speak; lacking that greatest fundamental of citizenship—ownership—he is unconsciously assisting in "overcrowding." It is therefore apparent that the housing problem is much of an individual matter and ultimately resolves itself to the conditions and desire of the citizens themselves.

For those who contemplate building their own homes in the near future, to "build now" will undoubtedly settle their own particular case of the housing problem for all time, but it will do much more—it will materially assist in relieving the congestion in dwellings that undoubtedly exists, and help indirectly to solve the problem of unrest. When a man builds his own home he obtains a better standing in the community, besides which it is also more economical.

Strange as it may seem, it is undoubtedly a fact that since the end of the great war there has been a serious house shortage in all countries, and this is one of the reasons why many new-comers to the West seem nowadays to be looking for a home in vain. By a home we mean, of course, a real home, a habitation fit to live in and one that gives a sense of comfort and a feeling of satisfaction. Yet, while the shortage of homes to the newcomer is in a way a serious matter, it is also one of en-

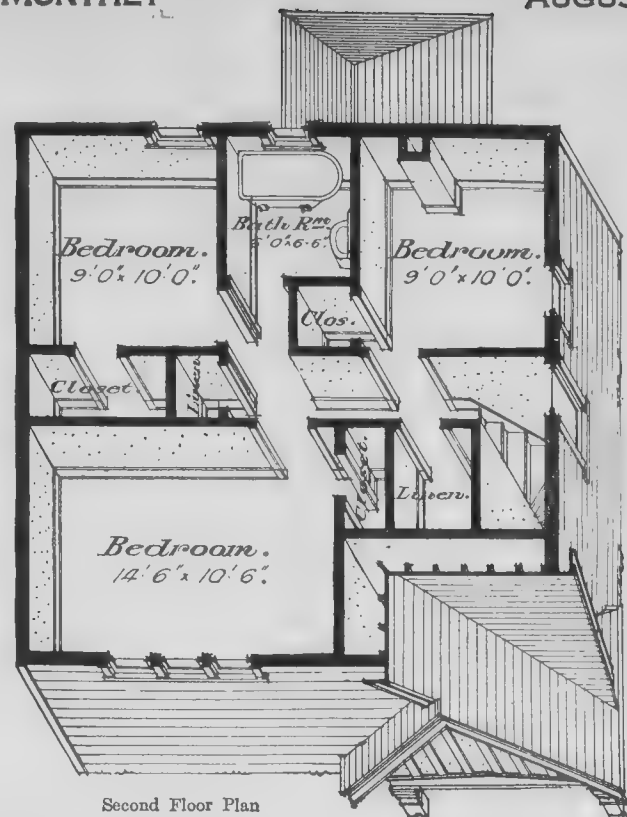
couragement, for it indicates progressiveness and growth, it points out that by building he will undoubtedly have a ready sale for his home should he desire to move. It also indicates a demand, and a demand in a case of this kind is better than an overplus. And these are some of the reasons why so many are taking advantage of the present opportunity and building homes of their own.

There are many home buyers who favor ready-made homes, whilst there is a general desire on the part of prospective builders to see the complete plan of exterior and interior of a number of homes before any decision is reached. The lumber dealers were not slow in providing for this service, and there are now quite a number of well-tried plans upon the market, full specifications and blue prints of which can be obtained at such a reasonable cost that the lumberman who gets the order usually agrees to furnish them free of charge. The buyer finds many advantages by this system, chief among which is the one by which all modern features can be incorporated and any special details that may be desired by the purchaser can be arranged by way of changes to the original plan. He can thus see exactly what the place will look like when completed and he can get all the specifications that are necessary to

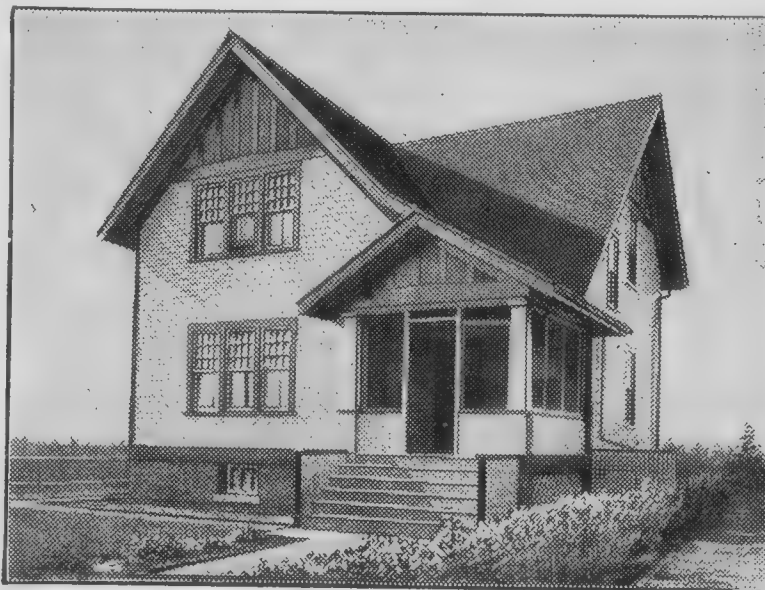
enable him to get the actual construction contracted for. There is also a 100-page book of plans entitled "Better Buildings," which most lumber dealers have a supply of and which they will forward free of cost to prospective

everybody will know by September. Therefore, those who desire to build and who wish to avoid the increased cost in lumber owing to the increased cost in freight rates would do well to get their plans into actual shape and get their orders placed without further delay. As regards home building, it is the height of folly to procrastinate at the present time.

Nor are these the only reasons why people should not hesitate in at once constructing their own homes—a serious dearth of houses has a close and direct bearing on the public health and morals and upon social unrest. The housing problem is one so serious and so important to the people and to the country that one may even question whether any other problem whatever deserves so urgently the attention of all—a problem growing constantly bigger and more difficult until it has to be dealt with in all sincerity, even by legislative bodies—it is a question of vital importance. This is no time for hesitation, it is the period of opportunity. Never was well-directed intelligence more needed than in these days of reconstruction and realignment, when the world is groping blindly in a fog of frenzied inflation, dwindling dollars and staggering high cost of living. If evidence of well-directed intelligence were needed it is to be found where the opportunity is taken advantage of in sound investment in the shape of building a substantial and comfortable dwelling before the prices of lumber aviate. Now is the time for direct action. Build now.



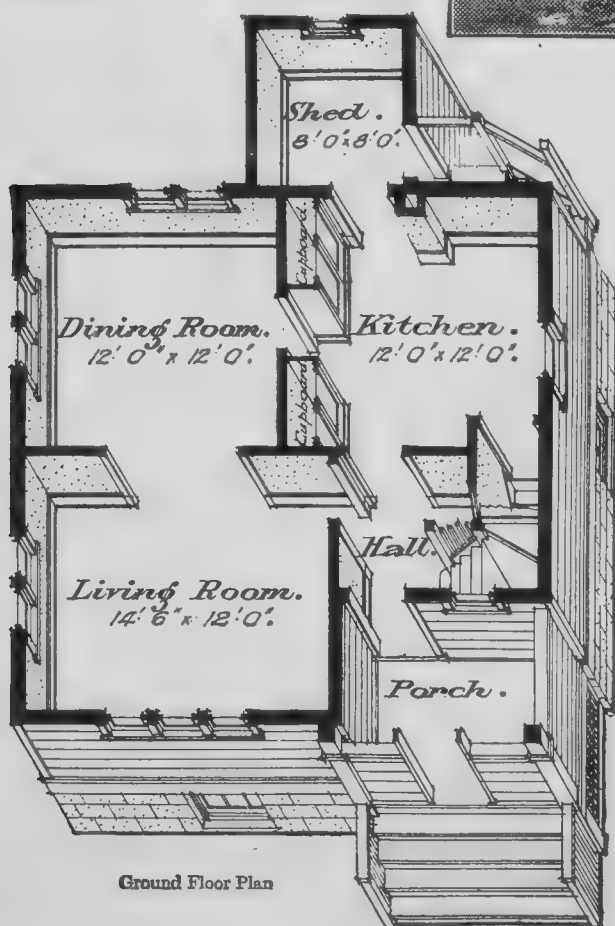
Second Floor Plan



builders applying for same, a book beautifully printed and illustrated which pictures homes in various designs that are favorites in the West, both in the city and country.

You have often dreamed of the house you will some day build—how comfortable it will be, how artistic, how enduring; but don't experiment when you build your home, no man can nowadays afford costly experiments and bitter disappointment that often comes when one realizes that the completed home is not the home of which he had dreamed. "Better Buildings" is published for the sole purpose of obviating such disappointment, to help you solve your difficulties, to visualize for you how your completed home will look. It is the handsomest, the most complete, the most interesting and informative book on practical home-building ever offered in this way to the Canadian public, and you should not delay in writing to any lumber dealer, who will forward you a copy free of charge.

There are many factors which are influencing people in building at the present time in order to have their own home ready for next winter, and one which has not yet been mentioned must not be overlooked, for ere long it will be a factor that will enter largely into the cost of material for construction, we refer to the proposed heavy increase in freight rates, which will, of course, affect, to a considerable extent, the price of lumber. Just how much the proposed increases will affect the price of lumber is very hard to predict, but



Ground Floor Plan

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14 Ft. Diameter

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FULLY REPAIRED

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J. PICKLES
Tent Manufacturer
WINNIPEG

The Kitchen

Continued from page 43

slowly to boiling point, simmer for a few moments only, if a clear jelly is desired.

Pour into a pointed jelly bag and drain. A second extraction may be made by adding more cold water and cooking slowly a short time. This may, however, not make as clear a jelly as the first extraction. It is wise to test the juice for pectin before adding the sugar. If the test indicates a large amount of pectin more sugar can be used than if a small amount is shown. Three-fourths as much sugar as apple juice gives best results. An excess of sugar will give a soft jelly. Too long boiling of sugar and juice often results in a soft or stringy jelly and a jelly of less delicate flavor.

If a juice indicates a small amount of pectin boil it down and test again. If still low, add more fresh fruit juice.

The Transcendent crab and the Golden Beauty are good jelling varieties and have an especially pleasing flavor and color, light red and yellow.

A number of desirable and pleasing results may be secured by using apple juice for the base and a small amount of some characteristic flavored fruit. Strawberry, mint and rose geranium may be used with it and give pleasing results.

Rapid boiling of juice after the sugar is added tends to cause crystallization because of the particles being thrown against the sides of the kettle, cooled and washed into the cooling juice again.

When jelly is done, pour into clean, sterilized glasses. When cool, cover.

ONE METHOD OF COVERING JELLIES

Cut disks of clean paper an inch larger than the top of the glass, brush with egg white, place over top of glass, and press down on sides. This method was used in the writer's home for many years with marked success.

THE FOOD OF OUR ANCESTORS

It is surprising that so wholesome and delicious an article of food as currants is not used more liberally by English housewives and cooks. Not only are the little grape berries splendid as an item in the dessert, either alone or with almonds, nuts, or biscuits, but they may form the base of a great variety of tempting, nourishing dishes. In olden times, currants were eaten far more freely than now, and our ancestors were by no means a feeble race of people. As a matter of fact, currants contain an abundance of nourishment. They really hold far more material for keeping up the body's vitality and strengthening the nervous system than lean meat. The juice of the currant helps digestion and is of benefit in many illnesses, particularly those of women and children. Cooked in the following ways, currants will be found a most delightful and beneficial addition to the daily bill of fare. They should be chopped or minced to obtain the full food value.

Currant Cake.—For sending to children at school.—2-lb. flour; 4-oz. butter or clarified dripping; ½-oz. caraway seeds; ¼-oz. allspice; ½-lb. pounded sugar; 1-lb. currants; 1 pint milk; 3 table-spoonfuls fresh yeast. Rub the butter lightly into the flour, add the dry ingredients, and mix well together. Make the milk warm but not hot; stir in the yeast, and with this liquid make the whole into a light dough, knead well, and line the cake tins with strips of buttered paper about six inches higher than the top of the tin. Put in the dough; stand it in a warm place to rise for more than an hour, then bake the cakes in a well-heated oven. Time 1¾ to 2¼ hours. If this quantity be divided into two, it will only take 1½ to 2 hours baking. Average cost 35 cents, sufficient to make two moderate sized cakes.

Cheese Cakes.—Strain the whey from the curd of two quarts of milk; when rather dry, crumble it through a coarse sieve. With six ounces of fresh butter, mix one ounce of blanched almonds, pounded, a little orange-flower-water, half a glass of sherry or port, a grated

biscuit, four ounces of currants, some nut-meg and cinnamon in fine powder. Beat them up together with three eggs and half a pint of cream till quite light; then fill the pattipans three parts full. To make a plainer sort of cheesecake, turn three quarts of milk to curd, break it, and drain off the whey. When quite dry, break it in a pan, with two ounces of butter, till perfectly smooth. Add a pint and a half of thin cream or good milk, a little sugar, cinnamon and nut-meg, and three ounces of currants.

Buns.—Two pounds of flour, one wine-glassful yeast, about one pint of warmed milk, six ounces of butter, half tea-spoonful salt, one tea-spoonful mixed spices, half pound of currants, sugar to taste. Mix the flour, sugar, spice, salt, and currants together; make a hole in the flour and pour in the milk; make a thin batter and set to rise. When sufficiently risen add the butter melted and sufficient milk to make the whole into a soft dough, cover this with a dust of flour, and set to rise again for half an hour. Shape the dough into buns and set on tins to rise again for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven for from 15 to 20 minutes. They may be glazed over with a little milk.

THE HILLS OF HOME

Mary Adams Parke

The mountains grand of other lands seem not so fair to me,
As the hills of home, the quiet hills,
That in my dreams I see;
Their green slopes rise before me in
a beauty all their own,
And I see them as I knew them in the
years forever gone.

In the glorious glow of sunset, in the
rosy flush of morn,
In the darkening blue of twilight, when
strange new thoughts were born,
Through the green of many summers,
and the white of winter snows,
I watched them change—yet changeless
in their silence and repose.

With a message in them, always for an
eager, childish soul,
They told of steadfast friendships, and
they offered me their all;
I knew their hidden secrets—their glor-
ious hearts I knew,
I felt their faithful, brooding care the
years of childhood through.

Now I lift mine eyes to spaces that
are empty, strange and bare,
The hills of home are far away, as
youthful fancies are;
And friends I loved have vanished from
the earth for evermore,
Though I know they're only waiting on
that brighter, fairer shore.

When the evening star is shining I shall
find them all, I know,
I shall cross the restful river, with its
quiet ebb and flow;
To where, in purer beauty than earthly
hills have known,
The Hills of God in grandeur rise to bid
me welcome Home.

MY STREET

The people pass. I watch them as they
go,
The hopeless cripple with his shuffle
slow,
The girl next door with discontented
face,
And vanity that hides her maiden grace.
The old, old man with cane tap-tapping,
thus,
The lady no one knows, with flaunted
fuss,
Of gems and colours. And across the
way,
The little, wornout mother calls to stay
Her merry youngsters lest they run too
near
The speeding cars—but what know
they of fear?
Serene and gentle, with her snowy hair,
Age passes with a face that breathes of
prayer.

An earth-stained huckster, dusky-eyed
and brown,
Cries forth his humble wares. And
with a frown
The haggling housewife bests him with
delight,
The barefoot scamp that's always in a
fight
Slips past—a swift-fung pebble hits
my hat,
No use accusing such a sprite as that!
But hark! Was that a moan of anguish
keen?
"The huckster's horse is down!" and at
the scene
With one accord my street is straight-
way there,
With pity and with tenderness to spare.
And so throughout the myriad streets
of earth,
Compassion for distress finds instant
birth!

—Grace G. Bostwick.



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ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

Story of The Tank

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mark Meredith

THE story of the tanks starts with a letter which Sir Albert Stern sent to Mr. Churchill in November, 1914, offering to equip an armoured car. From that date onwards Mr. Churchill played the part of the good angel in the drama of the conflict between those who believed that special mechanical devices could revolutionize old military theories and the obscure antics of the War Office, who put obstacles without number in the path of progress.

By February, 1915, Mr. Churchill was persuaded that it was essential that there should be a committee of engineering officers and other experts sitting continually to formulate schemes for utilizing mechanical inventions. As a result of an historic letter that he sent to Mr. Asquith, a land ship committee was set up in February, 1915, with Lieutenant Albert Stern as he then was as secretary of the committee. But no government department would provide office accommodation for this committee, and therefore, on June 21, 1915, Mr. Stern, at his own expense, took an office at 83 Pall Mall, to the extreme annoyance of the Office of Works and the Admiralty, who declared that Lieutenant Stern "apparently did not understand the subtleties of the procedure in the Civil Service."

"By September 22 the first model tank was born, and its birth was announced in the following humorous telegram, which was sent from Lincoln, where the firm of Messrs. Fosters had been endeavoring to construct an armoured car that could cross all sorts of territory:

"Stern, Room 59, 83 Pall Mall.

"Balata died on test bench yesterday morning. New arrival by Triton, out of pressed plate. Light in weight, but very strong. All doing well, thank you. "Proud Parents."

About this time another friend of the tanks comes on the scene, Colonel E. D. Swinton, now Major-General, who, by his keen sense of humor, his understanding of the value of propaganda, his intimate knowledge of the War Office, and all its mysterious ways, and by virtue of his position of Deputy Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, for a time cut short the obstructive efforts of red tape. He pointed out the anomaly of the position that existed at that time, since the Director of Naval Construction was making land battleships for the War Office, which never asked for them and was refusing to help in any way.

The first tank having been born successfully, it was decided to press ahead with further construction, but unfortunately the government declined to provide war badges for the workmen, and as a result those employed were leaving the firm, as their comrades jeered at them for not doing war work. Only after a personal attack upon the Badge Department was a sack of badges delivered to Sir Albert Stern.

It was not until a whole year had elapsed—a year full of unnecessary difficulties—that in February, 1916, Lord Kitchener, who had hitherto poured cold water on the idea, saw a trial of a completed tank at Hatfield, and asked Sir Albert Stern to go to the War Office as head of a new department. At the same time Mr. Lloyd George requested him to go to the Ministry of Munitions.

This awkward situation was decided by Mr. Lloyd George, giving orders that Sir Albert should have rooms at the Ministry of Munitions in Whitehall gardens. But the officials of the Ministry even then strongly objected, owing to the fact that the new occupants of the rooms were not allowed to explain what their business was.

The inevitable secrecy of the work added to the difficulties. For example, when the first tanks were completed early in the summer of 1916, men had to be "secretly" trained. Thanks to

Colonel Swinton, Lord Iveagh lent part of his estate, which was guarded by two battalions of soldiers, with the result that the local population believed that an enormous shaft was being dug in the part from which a tunnel was to be made direct to Germany.

The tanks first went into action in September, 1916, and Sir Douglas Haig was so satisfied that he gave the personal order to Sir Albert "to go home and build as many tanks as you can, subject to not interfering with the output of aircraft and railway trucks." It had now been proved that tanks could save casualties, and after a month's discussion, a large order was placed.

Nevertheless, on October 10 an official instruction arrived from the Army Council cancelling the order for 1,000

tanks, unknown to Mr. Lloyd George, at that time Secretary of State for War. Only by the personal intervention of Mr. Lloyd George was the order reinstated by Sir William Robertson, who appears to have been the main obstructionist.

Even then the War Office made ridiculous demands for the plans of tanks to send to Russia. These plans would have been useless as Russia had no means of building. But in order to appease the Intelligence Department of the War Office, the Minister of Munitions decided to send to the General Staff a "child's drawing and incorrect details" of a tank, which Sir Albert Stern is convinced found their way into the hands of the German General Staff.

By May, 1917, Sir Douglas Haig was so convinced of the tanks that he wrote a personal letter to Lord Derby, who was then Secretary of State for War, with the only result that a committee was appointed, mainly composed of men with no engineering experience, and with a chairman, General Capper, who up to a month before had never seen a tank.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

THE HONORABLE ARTHUR MEIGHEN who was recently called upon to form a Government, following the resignation of Sir Robert Borden, is the youngest Canadian that has ever been called to the Premiership and is now but 47 years of age.

The new premier is regarded as a Westerner, for the most of his years have been passed in the province of Manitoba, Portage La Prairie being his home. He was born in St. Mary's, Perth County, Ontario, in 1874, educated in that town and at the University of Toronto. He taught school for a time but latterly qualified for the bar. In 1903 he was admitted to practice in Manitoba and from that date on he has led an active, professional and political life.

On his election to the Federal Parliament he quickly made his mark as a man of Cabinet rank, and occupied in succession the offices of Solicitor-General, Secretary of State, Minister of Mines as well as Minister of the Interior. He is regarded as one of the ablest debaters in the country and was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Union Government that now holds office.

This committee interfered persistently in design and construction. The War Office continued to refuse all assistance for experimental work and testing, which in the summer of 1917 was still being done by naval men lent by the Admiralty. Further, the War Office was refusing the provision of technical officers. Worst of all, the General Staff, heedless of advice, were using tanks in the deep mud of Passchendaele, where, obviously, they were useless, and sank.

Finally, in October, 1917, Mr. Churchill saw Sir Albert Stern, and told him that the War Office stated that the tanks had been a total failure in design, that the army was being lumbered up with useless tanks at the front, that millions of public money were being wasted, and that the Army Council proposed to give up mechanical warfare altogether. The War Office generals, who knew nothing of tanks, had, in fact, overruled the experts in every detail. The result was that Colonel Stern was dismissed, and Vice-Admiral Sir Gordon Moore accepted the position, although up to the date of his appointment he had never seen a tank. The War Office had gone its way.

But Mr. Winston Churchill still remained faithful to his beliefs. Although he had been unable to persuade the War Office, he had pressed that America should be persuaded to arm herself with tanks. The American Military Attache in London, Colonel Lassiter, well-known as a wide-awake man, took up the project. On November 11, 1917, General Pershing himself saw Sir Albert Stern, and was strongly in favor of a factory being established in France at which the Americans should join with the British in building at least 300 completed tanks per month. This factory was founded by an agreement between the two governments, signed by Mr. Page and Mr. A. J. Balfour.

The following year, fortunately, there was a new spirit at the War Office, General Sir Henry Wilson, the new chief of the Imperial Staff, and Lord Milner, who had become Secretary for War, realized that a mistake had been made by their predecessors, and they adopted a programme of nearly 5,000 tanks to be made in Great Britain. In place of the elderly service men with out-of-date ideas, there were men like General "Tim" Harrington, the new D.I.C.G.S., who believed in the new methods. Accordingly the Tank Corps was brought into the army organization, and Colonel Fuller appointed to take charge of tactical questions. The new programme had every chance of being completed, in addition to an order for 20,000 light tractors capable of carrying over five tons over any country. At last the supporters of mechanical warfare had got their way.

This brings the actual story of the conflict to an end. The Allies owe a debt to Mr. Winston Churchill, who steadily encouraged the new idea; to General Swinton, who raised the first Tank Corps and commanded it in its first battle; to General H. J. Elles, who led the corps into action at Cambrai; and to Mr. Lloyd George, who many times protected the idea from destruction by the forces of reaction.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS

Here is what happens to brides when they marry in any color they may select:

Married in white, you have chosen all right.

Married in gray, you will go far away.

Married in black, you will wish yourself back.

Married in red, you will wish yourself dead.

Married in green, ashamed to be seen.

Married in blue, he will always be true.

Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl.

Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.

Married in brown, you will live out of town.

Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

Marry Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health.

Wednesday, the best day of all.

Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday, no luck at all.

The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady

By Edith G. Bayne

JACK, dear?" observed the Angel behind the urn, with rising reflection in her tone. There was no immediate response from the being behind the newspaper.

"Jack?"

And still no response, after a reasonable interval of waiting.

"Jack!"—insistently this time.

"Uh?"—reluctantly came a grunt, at last.

"I need a new hat."

"I've simply got to have one for Mrs. Climber's tea!"

"Whassat? New what?" suddenly and alertly Jack asked, peering round the sporting page.

"A new hat, I said," persisted the Angel, stirring her coffee and looking very fetchin' in a rose negligee.

"My soul! Another!"

The Angel looked aggrieved.

"What do you mean—another?" she demanded, taking a third lump of sugar.

"A new hat, eh? Whassa matter with the old one?"

"What old one? They're all old."

"That last one with the bunch of whadda-yuh-call 'ems on the side."

"Oh that. I've had it four months, Jack! And you ask me what's wrong with it."

"You look mighty good in it."

"It clashes with my suit. Mrs. Newman next door has just bought one the very same shape, anyway, so I can't wear it again. I wish you could see the perfect dream Lil Deaver has. Its—"

"Perfect scream is right. I saw her to-day."

"Dream, I said. She paid ninety-five for it. It's made of —"

"All right. How much you going to hold me up for?"

"That's a dear! I knew you would. Oh, I couldn't say off hand. Of course, I wouldn't go as high as Lil, but I wish you'd come down town with me dear, and help me choose. You know—"

"Not on your life!"

"—I always dress to please you—or I try to. Please," said the Angel in her coaxingest voice.

Jack made a face at the sporting page, threw the paper aside and pulled out his wallet.

"Fifty do?"

"For a start."

"If that's a start what in hominy do you call a finish?"

"Don't be horrid! I can't tell what I want till I try a few hats on, can I? Oh I saw such a darling in Holbrook's—all pansies and gold tissue! And in Mills and Gill's there's a French model, a white satin shape with a single rose on the side and a row of—"

"Hully, Mackerell! It's ten past eight!"

"Wait. Don't go for a minute," the Angel pleaded as he rose abruptly after pulling out his watch. "Yes, I'll take the fifty now and I'll meet you at three and we'll go right over to Holbrook's."

"This is my busy day."

"You always have an excuse! Three, remember."

"That means four," grinned Jack, darting for his coat, hat and gloves. "All right, chicken. Some men have picked a lemon in the garden of love, but I picked a peach. You can have anything in reason."

And four-forty it was after all. The Angel fluttered into Jack's office with profuse apologies at that hour and bore him away on the tide of late afternoon shoppers. Then came a series of raids on millinery shops, Jack standing somewhat disconsolately in the office as the Angel "tried on" and "tried on" and "tried on" at Holbrook's she seemed inclined to linger longer, fitting from one table to another—examining, disparaging, exclaiming—while the sales girls stood about, and awaited her pleasure, or put in differential remarks, leaving other customers to wait on the colonel's

lady. To Jack's ears in a steady line of patter came this:

"Pleatings of satin under the brim—crown raised a little here—yes it was pretty, perfectly sweet in fact, but somehow it didn't seem to be becoming—I'll try the Prince of Wales blue I think—you have such lovely hair—oh no, the brown isn't being worn as much this season—brim of a contrasting shade Isobel—you'll find it in the second drawer—Mrs. Van Lorne took such a fancy to it yesterday, but she chose the burnt ochre model instead—spreys are so chic Mrs. Alison—Isobel get the black lace model—oh no certainly not, you could wear young girl's things yet—something high on the side seems to be necessary—after all, I think I'll try on the cream lace one—we could take out the roses and put in a bunch of—Jack, dear, do you like me in this?"

And the last remark occurred frequently, the Angel seated in a little den of triplicate mirrors and viewing herself with a bonnet mirror as well.

"How does this look, dear?" cried the Angel for the twentieth time.

"Fine. Say! When are you going to break away?"

"Do you think I've got it too far back?"

"It's gone quarter-past."

"Jack! Would you rather the roses were on the left?"

"Those red things? Are they roses?"

"Don't be silly! This is a bargain."

"Eighty-five-fifty reduced from 'ninety-five,' glibly put in Isobel, the tall, thin sales girl.

"All right. Get it and let's beat it. There goes a bell."

"First gong," said the short, plump sales girl, as she tapped an impatient foot on the thick green rug.

"I haven't decided about the roses."

"Try a spray of lilac, Mrs. Allison."

"I believe I will."

Isobel goes to seek the spray, and there's another wait. When she comes back the Angel thinks the shade is a little deep. It might make her look sallow you know. It ends finally by her sticking to the roses. Another gong sounds and covers magically begin to spread themselves over counters and tables. The Angel sighs and begins to collect gloves, purse and parcels.

"Shall we send it in the morning?" asks the girl, hurriedly.

"Oh, I love to take it!"

Another five minutes—and at last they're all ready. The girl rushes back with the box and Jack's change from a two-hundred-dollar bill. He looks surprised at finding fourteen-fifty only.

"This all?" he demands.

"Oh Jack? I forgot to tell you the hat was one-hundred and eighty-five-fifty!" said the Angel, placidly. "We read the ticket wrong."

"Well, I'll be—" Jack commences, but the elevator-boy takes the rest of his breath away in a swift descent to the ground floor.

Mrs. O'Grady was busily engaged in the interesting occupation of dishing up mulligan stew. Six little O'Grady's were ranged round the big kitchen table noisily demanding "grub," the baby hammering on his high-chair with a spoon. Mike was drying his face and hands on the roller-towel.

"Sling on the maynoo, Judy," he said as he hastily parted his hair at the cracked mirror above the sink. "Sure it's twelve-fifteen already!"

"I will that," Judy said agreeably. "An' its foine stew too let me tell ye, Mike O'Grady! Sit in, do."

Mike cast a suspicious glance at her as he drew in a chair and attacked dinner. He hadn't been married eight years without learning a few things. Judy was about to "make a touch." And he was right, for no sooner had her better-half stoked the greater part of his meal into him than she opened up.

Continued on page 42

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The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady

Continued from Page 41

"Come across wid a twinty-spot, darlin," she said.

"An' what for?" demanded Mike, not unnaturally.

"Faith an' I need a new head-piece an' that's what for," Judy said, drinking tea in long gulps, her elbows on the table and her gaze fixed steadily on Mike.

"A new lid!" and Mike gaped in wonder tinged with indignation. "What in—what's the matter wid the wan ye've got?"

"Don't make me laugh, me lips are cracked! That fierce-lookin' 'ould flower-pot!"

"It looks foin on ye, Judy."

"Gwan wid ye! I need a new wan for Tessie O'Reilly's weddin' on Thursday. Twinty dollars, darlin'."

"Twinty grandmothers! All I paid for my lid (three years ago now) was sixty cents, down to Marshall's."

"Sure an' it look it! An' its aisy seen ye know very little about ladies' wear-in' apparel. There's Mrs. Pat Harrigan up the street wid a foine new dome, an iligant grey chiffon drame of a thing an' all she paid was twinty-eight dollars."

"If Pat Harrigan's made of dough I ain't. Here's the twinty, but I call it extravagance!" said Mike.

How Mrs. O'Grady hurried through her work, took the baby to a neighbor's and hastened down town to plunge into the stream of shoppers need not be told at great length. When Mike came home at six there was no supper ready, and Judy didn't appear until twenty minutes to seven. But—when she did! What mattered it if her old "flower-pot" was set at an acute angle over one ear, or that she had lost a glove and torn a rent in her new green skirt! She was tired but beaming and carried in a fond embrace a huge square box.

"They wanted to sind it," she panted. "But I couldn't wait, so here 'tis! An' let me tell ye, it's a bird!"

They gathered round the point of attraction while Judy cut the cord with the kitchen shears and waited in breathless awe while she lifted out from a bed of tissue-paper a confection of orange chiffon trimmed with green satin ribbon. A chorus of "ohs" went up.

"How dy'e loike it, Mike?"

"Begorra won't it fight wid your hair?"

Judy didn't deign to reply, but cuffed one of the children for reaching out a grimy hand to it.

"Put it on," said Mike.

"I will that," said Judy and did so, standing on tiptoe before the cracked mirror.

"Oh ma!" cried the little O'Grady together.

"Judy, yere gettin' better lookin' all the time!" Mike declared, forgetful of his delayed supper.

"See how the maginta under the brim sets me complexion 'off," said Judy, modestly.

"Sure," said Mike lost in admiration. "I only count tin or eleven freckles, darlin'. How much was it?"

"Give a guess."

"Tin dollars?"

"Tin indeed! This beauty tin dollars!"

"Twilve, then?"

"Nor twilve, ye potroon. There was an iligant wan in tomaty astin at thirty I come near gettin', but—"

"Thirty!"

"—but sure I loiked this best. 'Twas only forty-four radooed from forty-five."

Mike sat down suddenly.

"An'—an'—an' how did ye make the raise of the rest?" he inquired, at last, in a weakened tone.

Judy shrugged and spread out her hands.

"Faith," she said, beamingly, "I jist boroided the rist from me housekeepin' money—what I was savin' for the new parlor rug. When a woman gits her lamps on the right head-piece—to the divvie with expense!"

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from Page 32

many girls engaged in a wide range of duties. Would you like to know what I look for in an applicant and what I watch for among my employees? Well, first I shall tell you that I do not waste any time, looking for the heaven-born genius. There may be one now and then, but I have never known one who could fit into an organization and help get things done.

The Qualities I Value Most

I wish I could make girls realize how few and simple are the qualities sought for most by employers, how invaluable those qualities are, and how rare. Here they are, and I think you will admit they are within the reach of the average girl.

A wholesome, agreeable personality, the capacity for sincere, wholehearted, sustained interest in the work in hand, consideration of her fellow-workers, organization spirit, loyalty, and dependability.

The quality that I look for most is dependability, for the girl who will "carry on" is, like the man in the trenches, the one who will win out. If you feel, when you turn over a certain piece of work to her that she will not shirk it, but will carry it through to a finish, she establishes a confidence in your mind that no superficial qualities can replace, for all the ability in the world is of no account if dependability is lacking. A girl of mediocre talent who can be relied upon in an emergency is of far greater value to the organization than the erratic, brilliant girl who is found wanting in a crisis."

SUNSHINE ALICE

Genevieve Ward, the veteran actress, eighty-three years old, has given a recipe for perpetual youth. She says: "It is my cheerful disposition that keeps me young." Dr. T. Bodley Scott says: "Bursts of temper are as damaging to the system as a dose of poison."

Alice Blackburn was known as the Odyssey of Sunshine—and Sunshine Alice. The name was given her because it expressed her powers of adaptation to new conditions she always met with a smile. One time she lost everything in a fire and with her family of seven children and eight dollars in money she and her husband went to a new country to take up a homestead of 160 acres. They had paid their entry on the homestead "unsight, unseen," and were too poor to get away. Yet at their meals which were scant, they sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Sunshine Alice noted only the high spots of comfort and ignored the ruts. Miss Ellen Harn of Nebraska recently had a ride in an airplane at the age of 91. When asked if she were afraid she said: "Fear has been a meaningless term to me for 90 years. Why should I be afraid? I was secure in the hidden arms of omnipotent strength and, also, of a trusty aviator behind me, with clear, alert brains. Every nerve of the body seemed to be asleep and we dropped back into an attitude of delicious quietness and a rich, pleasing calm. It seemed as if I were in a state of bewildering ecstasy."

"She that has light within her own clear breast
May sit in the center, and enjoy bright day;
But she that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midnight Sun;
Herself is her own dungeon."

You all know some true Christian. You have never, it is true, seen one who in everything comes up to the divine ideal. There is, and always will be, in some point, a falling short; yet you know that the Christian has a life within him which the world has not.

Your
Cows
Pay
the
Instal-
ments



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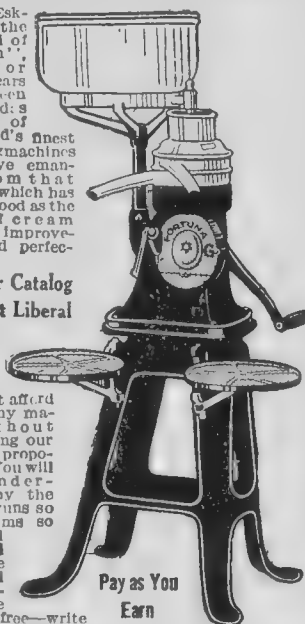
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Headmaster

The Kitchen

HOW TO CAN VEGETABLES

To Can Corn

When removing husks be sure that all the silk is stripped off. Take a sharp knife and score each row of kernels through the centre, then cut the corn from the cob. Pack as close as possible in the jars and fill each jar full. Put on the tops and follow directions for canning peas. Cook three hours, then put on the rubbers and clamp on the tops, cook fifteen minutes longer and proceed the same as for the other vegetables.

To Can Tomatoes

Have the tomatoes of uniform size. Scald and remove the skins. Pack close in the jars, cover with water and put on to cook the same as peas. Cook one hour and follow directions as given in previous recipes. Tomatoes that are over ripe and not a good size for canning whole, can be stewed, strained and poured while hot into sterilized jars, and are then ready to use for soups and sauces.

To Sterilize Jars

Fill the jars with warm water. Set them in a kettle with rack in the bottom and surround with water; heat gradually to the boiling point, boil five minutes, then remove from the water and fill while hot. Sterilize the covers by putting into warm water and boil two or three minutes. Dip the rubber bands in hot water and let them stand for a few moments.

To Can Sweet Red Peppers

Wash, cut a thin slice off the stem end of each and remove the seeds. Cover with boiling water, let stand five minutes; drain and put into ice water, let them stand again for ten minutes, drain again and pack into jars, and proceed the same as for tomatoes. It is best to use half-pint jars for the peppers as only a few are usually used at one time.

To Can Cauliflower

Remove the outer leaves, and soak head downward in cold salted water for fifteen minutes or longer. Break the flowerets apart and cook in boiling water until tender. With a skimmer remove from the water and pack in hot sterilized jars, cover with boiling water,

letting the water run over the top; seal at once and stand upside down until cool.

To Can Celery

Wash well, cut in inch pieces and pack in jar, put the jar under the cold water faucet and let the cold water run over it twenty minutes; screw or clamp on the top.

This way of canning celery was given me by a restaurant keeper who said he had put up many jars of celery in this way and had never had one spoil. He said he had also canned peas and other vegetables in the same way and had been very successful in keeping them. I have canned rhubarb in this way with the

best of results, and have found it perfectly good at the end of the year.

All canned goods should be kept in a cool, dark place. They should be opened at least an hour before needed, to aerate them; if canned in tin they should be removed at once from the tin. They are better if cooked only long enough to heat the vegetable through. Peas, beans, and cauliflower should be drained and cold water poured over them before reheating.

JELLY MAKING

For use in jelly making, tart apples are the best. They should be sound and ripe or a little under ripe.

The pectin, which is the jelling property of fruit, varies in amount in different varieties of apples. In apples the pectin is found in both skins and pulp.

To determine the presence of pectin

in fruit juice, put a small portion of the juice in a cup with an equal amount of ethyl alcohol (90 per cent to 95 per cent) mix thoroughly and cool; if pectin is present a gelatinous mass will appear in the cup which may be lifted on a spoon.

Raw apple juice shows little pectin.

Cooked apple juice shows large amount.

Raw currant juice shows a little more pectin than raw apple juice.

Cooked currant juice shows a much larger amount than the raw juice.

PREPARING APPLES FOR JELLY MAKING

Perfect fruit is best, but that which is not perfect may be successfully used provided all imperfections are removed. Do not remove skins or seeds, cut in small sections, put into an acid-proof kettle, cover well with water, bring

Continued on Page 55

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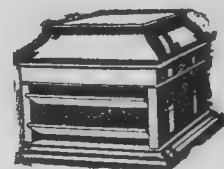
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OVER 100 Different Ways of Preparing Macaroni

Here are a few:

Macaroni with Minced Meat—Mix boiled Macaroni with any left-over minced meat. Moisten with gravy. Heat thoroughly. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Scalloped Macaroni with Ripe Tomatoes—Put alternate layers of boiled Macaroni and sliced ripe tomatoes, salt and pepper and dots of butter or oleo, in a bake dish. Put a layer of buttered crumbs on top. Bake in a slow oven for an hour.

Macaroni Soup—Broken pieces of Macaroni are added to any boiling soup stock and cooked till soft.

Baked Macaroni with Peanut Butter—Put 2 cups boiled Macaroni in a greased baking dish. Heat 2 cups milk in a double boiler. Add gradually to 3½ tablespoons peanut butter and 1 teaspoon salt. Pour over the Macaroni, cover. Cook in a slow oven 45 minutes. Sprinkle with ¼ cup buttered crumbs. Brown. Serve hot.

Scalloped Corn and Spaghetti—Put in a bake dish alternate layers of canned corn, boiled spaghetti, salt, pepper and dots of butter or oleo. Pour over a custard made of 1 beaten egg and 1½ cups of hot milk. Put buttered crumbs on top. Bake till firm, in a moderate oven.

Macaroni with Cheese—1 pint boiled Macaroni; Salt, pepper; 1 cup thin white sauce; 1 cup grated cheese. Put Macaroni and cheese in layers in bake dish, moisten with white sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake till hot and brown.

Macaroni Cheese Custard—½ package Macaroni boiled; 6 tablespoons grated cheese; 1 pint milk; ½ teaspoon salt and pepper; 4 tablespoons butter; 2 eggs. Put Macaroni in baking dish. Grate cheese over it. Mix beaten eggs, salt, pepper and hot milk. Pour over Macaroni. Bake one half hour.

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HOME, SWEET HOME, TO ME AND
YOU

Softly, softly, steals the twilight,
And the flickering shadows fall;
The sun's gone home o'er the purple
mountain.
The pine trees murmur their lullaby
song.

One by one the meadows blossoms,
Close their petals filled with dew;
One by one, the night birds calling,
Home, sweet home, to me and you.

Where is home! sighs the weary wanderer,
As he anchors his boat by the fading
light;
Waiting, watching, till the moonbeams,
Bid the golden sea good-night.

And through every fleecy cloud set,
The twinkling stars their message
send;
Home is where God's blessing resteth,
And where love lasts to the end.

Ellis Jackson, Merritt, B.C.

OWED TO THE "SKEETER"

By Mrs. A. E. Wilson, Lashburn

Oh! skeeter, this summer,
You're surely a "hummer,"
You ne'er were so busy before;
All day we are fighting,
To stop you alighting,
Or diving behind the screen door.

You buzz and you worry,
And seem in a hurry,
To get a meal off one of us;
With arms wildly waving,
Like mad ones behaving,
We're each of us raising a fuss.

And while we are sleeping,
Your vigil you're keeping,
Just waiting the chance of a bite;
You nip and you pester,
Disturb our siest-er,
Oh ours is a horrible plight.

Our life is a torture,
So when we have caught yer,
We squash you as flat as can be;
But here comes your mother,
Your sister and brother,
And the rest of a large family.

Then, not without reason,
We long for the season,
When the day of the "skeeter" is o'er;
When the buzzing and clinging,
And that horrible stinging,
Will pest us poor mortals no more.

YOUTH AND AGE

By H. Burgess Miller

In May the grass is fresh and green,
And everywhere sweet flowers are seen;
The birds peep forth from hiding places,
And tender violets show their faces.
All Nature seems refreshed and gay,
And this glad time—we call it May.

In Youth no cares mar any day,
Happy hearts while hours away;
With minds contented, and at rest,
No sorrows trouble Youth's peaceful
breast.
With sparkling eyes and laughter gay,
The whole world shines—for Youth is
May.

In December skies are drear,
All Nature seems bereft of cheer.
The birds have flown, the trees are bare,
Earth's cold white blanket lies every-
where.
May has gone—she is hard to remember,
And this dreary time is bleak old De-
cember.

In Age white frost tinges golden hair,
The brow is furrowed deep with care;
The heart is no longer light and gay,
As it was in our Youthful day.
For just as we turn from page to page,
So fly the days from Youth to Age.

Pa Finds It Out

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mary Agnes Jackson



Comfort Feet That Itch And Burn With Cuticura

For tired, aching, irritated, itching feet warm baths with Cuticura Soap followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment are most successful.

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Let "Danderine" Save and Glorify Your Hair



In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp, check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.

NOW you'll see," said Pa, when ma came in with the milkpails, and found him scorching his slippers by the kitchen fire, with the "Farmer's Recorder" in his lap, "you'll see that this will be one of the swellest affairs our local has had yet. A banquet costing three dollars a plate, and such a list of after dinner speakers, the Premier and the Minister of Agriculture, and the mayor—say, all these fellows are just proud to hobnob with us farmers nowadays."

Ma had heard all this before, so she continued to let the streaming milk drown the monotone. Yet she caught the next—

"Mrs. McKechnie on 'Woman's Rights'—say, there's a woman we're proud to have in our neighborhood. It's worth a cream check to hear her dressing down the men—not a bit nervous or anything. And isn't she a looker too!"

Ma was ready to turn the separator. "But what'll I wear?" she said irrelevantly.

Pa snorted "Now isn't that just like a woman! What'll she wear! I expect when Gabriel's trumpet sound there'll be a great rustling among the women, and they'll all be saying, 'But what shall I wear?' Wear anything, woman; it doesn't matter a hoot what you wear, nobody will ever look at an old woman like you," and with the scathing rejoinder Pa took himself off to the sitting room where he could finish the "Recorder" undisturbed.

Ma started the separator. The boys had been on the land since early morning, so she wouldn't permit them to do the chores. But as she turned with unnecessary vigor the tears began unbidden to roll down her wrinkled cheeks.

"He doesn't realize how he hurts me," she thought, "but he's just getting more selfish and thoughtless every year; he lets me overwork and slights me, and says such cutting things. I've spoiled him, that's all. He needs a good jolt to bring him to his senses and"—ma wiped her tears, and set her jaw determinedly—"by the unholy red-nosed profiteer," this unusual form of profanity made ma's lips twitch a little. "I'll see that he gets it. If it doesn't matter what I wear I'll go dressed just as I am, and mortify him to death before all his important friends. He'll find out if just anything will do, and if nobody notices me."

Ma visualized the sensation she would make entering the banquet hall in her milking attire, thumping along in heavy cowhide boots, laced almost to the knee, short-skirted blue duck dress with its long zigzag patch of darker stuff, checked gingham apron soiled with the grime of tasks innumerable, the whole surmounted by a faded wool cap from which wisps of dingy grey hair tufted out damply and despondently. And pa's horror stricken face—"well, he deserves it, he's getting so careless and niggardly," said ma, with adamant resolution, "shades of suffering sisterhood, 'twill be poetic justice with a vengeance."

But by the time the cream had been set in the cooler, ma's flare of courage and resentment had quite burned itself out; she knew she'd never, never do it, never shame pa so publicly and openly. "I'll just stay at home and try not to mind," she whispered, having a great disappointment under an assumed cheerfulness.

Early next afternoon Pa ran the car out of the garage, looked it over, polished it, and got it in shape for the drive. Then he hustled into the house, with the haste and importance befitting a man of great affairs.

"Jump into your togs, ma," he commanded, "we must be off soon. As one of the directing committee I'm supposed to be on hand early to see that nothing slips on us. How soon can you be ready, Nancy—ten minutes?"

"You need not delay for me," ma

spoke tiredly, "I'm not going."

"What!" roared Pa, "you're not going! Now isn't that just like a woman! After all the trouble we've gone to to give you a bang-up dinner that you don't have to cook yourself, and all the fine speakers we have to improve your mind—dod-gast it," said Pa, "the harder you work to please a woman the more ungrateful she is. Well, if you're not going," resignedly, "just see that the cattle don't break into the oat field; you can't depend on mere hired men."

As Pa took himself off in the car he heaved a sigh of relief—a fellow could leave with a feeling of security when ma was at home on the job.

Only after the car had rounded the corner did ma realize how much she had counted on this affair, a social event with a political slant of greater magnitude than any other this community of prosperous farmers and farmers' wives had undertaken. "He might have coaxed me a little," thought ma, remembering Pa as a young and ardent lover, "he doesn't care for me any more."

Ma had prepared for a long and lonely evening when the telephone bell startled her with its nerve jangling summons.

"Yes?" said ma, taking down the receiver.

"Oh, Mrs. Gessup, I'm so glad you haven't gone yet. This is Mrs. McKechnie speaking. I'm going to ask you a tremendous favor. My husband has just come home from town very ill indeed. I'm afraid of ptomaine poisoning. Yes, the doctor is on the way out. And, dear Mrs. Gessup, you know I was to speak at the banquet to-night, but I can't possibly go. I thought of you, you read so beautifully. I've heard you at Sunday school. Would you read my speech for me? I know it's short notice, but Irene is typewriting it now, so you won't have the difficulty of deciphering my handwriting."

A sudden panicky faintness assailed ma, while the deep contralto voice went on:

"It's on the new Dower Law, and I feel this is a most auspicious occasion, with the male of the species full-fed and all his social and chivalric instincts aroused, to present our case and drive home the justice of it. Will you do this great favor for me, Mrs. Gessup?"

"Oh, said ma, I wasn't even going."

"Surely—why not?"

"Well, you see—the eternal feminine reason—nothing to wear. Pa wanted to have a beautiful new dress sent out from Restways," ma lied loyally, "but I just wouldn't hear of it, with the tractor to pay for and everything so high. I go so seldom, it seemed a terrible extravagance just for one night."

"That suits me all the better, Mrs. Gessup. I had a whole lovely outfit made just on purpose to go with that speech. Really it needs the dress to make the speech convincing. And we're both perfect thirty-sixes. Take both the costume and the address, and you're sure to make a hit, please, Mrs. Gessup."

"Oh," quavered ma, "if I only dared—"

"Then it is all settled; that saves the situation. You've just time to bath and shampoo your hair, and Irene will bring curling tongs and powder and everything, and help you dress. Good-bye, and thanks, and good luck, my friend."

The great banquet hall was crowded to the doors. Scores of tables, inviting under snowy linen, sparkling silver and glass and china, had been arranged in two parallel rows down the long room, and the guests sat facing the speaker's table, which stood on a dais at one end of the hall. They had dined sumptuously and well, and for an hour had given themselves up wholeheartedly to the enjoyment of the wit and eloquence of the entertaining speech

(Continued on Page 56)

WILSON'S



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in place of foods that require hours of drudgery in a hot kitchen. *Needs No Sugar* Comes ready to eat from the package.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

makers. Pa's anticipations had been fully realized—surpassed. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction and repletion, and beamed expansively and benevolently on all the world.

"Ma would have enjoyed this," he thought. "I wish I had made her come."

The chairman—a noted wag—knew how to keep the ball a-rolling.

"He's introducing the lady speaker, now," whispered Pa's neighbor, and Pa came out of his reverie and gave attentive ear.

"First my sainted mother, then a winsome kinder gartner, a succession of charming lady teachers—and now my wife is whipping me into shape, and when she gets through with me"—palms stretched upward and eyes turned ceiling ward with the inimitable air of mock piety of a case-hardened sinner "when she gets through with me, I expect to go straight to heaven." A burst of laughter interrupted him and subsided—"And because the guiding influence of women has made me the

He stared and gasped, and the lady's glance met his as she moved forward and she smiled.

Pa had got his jolt!

She had found her place, and stood facing the audience, with the typed papers in her hand. Just a little courage, ma—she slipped her disengaged hand down towards an accustomed pocket, then all the color drained from her face.

She had forgotten her spectacles.... and without them she could not read a line.

Like billowing waves of the sea the expanse of faces before her rocked and undulated, like billowing waves of the sea the waters mounted and pressed and submerged her—sinking, drowning—then her eyes focussed on Pa's face, questioning, anxious, puckered with worry. Pa would be so ashamed! She must not shame Pa. All that clapping was for her. She would make a speech of her own. She had often made speeches while she churned or scrubbed the floor. She would make a speech—for Pa.

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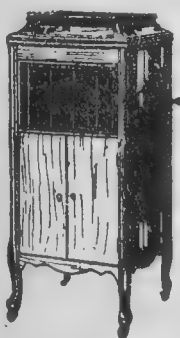
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The Hymn of Praise. Rural England.

great man I am, I long to see that influence extended until heaven comes straight down to earth. So with the greatest pleasure I introduce the lady who will speak to you on 'Women's Rights'—Mrs. Abner Gessup."

It hit Pa square on the face!

He was endeavoring to come to his feet to explain that a mistake had been made, that Mrs. Gessup was not present, when sliding doors at the head of the room opened, and a woman entered, and floated over the French-blue rug toward the speaker's forum. Nancy? That was a lady off a magazine cover, a lady in a clinging skimpering grey satin, with sleeves and overdresses of diaphanous chiffon, a culster of dewy violets catching up the silver lace that outlined the pulsing throat and pearls, and grey suede pumps with silver buckles, slim ankles, gleaming through grey silk hose, snowy hair puffing out bewitchingly from under a grey and purple creation tilted becomingly on a well poised head.

Nancy? Impossible!

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—"she'd never have recognized that strange voice as her own—"some explanation is due you for my unexpected presence here to-night. But Mrs. McKechnie, who was to have addressed you, is detained at home at the bedside of her husband, who was taken ill this afternoon. You know Mrs. McKechnie as a woman who has worked with unflagging energy and enthusiasm to forward the cause of our sex, but she claims the woman's right to put home and the needs of her loved ones first before all public duties, and, much as we regret her absence, and much as we deplore the fact that her illuminating address on the new Dower Law must needs be postponed until some future occasion—not too distant, I hope—still, we who are women know that she has done the right thing, and know that under similar circumstances, we should do the same.

"She phoned to me; no doubt she thought I had lived long enough to know something of the rights and wrongs of

Continued on page 56

Music and the Home

THOUGH WEIRD IT IS BEAUTIFUL

Saxophones, when used as a quartet or choir in the military band, possess great power and volume and in the hands of first rate performers are smooth and effective. As a connecting link between the wood winds and the brass of the military band they are very valuable, serving to increase the volume of the reed and flute element and subduing to a great extent the harshness of the brass. They make beautiful and smooth that which before was harsh and rough and blend perfectly with brass and reeds alike. Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon, England, in his work on the "Brass Band," has the following to say about them: "Though these characteristic instruments are made of brass and are suited to brass bands, they are really reed instruments, being brass oboes with clarinet mouth pieces. Their addition to large bands is strongly urged on account of their beautiful yet weird quality of tone. The combination of a quartet or of the entire family of Saxophones is simply marvelous. They bring to a band a tone quality which when once introduced can never be dispensed with."

GIVE THE KIDDIES A CHANCE

See to it that your child hears music—good music—whether it be vocal or instrumental, pipe or string. Whether it comes first hand or through the talking machine matters not so long as he hears the best. And know that in familiarizing him with such things as Handel's Largo, Schubert's Serenade, Chopin's Twelfth Nocturne, the Rigoletto Quartette, and other numberless gems from the classics you have given him not only a true musical appreciation but a hungering and thirsting after things beautiful in every art, and have forever closed his ears to the senseless and the sensuous, the vapid and the vulgar in the realm of the aesthetic.

John Milton in making his plea for the ideal agricultural school that was to look to the future, provided that in this school there should be an hour each day when the boys should go and listen to the music of the great organ with its wonderful spiritual gift.

THE KING OF INSTRUMENTS

The organ is no longer looked upon merely as a church instrument designed solely for use in religious service, but also as a concert instrument adapted to the requirements of the concert room, the theatre, and the home. As the greatest and most complicated of all musical instruments it calls for profound research and an endless amount of study. Also a special aptitude and ability for combining stops of the various tonal and mechanical characteristics, unusual skill in manipulation of a well developed finger and pedal technique. The musical resources of a large modern concert are practically inexhaustible while its difficulties of control and manipulation require a clear intellectual grasp and almost incessant study and practice.

THE SAME WITH MUSIC

Gregg was one of the few modern composers who did not follow in the footsteps of German music, although he received his education in Germany. He strove to emancipate himself from its influence and sought inspiration from the folk songs of his own land. In this endeavor, of course, there lurks a danger. Even if refined, "national" composers are liable to become too popular, or even vulgar. Their work sometimes seems to appeal only to the narrow circle of their fellow countrymen, since only they are able to understand the meaning and to enjoy the spirit of their national language. It is like with national culinary specialties which enthrall only the gourmands of their own land. Italians have "spaghetti," which, however, it must be owned, has acquired a somewhat international reputation; Spaniards have "Olal Podrida"; Germans sauerkraut! Russians, "caviar," and so on, but one finds often that the same dish which makes the joy of the local glutton leaves people of other lands perfectly indifferent. The same with music. Many national heroes are considered nobodies out of their own land.

BE HONEST ALWAYS

Art is an idealism of nature, and singing, of all the arts must be most developed by spontaneous naturalness, just as one learns to walk or dance. People often forget that singing to be successful must be purely natural. One must, however, train to practice correctly, and in this must have the help of an interested and honest teacher. No teacher is too poor to be honest. He should, after a pupil has been given a fair chance or trial, honestly tell that pupil just what chance he or she has for success, especially if the study be undertaken for professional purposes, but always in a kindly spirit. It is bad business for a teacher to over-encourage an untalented pupil. The disappointment is greater in the end, for the student, and such methods put the studio in disrepute.

FUTURE OF MUSIC LIES WITH CHILDREN

The future of music as an instrument of culture lies with the children of the people. Nowhere but in the elementary schools can they be reached. Colleges of music are necessary to train the professional, but the education committees of the great towns have the largely neglected opportunity of making the rising generation a music loving public. The innate faculty of appreciation is there, and is commonly diffused among scholars of the most essentially industrial areas. It only needs direction and cultivation, for one of the greatest of pleasures to be added to the amenities of town life, pleasures at present so lamentably few. The main idea is to teach the children how to appreciate and enjoy good music, how to become intelligent listeners, rather than to become performers themselves.



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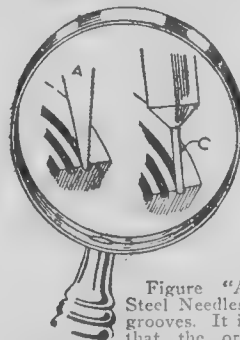


Figure "A"—Ordinary Steel Needles fitting record grooves. It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes of larger diameter at the engagement point as the needle wears down (owing to its taper form) and

thus tends to wear off the edges of the groove of the record.

Figure "C"—Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

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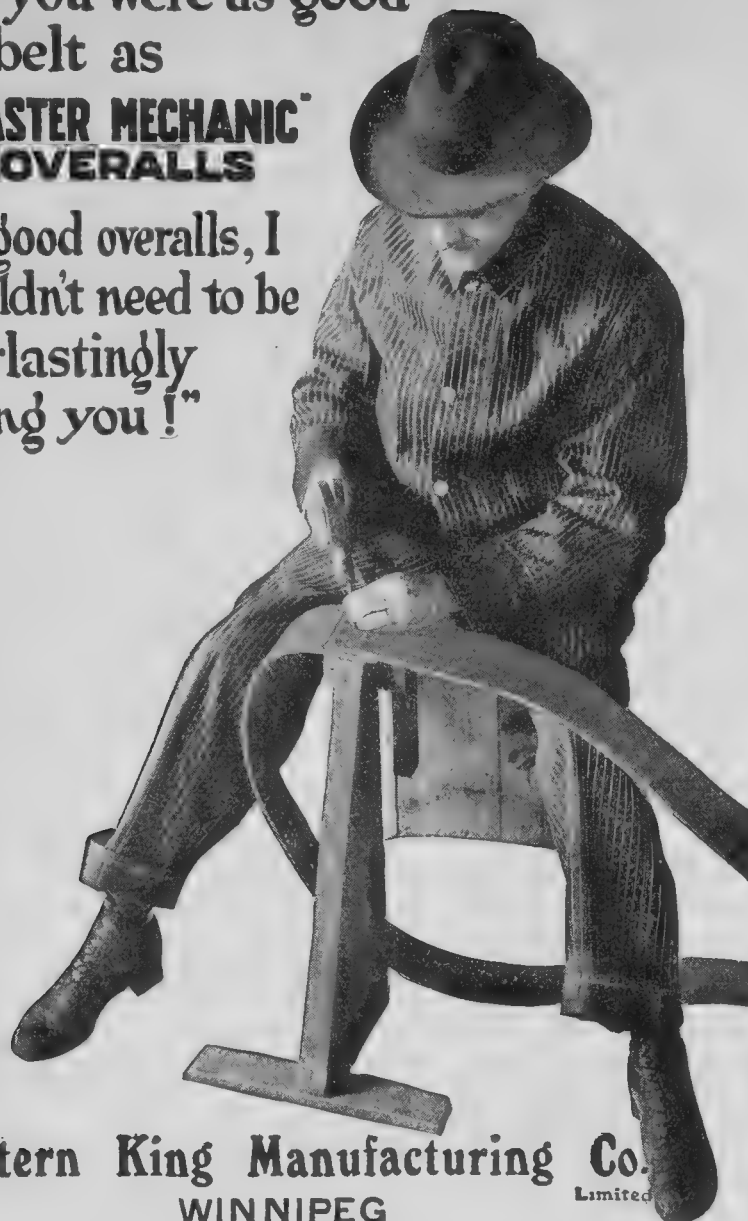
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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

The Clean Up of the Poultry Yards



T this time of year the poultrymen of the country find themselves at a season of reorganization. The hatching season being over the chicks are growing into feathered chickens and are enjoying the freedom of a free green run and relishing the various forms of vegetable and insect food provided by nature. The time is now opportune to inspect and thoroughly clean the houses. The dirt and litter should be cleaned out; all moveable parts taken out and given a proper cleaning, and while these are out the walls may be most advantageously swept down, after which the interior should be sprayed with a disinfectant. A coat of lime wash will make a complete finish. The yards should be dug up and a crop such as fall rye sown.

Now is the time to cull out the "boarders" or in other words the poor payers; these should be prepared for market. The male birds, other than the ones specially kept for breeding purposes, should be kept from the rest of the flock and disposed of in the same way as the low producing hens. Their presence among the flock will mean fertilized eggs and such eggs are not good keepers.

The growing chicks should be out on the range in colony houses with a fence around it, but this may be removed when they have become accustomed to their new quarters. There is one very important point to remember and that is the importance of shade for young chicks. A corn field is an ideal spot to locate them. They should be supplied with an abundant supply of water and should also have a supply of ground feed in hoppers where they may help themselves at all times.

Silos for Western Farms

With the past experience of food shortage for live stock and the ever increasing slogan for more live stock of a better kind, the question of feed is the problem of the moment. We of the northwest now realize that corn has passed the experimental stage, and its value as a feed is recognized by men of expert opinion. The silo, too, is no longer a novelty in the West and the number of silos is steadily on the increase. If corn is grown on any given farm it is just as well that the very best method of storing it should be adopted and this is best accomplished by means of the silo.

There are several types of silos from which to choose, such as the stave silo, cement silo, and block silo. By storing the corn by this means, a winter ration of great succulence may be given the cattle, and, at a time of year when dry feeds are practically the rule, the relish with which the cattle eat the silage is reflected in the increased milk flow and general thrifty condition of the animals.

In making preparations for the building of a silo, should take into consideration the amount of ensilage that will be needed for the winter and make allowance for the subsequent increase in cattle that may occur on the farm within a given period. It is easier to build a larger silo than present requirements call for than to have to undertake the building of an extra one owing to the fact that the increase of live stock have made it necessary to provide extra storage. As an ordinary ration for a dairy cow is about thirty-five pounds of ensilage per day, one can estimate the winter requirements on that basis.

The approximate capacity of silos is as follows:

Depth	Inside Diameter	Capacity in Tons
20	15	60
30	15	100
30	18	150

The height of the silo is important, as more height means more pressure on the silage, thus packing it well and giving more storage per cubic foot than is obtainable in a broader and less deep silo. The proper filling of a silo will extend

over a number of days for the ensilage will do considerable settling thus making room at the top for the addition of more corn or whatever silage is being favored on that particular farm. The silo should be filled if at all possible as the weight of a really full silo gives the maximum amount of packing and this will keep the feed in the best of condition.

There are some persons who may still be looking askance at the question of building a silo in this part of the country where the frost has considerable power of penetration. It may be a theory of these, as yet, unenthusiastic people that a silo is a kind of combination of a root cellar and elevator, and that if the frost gets in the contents will spoil. Considering the very exposed walls, it is not to be expected that the frost will keep out in any kind of weather but the amount of freezing is not so great as would be expected. In any case the frozen ensilage is not wasted, as any silage that may get frozen will readily thaw out in the warm barn and is available for use mixed with the other feed.

The stave silo has given good satisfaction in this country, and is the least costly to build. A cement foundation with a drainage system, is necessary. The staves should be about two inches thick and from five to nine inches wide. The smaller the silo in diameter, naturally the stave must be narrower in proportion. A bevel on the staves makes a better fit. A small tongue and groove stave makes a good fit. The staves are kept in place by means of iron hoops made from rods with threaded ends, being held in place by staples. These hoops should have a clip where they meet that will allow the ends to pass each other and be tightened when necessary by means of nuts.

A round roof should be provided, having an opening to admit the ensilage as it is cut up. During the process of filling, there should be a man inside the silo tramping and evening thus making it more airtight.

Silos are emptied from the top; an even layer being taken off at each feeding. If, after a feeding has been taken off, there is found to be a hole in the centre or at the side, this depression should be filled in by an even raking over. In order to facilitate the emptying of the silo, a series of small trap doors is provided; these doors are taken off inwards. The doors in question are cut with a bevel so that they will offer the greatest resistance to outward pressure. They should be held in place by cross bars on the outside of the silo, and as the ensilage gets lower, the door nearest to the surface is used. It is not necessary to have hinges on these trap doors as they may be taken off when the feed is being thrown out and replaced after that work is accomplished. By having the doors as above described there is no trouble as there would be with hinges as the latter would soon be rusty and unserviceable.

The length advised for corn to be cut is three-quarters of an inch. Corn put in uncut may come out in good condition but the coarse stalks will make considerable waste in feeding in addition to the fact that corn put in in that state is uncertain in ability to cure.

The cement silo which is made of a solid round wall of cement, and the cement block silo which is made of hollow blocks of cement, are more expensive to construct. Of course they will last much longer than the stave type but the cost is considerably greater.

When stave silos are built in any location where they are likely to be subject to strong winds it is advisable to brace them to the barn against which they are built.

How to Cure Hiccoughs

This tantalizing condition may be instantly remedied by placing a finger in each ear and drinking a glass of water slowly.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsty flowers,
From the seas and from the stream;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their morning dream.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
And she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

—Shelley.

JANE JONES

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
An' says "You must make it a rule
To study your lessons an' work hard an' learn,

An' never be absent from school.
Remember the story of Elihue Burritt,
An' how he clum' up to the top,
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in a blacksmithing shop.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!

O' course what's a keepin' me 'way from the top,
Is not never hearin' no blacksmithing shop.

—Benjamin F. King.

SOMETHING NEW Spook Writing

We hope it will be new to you, altho' of course like every other idea it is really "as old as the hills." The idea is this. "A Ghost Book. Now you all know all about Autograph Albums! You have verses in them written by your teachers beginning "Be good dear child and let who will be clever." or cheeky advice from your own friends, or verses about beaux, and such like. Well, a Ghost Book is much like an autograph album only instead of writing verses you ask your friends to write only their names with a rather thick pen. As soon as the name is written and without blotting the ink, fold the slip on which they have written, in half, rubbing your finger down the crease of the folded paper, the result will be a most spooky looking autograph. Underneath may be written the name of the "ghost" clearly. This is Bobby Burke's "ghost." Is your's as spooky?

SOMETHING TO MAKE Necklaces

How many girls love necklaces? Do you know that the garden and woods will provide you with very pretty ones, and that even the pantry shelves may be persuaded to give you the materials for one? First of all there are the rose-berry chains—the seeds should be picked and strung on a linen thread while they are still moist. They will keep their color for some time and when they wither will turn a lovely brown. Tiny pine cones soaked overnight may be strung alternately with two gold beads, or any color you may fancy. Squash seeds, water-melon seeds and other berries and seeds that grow in your neighborhood will make pretty chains over summer dresses. And now for the prettiest chain of all, and one you may make for a present it is so pretty and so sweet smelling. Buy a few cents worth of whole allspice. Soak over-night and string with two gold beads or two clear yellow beads between each two seeds and you will have a necklace that everyone will think is made of sandal wood, and which will make a welcome gift.

Tops made of Common Things

A top must be properly balanced, that is, it must have a small part of the stick underneath it. If you will look at the pictures you will see just what

I mean. Wooden button moulds make tops like Nos. 1 and 3. No. 2 is made of a paper ribbon bolt and No. 4 of an acorn. The stick in No. 2 must be glued to keep it firm.

SOMETHING TO AMUSE YOU Why Teacher Collapsed

"What," said a teacher to a boy who tried in vain to tell the name of the schoolmaster, "Can't you remember my name?"

"N-no, sir!"

"My name is Smith, blockhead."

"Yes sir."

"Well now, what is my name?"

"Smith Blockhead, sir."

SOMETHING FOR THE WEE ONES

Little wind, blow on the hill-top,
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine.
Little wind, blow off the rain.

—Kate Greenaway

Dear Wee Folk.—Have you ever seen a pansy? "Why, what a funny person this is to ask us such a thing," you say. "We've seen 'free, four, five, an' ever, an' ever, so many more." "My daddy has them in his garden," says Tommy. "My mother has them in her's," says Janie. Well now, I want to tell you wise folk something about a pansy you didn't know before. There's a sad old King lives in the very middle of every pansy! There, ain't you surprised? How do I know it? Because I've seen him! How do I know he's sad? Because he's sick. So he must be sad. He sits all day with his poor little feet in a long green bath tub! You take a pansy and see—first pull off the beautiful queen. She is the lovely velvety petal at the top. Then pull off the two handsome princesses. They are the two big velvety petals at the side. Then pull off the two young princes who sit so proudly at their father's feet and then—then—you'll see the poor sick king with his tiny thin legs and little feet in a long green bath tub! Try it and see!

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW "Boche's" Origin a Mystery (The 'Bookman')

The origin of 'boche' is obscure. There used to be current in Paris and other large cities in France the phrase tete de boche, which signified obstinate or hard-headed. In France the Germans have the reputation of being tetes dures (hard heads), hence tetes de boche. To describe this quality they were called Allemand-boche, which became successively Allemoche, Alleboche, Alboche and finally just Boche. Whatever its origin, it is used as a term of reproach. The Germans themselves take it very seriously.

That you can buy stamps at the box where you mail your letters in the city of Toronto. This is the first city in the world to adopt this mail box which has a stamp slot machine at the top of the mail flap.

That mice were bred during the war for medical experiments. Now that the war is over there is an over supply of mice which are being shipped to Tokio, Japan.

That twelve southern states in the United States last year planted 1,251,000 acres in peanuts and grew a crop worth \$80,000,000. Peanuts are now used to make salad oil, oleomargarine, soap and cooking compounds.

That if you dip match heads in melted wax you will water-proof them and so keep them dry even if you are caught in a rain storm when on a pic-nic, or have the misfortune to fall in the river when on your fishing trip.

Hobby Letters

To earn a button in October we would like you to write a letter of not more than 100 words telling us of your pet hobby.

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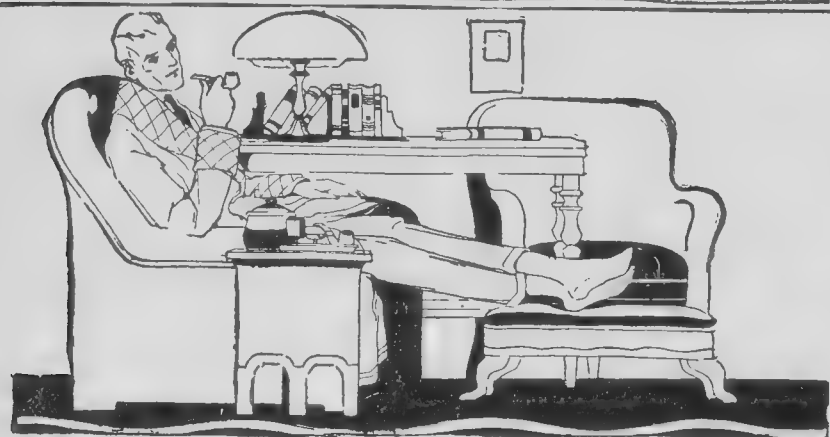
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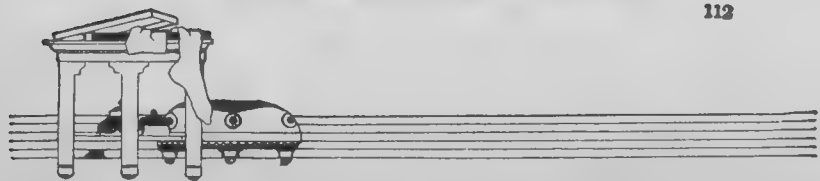
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Fashions and Patterns

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A Unique Model. Pattern 3134, in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, is here illustrated. It will require $7\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 38 inch material for a medium size. As here shown, easter colored duvetyne was used, with facings of brown satin. This style is also attractive in taffeta and crepe, serge and satin, or velvet and satin. Braid or embroidery may serve as trimming. The width of skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress With or Without Tunic. Pattern 3299 is here illustrated. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. A 14 year size will require $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material for dress with tunic, and $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards without tunic. Georgette is here portrayed with bead embroidery. Taffeta, satin, batiste, linen, shantung, tricolette, serge, gabardine, and crepe de chine are also attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Blouse Suit. Pattern 3308 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material. As here illustrated, white linen was employed, embroidered in green floss. Gingham, chambray, galatea, serge, and suitings are also appropriate for this style. A pattern of

this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Simple Summer Costume. This shows a very attractive combination of waist pattern 3302, and skirt pattern 3288. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material. The width of skirt at its lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. As illustrated plaid gingham and linen are combined. Bordered materials, embroidered linen, or braided serge or taffeta could be used for this costume. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown. Comprising waist pattern 3295 and skirt pattern 3250. Taffeta with silk or worsted embroidery would be effective. Linen, shantung, pongee, serge, or satin could also be used. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure and the skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require 8 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 2 yards. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Cover-All Apron. 2750—This style is easy to develop, easy to adjust, and easy to launder. It is comfortable and trim looking. Nice for gingham, seersucker, lawn, drill, cambric, percale, alpaca and sateen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of





of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular and Comfortable Dress. Pattern 3310, from which this model was made, is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12 year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 24 inch material. Serge, plaid or checked suiting, linen, gingham, chambray, galatea, gabardine, silk and velveteen, all these are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Frock for Mother's Girl. Pattern 3301 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 30 inch material. Serge and plaid suiting would be attractive for this. It is also good for gingham, percale, poplin, mixtures, shepherd checks, silk and gabardine. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New House Dress in "Tie On" Style. Pattern 3133 supplies this design. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the dress at its lower edge is about $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. Striped or checked gingham, seersucker, percale, madras, linen, and lawn are suitable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

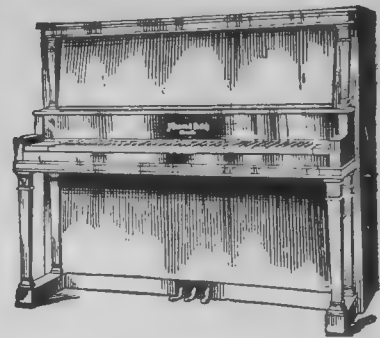
A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl. Pattern 3123, cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years, was used for the model here shown. White batiste with lace and insertion, or linen with embroidery would be effective. Silk, crepe, taffeta, satin, voile and poplin are also attractive for this style. It will require 4 yards of 27 inch material for a 10 year size. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Slender Figures. Pattern 3307 will carry out the design here portrayed. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 20 year size will require $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. Figured challie, printed voile, foulard, taffeta, lawn, organdie, gabardine, and sateen are nice for this model. The sleeve may be finished in elbow or wrist length. Width of skirt at lower edge is $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Sports Costume. Comprising blouse pattern 3281, and skirt pattern 3284. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material for a medium size. The width of skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The blouse is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material. Embroidered linen, tricolette, satin, crepe or crepe de chine would be nice for the blouse with gingham, satin, serge or taffeta for the skirt. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress. Pattern 3141 was employed in this instance. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 years, and will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material for a 4 year size. As here shown, natural shantung was selected with embroidery in red, and bright red buttons for trimming. Gingham, lawn, percale, voile, china silk, challie, repp, poplin and velvet would be good for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Comfortable One-Piece House Dress. Pattern 3293 was used to make this style. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the dress at lower edge is 2 yards. Per-



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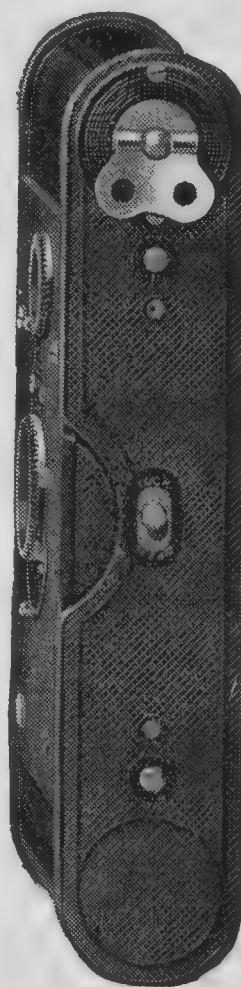
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cale, gingham, chambrey, lawn, linen, sateen, flannel, flanelette and albatross could be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Attractive Dress. Pattern 3306 is portrayed in this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards with plaits extended. Black taffeta, braided or embroidered, also linen, serge, gabardine, tricolette or duvetyn could be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Apron Model. Pattern 3122 was selected for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4½ yards of 36 inch material. One could develop this in white drill, linen or lawn, with tape binding in white or colors. It is good also for gingham, lawn, percale, chambrey, sateen and alpaca. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Two Popular Models. Pattern 3304 is illustrated in this number. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 yards for No. 1, and 1½ yard for No. 2 of 30 inch material. Satin, silk, serge, duvetyn, tricotine, faille, lace, embroideries, batiste and lace may be used for these models. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Set of Hat and Apron. Pattern 3285 is portrayed in this attractive model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 2¾ yards of 27 inch material for the Apron and 1 yard for the hat. Apron and hat may be made of the same material. Cretonne, linen, drill, gingham, chambrey, percale and shantung could be used. The apron may serve as a dress, and be worn with bloomers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

The Lord Reigneth

Let us trust in God, He reigneth still
in the highest Heaven,
Knows all about the world's sad plight,
The bitter conflict, right against might,
Mid darkness dense, hope's cheering
light to us is given.

He reigneth still, Our Glorious King,
and looketh down
On armies met in deadly strife
And sacrifice of human life,
On battles waged with glittering knife
and angry frown.

Knowing God reigns supreme on High,
we look to Him,
Assured He will defend His own.
Will hear our supplicating groan,
Come to our aid in ways unknown,
though eyes be dim.

We look through tears to God alone,
in this dread hour,
Oh, bring to naught our cruel foe,
May Britain's sons to victory go,
And may all nations quickly know and
own Thy power.

Oh, Mighty God, who reigns on High,
we do confess
Our nation's sins have grieved Thee sore
Oh, turn Thy wrath away once more,
May we Thy Holy name adore and ever
bless.

M. J. Hobbs,
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There is more joy in enduring a cross
for God than in the smiles of the world;
in a private despised affliction, without
the name or suffering for his cause, or
anything in it like martyrdom, but only
as coming from His hand, kissing it,
and bearing it patiently, yea, gladly,
because it is His will.

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Mother's Section

THE IDEAL WIFE

By R. C. Woodbury

MEN and women, both old and young, are with few exceptions, interested in the subject of marriage, because we all desire to be happy, and if living in a natural state with a congenial partner and comrade of the opposite sex is not happiness personified, pray then, what is?

The inimitable Max O'Rell says that "in choosing their partners for life people should be as careful as in choosing their ancestors;" Ovid in his "Art of Love" advises to

"Make choice of one who suits your
[humor best;
And such a damsel drops not from the
[sky;
She must be sought for with curious
[eye."

However, the Ideal is an abstraction, and so has no real existence, but only in seeking for it is the best and most suitable to be found. It is, therefore, something mysterious and elusive, like woman herself.

On the subject of marriage and the ideal wife we all have different ideas, tastes, and opinions, but upon one point we all agree, and that is she must of necessity be a "good" woman, a definition for which would require a small book wherein to express it, but within the narrow limits at my disposal I shall attempt to give some idea of my meaning.

A "good" woman must necessarily be virtuous, the best aid to which in woman is independence. Then she will be free to marry him who pleases her best and choose him just because she loves him, and not for the sake of a home, or position, or influence.

She must be intelligent and broad-minded, which are, of course, relative terms, but they cover much ground. They include the beginnings of an education, which is first shown by a desire for knowledge, a knowledge of herself and husband, of their standing in human society, of the ills with which society is afflicted, and of the cure for those ills. A "good" woman, then, must be virtuous, broad-minded, and intelligent. She alone would make the ideal wife.

Beauty of face and form are not essential, for beauty is merely that which pleases the eye, beauty or congeniality of the mind being much more desirable, because it will not fade away, for character remains as long as life.

An open, unaffected manner and disposition are important considerations, while the color of hair and eyes does not matter. Good health and good nature are often found combined, and along with an affectionate disposition, would be indispensable.

False modesty and prudery are to be abhorred; deceitfulness to be detested; slovenliness never to be admired; while extravagance, which means living beyond one's income, is atrocious.

The average man wishes for a wife and comrade—for companionship is the principal part of married life—and not just someone to be his housekeeper. One of the principal enjoyments of life would be walking and talking, reading and studying together, which help to prevent monotony and serve to keep up the interest in one another.

As regards children, they are desirable, for a childless home is no home, but quality rather than quantity should be aimed at and due preparation made for their arrival. Then they will prove a blessing and not a curse, to be fondly loved and brought up with the advantages which should be their birthright. And then they will also serve to make greater the love between husband and wife.

Housekeeping and childbearing are both truly noble professions, but the woman whose whole time is taken up with them to the exclusion of taking an intelligent interest in the happenings and affairs of the world about her, will not only miss much in life, but will become prematurely old and uninterest-

ing. However, in order to properly perform her duties in the home, it would be impossible for her to work outside it, and fondness for home life is a necessity to happiness in marriage.

As regards age, that is obvious, for too great a disparity is contrary to nature's laws, whereas, when the wife is just a few years younger than the husband, there will be enough difference in tastes, ideas, and opinions to give a spice to life.

I give Max O'Rell's advice for what it is worth. He says:—"As peace and security are the guarantee of happiness in matrimony, a man should not choose a lovely rose who will attract the attention of all men, but look for a modest violet in some retired, shady spot. The violet is the emblem of peaceful and lasting love." This applies to the beautiful woman, as well as to the one who is married to a profession.

If true love exists, divorce will be unthought of and unthinkable, but for two persons who are uncongenial, to live together, is nothing more or less than a crime.

After a true marriage, a union of souls as well as of hands, the word "we" will always be used instead of "I," for according to biology man and woman are complementary portions of the human organism, each incomplete without the other, or as poetry has it,

"As unto the cord the bow is,
So is man unto the woman,
Useless each without the other."

In the happy home, the result of the true marriage, which is the most sacred contract that human beings can make, there are two things which are unthinkable and unthought of. They are unfaithfulness and jealousy.

In such a home, with such a wife and comrade as I have feebly attempted to describe, the happiness and contentment will be reflected in the countenances of its inmates and life a paradise upon earth.

THE MOTHER

By Grace G. Bostwick

Washing the dishes and making beds
And getting meals three times a day
It seems such a drearish round of toil
That I almost think the skies are gray

But at night when I take my mending up
And sit with a tiny sock in hand
'Tis a prayer of thanks I raise to God
For the strength to work for my little [band

And so the weariness goes away
And the happiness comes and I smile [again
As I think of my wonderful chance to do
For my future women and men!

TRAINING THE FAMILY

Patriotic Games

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

It is so hard to get children to save, and, above all, to economize in the matter of food, that I think a few suggestions on the subject will not be amiss now.

First of all, we will do well to remember that healthy, growing children must have plenty of good, strong food, and when they come to the table with big appetites we should be rather pleased than otherwise. We do not want to stint our little ones in food. What we do want to do is, to see that they do not take too much on their plates to be thrown away to the cat or the dog.

I know a family where there is always so much left over from each meal it would feed a starving man. This family is by no means rich. Nor am I surprised, for they have not learnt the first lessons in economy. In this family of which I speak, there are two boys, and, just before the end of each meal, both boys always pass their plates up to be refilled; then they taste a little, toy with

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a little, and leave it! They have already had two servings; but, somehow, as long as there is a slice of pie left on the dish, these children think they must ask for it. They are not strong, healthy boys, by any manner of means. On the contrary, they are too fat and lazy. When their appetites are already satisfied, they still "ask for more," though they cannot plead the same excuse of poor Oliver, who was thin and underfed.

I know another family where there are two little girls, aged six and seven. Never since the war began have I seen these children leave messy, dirty, half-filled plates. I am a frequent visitor there, and one day I asked the mother how she managed so well.

"You'd laugh at me if you knew," she said, and then she told me this:—

Remembering how children love to "make-believe," she told her two little ones, Doris and May, that she wanted them to pretend they were very poor. (In reality, they are well-to-do). She said they must consider they were given a certain amount to eat at each meal, and as they were so poor they had to finish every bit which was put on their plates; because they never knew where the next meal was coming from! She said they were to forget that the granary was full of grain, the cellar of vegetables and jam, and the cupboard of other good things! Sometimes she told

them to pretend that they were Belgians, driven from their country, and very, very poor. Then they must imagine that some kind person came at each meal (a sort of fairy godmother), and she gave enough at a time for that meal only; and, if they did not eat what they were given, they might get nothing next time.

The children entered into the spirit of the game, and the mother, to encourage them, put aside a coin at the end of the meal and placed it in a box marked: "For the Belgians." This money she sent regularly to head-quarters every month, and the children were excited when it was counted up. When food was left on their plates (as was often the case when they began to play this game), no money was put in the little box. So the children learnt, by this means, to be self-denying, and to love giving to others.

Incidentally, I must say that these children are strong and healthy.

This is just one instance. Mothers are ever inventive, and, I am sure, when they think of the good they may do, and how they can help the Red Cross, they will devise many other games which will interest the children and, at the same time, help each to do his or her duty in "saving the food."

Children love games so much that every unpleasant task has only to be turned into a game, and it is at once enjoyed. Knowing this, we teach reading with blocks and games, and we teach

geography with puzzle maps and often with the help of a stamp collection. (This last may not be generally known; but it is an excellent means of making geography interesting to elder children.

And the great and important lesson of saving can be easily taught by games also. We do not want all the horrors of war to be ever present to our little ones. We do not want to dull their play and fill their imaginations with gruesome tales; though, alas! these are often true. What we want to do is to teach and encourage kindness in children. It is not often that one sees a really kind child. Kindness is the offspring of maturer years. It requires unselfishness, and children are, more or less, naturally selfish. There are exceptions, but I speak as a general rule.

By playing what I call these "Patriotic games," children are led, unconsciously, to do and think for others. So much has been given to them at birthdays, Christmas, and other times. Is it not right, then, that they themselves should learn, even early in life, that there is another pleasure—that of giving?

Let us teach our little ones this wonderful lesson whilst they are young; and when they are older they will thank us as their hearts burn within them at the joy they experience in being the Givers of life's pleasures. Let us teach them this wonderful lesson, which we have

learnt ourselves long ago, and which was taught so beautifully by One of old, who said:—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE CHILDREN

How Bobby Made His Own Fun

By Patten Beard

When Bobbie woke in the morning it was dark and wet outdoors. While he was yet quite sleepy, he could hear the patter! patter! of rain on the cottage roof, and the wind shook the window casings. When he was wide-awake the first thing he said was, "Now it's going to be a whole long rainy day!"

It looked so, and a long, wet summer rainstorm, too!

"You will have to make your own fun to-day," mother said. "Can't you and sister think of some new game to play?"

Bobbie shook his head. "I wanted to go out to play croquet, and sister wanted to, too," he replied dolefully. "It would have been fun to play croquet!"

"But I know how you can play croquet indoors," mother suggested, "and the best part of this croquet is the good time you will have making it, I think. You can make a whole little croquet set yourself, and you can play with it on the floor afterwards."

Bobbie brightened up. "How?" he demanded, and his eyes were big with interest. But mother said, "Wait. You'll see." And he and sister ran down to breakfast, wondering how mother could make the toy croquet set.

After breakfast mother said all was ready to start the fun. She put two newspapers down on the floor to catch the scissors snippings, and then she gave Bobbie the scissors. "We will make the wickets for the croquet game first," she explained.

In mother's hand was a small, narrow box with a cover that fitted down over all the inner box rim. It was a box that had once held chocolate peppermints and that was covered on the outside with glossy paper. It was about six inches long. She took off the upper part of the box and told Bobbie to take all the glossy paper covering off.

Next, mother cut the upper part of the box in half, across its narrow part. She cut the lower half of the box in the same way. Then she cut out the cardboard so as to leave the box rims with only a very small strip of the cardboard that belonged to the top or the bottom of the box. When she stood the box rims on end upon the floor, there were the wickets. And one box made four wickets.

"We'll make one more wicket," mother said. "This will be the middle one, and we'll make it from a different shaped box cover, for I have no other box like the first one."

"But the posts, mother!" Bobbie exclaimed. "How can we make the posts?"

"I know!" said sister. "I know!" And she took the four big spools that mother had brought and stood them one on another. The spools made posts of just the right size. Bobbie glued two spools together. "The balls can be spools, too," sister suggested. "Can't they, mother?"

He Could Do Both

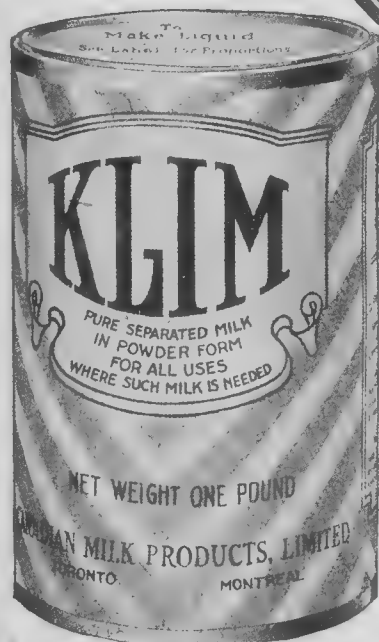
A well-known Scottish clergyman got into conversation in a railway carriage with a working man, who informed him that he had been a coupler on a railway for several years.

"Oh," said the minister, "I can beat that. I have been a coupler for over twenty years."

"Ay," replied the workman, "but I can uncouple, and you canna!"

Adorn the doctrine of God, your Saviour, not by fellowship with his people only, but by winning men to worship him by the spectacle of your diligence, your industry, your purity, your charity, gentleness, patience, faith, and hope in God.

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Correspondence

Frenchy No Foreigner

Dear Editor and Readers—I am a constant reader of The Western Home Monthly and enjoy same, especially the Correspondence Section, although this is the first time I have written, and I am doing so precisely to point out that "Old Nick" made a great error in his last letter, and I do not agree with him in the least.

I do not know if anybody else noticed his injustice but, I, being French, did so. Now, readers, "Old Nick" actually said that he had a large number of foreign pupils, mostly all French, which means that he looks upon the French as foreigners. As a school teacher, I should think, "Old Nick" ought to know better that the French are not foreigners, for was it not the French who founded Canada. Even if the English won the war which made Canada belong to them, it does not mean that the French are now foreigners. Also whenever Great Britain is in trouble anyone knows that the French Canadians are ready to help and do their share with the English. By this letter I do not want anyone to think that I do not like the English, for they are Canadians like we are and consequently I have no reason to dislike them, but what I mean to impress is that it is not fair, nor correct to include the French with the foreigners. I would also state that to my point of view (not talking of the French in particular) all persons born and bred in Canada should not be called foreigners but Canadians. Enough said about foreigners. My last request is that "Old Nick" be careful of what he says about the French, for I have quite a temper. I hope the publishers print this letter, even if it does take considerable space. It is meant particularly for "Old Nick." I will write again if I may.

Frenchy.

A Tennis Sport

Dear Editor and Readers—For a long time I have read The Western Home Monthly, and one of the departments I enjoy most is the Correspondence Page. I think it is an excellent idea for people from all over our Western country to express their views and build up a friendly circle such as this.

I am a business girl in one of our big Western cities, and while I like the city very much, I have always envied girls on farms, for I have never lived on one. I am also a tennis fiend, and play so much that my family say they never see me any more. I wonder if any of you who write to this department play? I think it is a splendid sport for girls and advise any of you who do not play to take it up, if possible.

"Maid of the West," will you allow a stranger to compliment you on your little poem? I thought it was just fine and expresses so well the great, free, progressive spirit of our land. I love rhyming myself, but have never attempted anything like that. I just reel off stuff to amuse my friends.

Well, as this is my first visit, I suppose it would not be becoming to stay too long, so I will close. Hoping to read more of your interesting, helpful letters, I sign myself,

Tennis Girl.

Up-to-Date

Dear Editor and Readers—I have read The Western Home Monthly for many years now and though I may not be classed among the old-timer correspondents, I am certainly among the old-timer readers. When I look back and think on The Western Home Monthly as it was many years ago, I cannot but say that during the past few years many strides forward have been taken in the production of a better and bigger magazine, and as for the issues of the last year or so, I think they have just been excellent. I enjoy all the stories and articles and always read them all and just wish the magazine was twice the size.

We are having grand weather for the crops in our part of the province.

Everything in our district is looking promising and we expect a good harvest. We are on the prairie but a river is not far distant and we sometimes motor along the bank and sometimes, in fact quite often, go to town. The town has not very much to boast of, but we sometimes spend an hour or so in the picture show, and when the weather has been fine and the roads good the drive to and from it is quite enjoyable. I do not enjoy the winter so much, but when the springtime and the summer comes, we forget all about the winter and the storms. You know it seems to me surprising how quickly we forget all about the winter. I am going to spend a vacation in the city soon. It is something to look forward to. I have been there before but not very often, and

I only hope that my country manners will come up to those of the city folks. When we do not go to the city very often we are apt to get that "countrified" air that our city cousins speak of, but I am just to try and show them that some of us come quite up to the city folks as far as manners are concerned.

Well, dear editor, perhaps you will be tired of reading this. I thought I would be able to say something more interesting, but I will try something better next time. With best wishes to all.

Country Girl.

Wants Correspondence

Dear Editor and Readers—I have been reading your paper and find it very interesting, especially the Correspondence Page. I have been going to write for some time, but have always put it off, as I didn't seem to have much to say. I have been living on the farm only a

month, but being used to the city, where I had lots of friends, I find it very lonesome. I like dancing and all other sports. I am seventeen years old and would be very glad to hear from some of the readers. As this is my first letter I will close. My address is with the editor. Hoping I did not take up too much space.

Buster Brown.

Girls—Mac Wants a Letter

Dear Editor and Readers—I enjoy reading your paper very much, so have decided to write a letter. I am 18 years old. I work on a farm. I like farm work because I am always out in the fresh air and I have got a "peach" of a tan. I have lived in the West nearly ten years now though not always in Manitoba. I was born in Ontario, but I like the West better. I would like to correspond with some of the fair sex. Wishing your paper every success.

Mac.



"Oh, My! How the Doctor Did Alarm Me When He Said it Was Your Heart"

"WHAT did he say?"

"Well, he says that the great majority of people who had the 'flu' have suffered afterwards from weak heart action.

"I never had heart trouble."

"No, but the way the doctor explains it is that the nervous system is so weakened by the 'flu' that there is not enough nerve force left to drive the machinery of the body."

"That is about the way I feel, for I have no appetite, and do not feel able to stir."

"No, and you do not seem to digest the little food you do eat. So you cannot expect to gain strength. Why not try some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"Oh, I do not see how that would help me."

"Now, John, I think that is exactly what you need. It always helped me when I got run down in health, and I hear so many saying the same thing that I think you

should give it a trial. You know yourself that you are not gaining any these days."

"How would that help my heart?"

"Because it enriches the blood and increases the nerve force. Anything that strengthens the nerves will naturally strengthen the action of the heart, for the heart, like the stomach and other organs, is dependent on the nervous system for operating power."

"Well, you talk as though you knew. I guess your training as a nurse is coming in useful."

"Will you try the Nerve Food, then?"

"Yes, I will give it a good trial, for I want to get around, and not sit here like an invalid."

"I am so glad, for I feel sure it will soon get you feeling all right again."

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Nerve Food from all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

Pa Finds It Out

Continued from page 45

womanhood, and so, if you'll not consider it immodest for a grandmother several times over to make a maiden speech—

"Don't you believe her," piped up a teasing neighbor who grinned at her from a nearby table, "she'd only twenty-five to-day."

The soft rejuvenating flush that suffused ma's face made her look as if the accusation might be true, and suddenly the strain and fright passed. "They're liking me," thought she, as she gazed into friendly faces turned with encouraging sympathy towards her, "I can talk to them now," and when next she spoke her voice was natural, clear and sweet, with a magnetic timbre that thrilled and held the listeners."

"Now I'm not feeling militant to-night—"

"How could she in that dress," whispered a lady beside Pa. "She's just too sweet this evening, Mr. Gessup."

"I feel like a soldier must who returns to the battlefield long after the roar of the cannon and the crash of the guns has ceased, and there he meditates, and he counts his losses, and he tells his gains. Surely we have gained," said ma, smiling at her audience, "gained greatly since the days when the cave men sat in a circle about the camp fire, and, having gnawed off all the tender meat, threw the bones to the hungry females who crouched behind."

With quick, humorous touches ma sketched the place in the family menage of the aboriginal woman, and effectively contrasted it with the attitude of the modern male towards his better half. That ma was idealizing the perfect relation of husband and wife she never hinted, never let them suspect that she knew of homes where the status of the women folk was still that of menials and inferiors.

"But it's not by talk of equality and comradeship, and partnership that we can keep alive the flower of chivalry and the grace of courtesy in our men folk, we must keep them still to think the womanhood holds in it something super-fine and fragile, perishable and rare, and—I know it's treason so talk in times like these—it's woman's right still to make them pay tribute to feminine weakness, physical weakness, and to feminine beauty—it's woman's right to keep alive the spirit of beauty in herself, to clothe herself in garments lovely and refined that are an outward expression of a spiritual and inward grace—for a woman's dress," said ma, choosing her words with the greatest care, "does much to create atmosphere, and—and to establish that reverent, kindly, unselfish attitude in the masculine mind that becomes its possessor better than a crown."

"Let's hold fast to these rights, these things which in our day and generation seem ours almost by divine right, and," she concluded impressively, "all other good things shall be added unto us."

"What a sensible and gracious woman," remarked the Hon. Cuthbert Simmonds to the mayor. "I should like to be introduced," but ma, overcome once more by self consciousness, was making blindly for the door. After her, hurrying along with a most protective and possessive air, came Pa, looking almost as unassuming as a newly-created father.

"Nanny," he whispered the foolish love name she had not heard for 20 years, "Nanny, you knocked 'em cold! You certainly made 'em sit up and take notice."

Now ma was only a woman; she just had to rub it in.

"Then people did pay a little attention to me?"

"I should say so," said Pa, his eyes alight with admiration. "The finest looking, and the best dressed woman—"

"Then it does matter what I wear?"

Pa halted in the empty corridor, for suddenly the memory of his thoughtless words overwhelmed him, and his face crimsoned with contrition.

"Did I say that, Nanny?" Then slowly, for these words, these magic words more potent for healing wounded hearts than all the nostrums known to science, came not easily from the man "I'm sorry, dear. I was wrong entirely. I find it out," said Pa, stepping aside so that she might precede him into the elevator, "I find it out that it matters a very great deal, and, after this, I'll see that my wife is turned out second to none—second to none," repeated Pa, and kissed her boldly, quite heedless of the rigidly disapproving back of the elevator boy.

"Beyond The Code"

By Charles G. Booth

(Continued from Page 49, July issue).

up his face. His eyes were wild and staring, his nostrils and mouth worked horribly.

"Jim, there's more yet! That night I broke my leg and the dogs got away, I told you I had got up to quiet them—that I had tripped over the lines in the dark—it was another lie. I was getting away, leaving you—alone! You will go now, won't you? You must! You shall!" He tried to push the rifle toward the other. Then he began to sob, "Why don't you finish me and go?"

Jim listened to the sickening revelation unmoved. Beyond deepening his companion's guilt it did not matter very much.

"Why did you do it?" he asked presently, very calmly.

"I was mad—I must have been—ever since that night when she said it was—you. I got you out here to keep you away from her after making you believe that she cared for neither of us. I don't know what I thought might happen out here. And then I knew if you got back you would find out and get her, and so—I—I meant to leave you. But the dogs got away with the toboggan and I fell, and you've been kind—kind—all the time. But you will go now," he cried with a queer half-frightened, half-confident whimper.

"The dogs got away," muttered Jim to himself, "and the snow came, and the trail was covered. Oh, God!" he groaned, and became silent.

"Jim!"

Silence.

"Jim!" piteously.

The other turned his head.

"Yes," he said dully.

"You're going, aren't you, Jim?"

"No. You might as well have kept silent. It would have made the end easier for us both. We would have been more congenial to each other," he said bitterly.

"Silent! God!—I—I couldn't—any longer! Your goodness—the solitude—the snow—the awful nights with those dancing northern lights—the wolves—I couldn't; Is there nothing that will make you go?"

"No. You had better drink this," and he again held the cup to Don's lips. For a moment Don hesitated; then he drank the hot liquid and lay still.

"You make it hard for a man to repent, Jim," he said presently.

The other looked at him curiously.

"Ought I to make it easy?" he asked.

"N—no."

"You whine out your confusion, and then you ask me to ease your conscience by putting a bullet into your brain. Well, I won't, and I can't leave you to the wolves either, though they'll get us in the end. It's not in the code you know. I don't think you would care for the wolves, anyhow. Listen. Do you hear 'em?"

The bloodcurdling howl of a distant pack rose into the thin air, hung for a moment and was gone.

Jim looked at his pile of branches.

"There's not enough for the night," he said. "I must get some more before those fellows come around. You have your revolver. Fire if you want me."

He threw more wood on the fire, picked up the rifle and became lost in the darkness.

The wolves howled again. This time the sound was nearer.

* * *

Jim had to go some distance into the spruce bluff before he found any removable fallen timber. He had been working for some time when the wolf pack again gave tongue. They were nearer this time, and on the other side of Don and the fire. He had hardly enough wood yet, but it would have to do. Not that it mattered, he reflected. Gathering up his cumbersome load he started back.

Suddenly a shot rang out. Jim stopped dead. The sound of the shot came from the fire.

"They must be nearer than I thought," he muttered.

The shot was an appeal from the man who had wronged him. An ugly thought insinuated itself into his brain. If the wolves got Don, there might be a chance for him. Then he pictured the wolves with their wicked red, eyes gleaming their hot tongues lolling out, their sharp biting yellow fangs—and Don buried beneath their filthy odorous bodies. He put the thought from him with a shudder and went on faster. Don was a man and he was a man, and wolves—were wolves.

The fire twinkled in the distance. He drew nearer, breathing heavily. Throwing down his load he stepped within the circle of firelight, and dropped to his knees by the man in the sleeping bag.

"Don! Don!" he cried.

There was no reply.

He shook the inert form. Then he put his hand inside the bag and drew it out again. His fingers were red and sticky and smelt of powder and blood.

The wolves howled again, but they were passing away toward the north.

Jim's hand caressed the dead man's head.

Don had found a way for both to escape.

JOTTINGS FROM MY COMMONPLACE BOOK

By Winifred F. Perry

Do valiantly, hope confidently, wait patiently—Jeremy Taylor.

If I had two little wings
And were a feathery bird,
To you I'd fly my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly
I'm always with you in my sleep
The world is all one's own
Then I awake and where am I?
All, all alone.

[Coleridge "Something Childish But Very Natural."]

Old friends like lamps burn dim, noise-some air.
Love them for what they are, nor love them less,
Because they to thee are not what they were.

Short lived possession but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

[Cowper "To My Mother's Picture."]

A young Apollo, golden haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared,
For the long littleness of life.

—S. P. B. Mais.

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price;
Your hearts burn upward, as a flame
Of splendor and of sacrifice.

[Lawrence Binyon "To Women."]

Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without
Finished and finite clods
Untroubled by a spark.

—Browning.

But the wind cared not as with fond caress
It lulled the flower to sweet repose
Then kissed each shiny silken tress
And sped—well, no one knows
Not the sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor stream,
But they found where they kissed a hidden gleam—
A tear in the heart of the rose.
But there are wanderers in the middle mist
Who cry for shadows, clutch and cannot tell

Whether they love at all....

They doubt and sigh,

And do not love at all.

Of these am I.

—R. Brooke.

So true a fool is love, that on your will
Though you do anything he thinks no ill.

—Shakespeare.

Me, howling winds drive devious, tempest
toss'd,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide and
compass lost,
And day by day some currents thwarting
force
Lets me more distant from a prosperous
course.

[Cowper, "To My Mother's Picture."]

Can gold gain friendship? Impudence
of hope,

As well were man an angel might beget
Love, and love only is the loan for love.
Delusive pride repress,
Nor hope to find a friend; but who hath
found

A friend in thee.

Go on to tell how with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship and befooled in
love,

With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes
blasted,
He still, still strove.

J. C. Morgan.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns each smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand,
but go!

Be our joy three parts pain,
Strive and hold cheap the strain,
Learn nor account the pang,
Dare never grudge the throe.

—Browning.

Like all strongest hopes, by its own
energy, fulfilled itself.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is re-
membering happier things.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language
and escaped

All I could never be,
All men ignored in me;
This I was worth to God whose wheel
the pitcher shaped.

—Browning.

These yearnings, why are they? These
Thoughts in the darkness, why are they?
Why these men and women that, while
they are with me the sunlight ex-
pands my blood.

Why, when they leave me, do my
pennants of joy sink flat and lank...
.....Towards the fluid and attaching
character exudes the sweet of the
love of young and old,
From it falls distilled the charm that
mocks beauty and attainments,
Towards it heaves the shuddering,
longing ache of contact.

—Walt. Whitman.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul
forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears
and laughter;
Like love they touch me, through the
years that sever
With simple faith; like friendship, drew
me after
The dreamy patience that is theirs for-
ever.

—"Old Homes."

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